Collier's

APRIL 26, 1947

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HE TRAPPED CAPONE

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COLLIER'S CONGRESSIONAL AWARDS

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Beginning

FLIGHT FROM FEAR—
a woman pursued
by jealousy

pril 26-1947.

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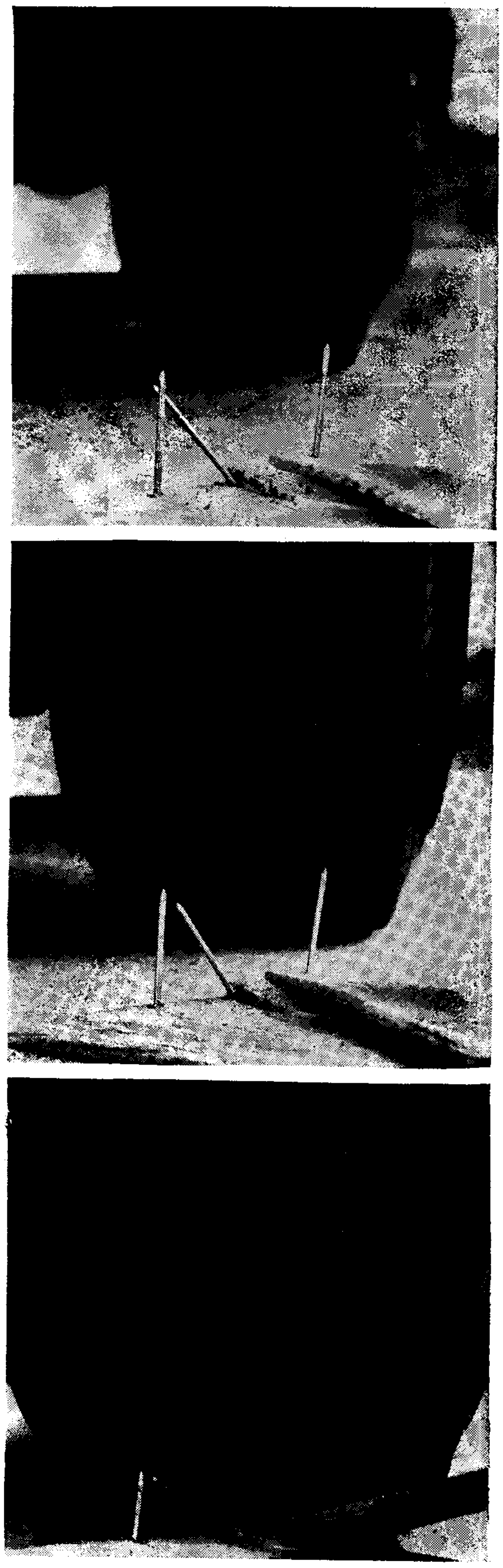

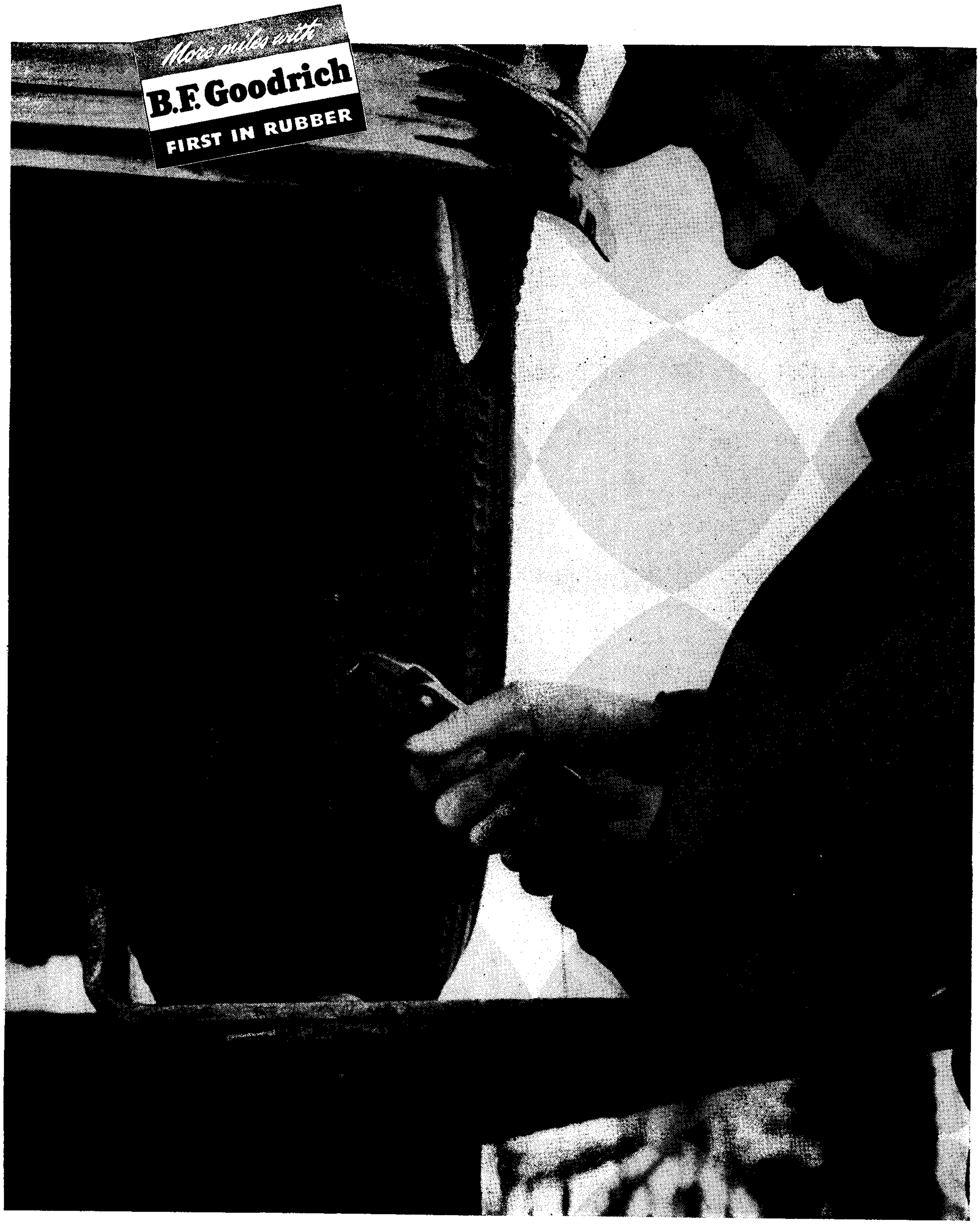

A puncture-sealing tube for the tire that outwears prewar tires

PUNCTURE? What of it? Your tire won't go flat if you're riding on B. F. Goodrich Seal-o-matic tubes. When a nail, spike or piece of glass sticks into one of these tubes, you roll right along as though nothing had happened.

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B. F. Goodrich Seal-o-matics usually outlast two or more sets of tires. They not only have this self-sealing feature, but also are made with thicker walls than ordinary tubes. These thicker walls resist chafing and pinching. And because air has less chance to work through the thicker rubber, Seal-o-matics hold air pressure longer—help tires to wear better by keeping them properly inflated.

B. F. Goodrich Seal-o-matics give you greater safety too. A tire that would blow out if it had an ordinary tube in it may run hundreds of miles with Seal-o-matics. When you put these tubes into B. F. Goodrich tires, you have the greatest combination on wheels—tubes that give extra safety inside tires that outwear prewar tires. Your B. F. Goodrich dealer may have both tubes and tires in stock right now. If he doesn't, he'll gladly order for you and you won't have to wait long. *The price of Seal-o-matic tubes is the same as before the war. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

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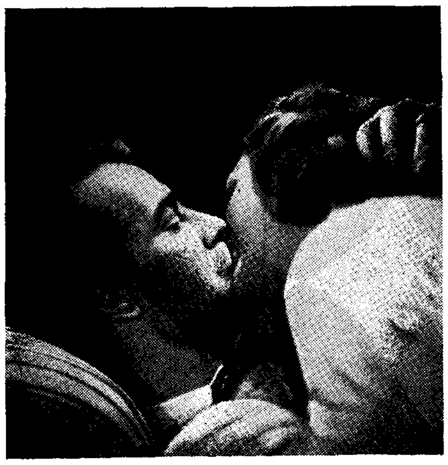

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COLLIER'S

April 26, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

LESE MAJESTY

DEAR EDITOR: I am an American citizen of British ancestry and I resent very much Irving Wallace calling Princess Elizabeth (Mar. 15th) a "ruddy, beefy kid." From everything I have ever read about her, she has an exquisite English complexion and seems to me to have a very pretty girlish figure with the curves most men are said to admire.
MRS. W. N. MILLER, New York, N. Y.

. . . Read about Elizabeth "dancing at the Servants' Ball" when I had to quit or lose my breakfast. *Fine stuff* for an American magazine. My 1776 ancestors danced with anyone including the Indians and *tried* to get this country away from royalty.
MURIEL C. BARK, Glendale, Cal.

. . . Where does he get the audacity to call the future Queen of England "a beefy kid of 20"? In the name of common politeness, either fire this author or show him where he's wrong.
AN IRISHMAN, Stamford, Conn.

. . . Wonderful picture of a born queen. Think Irving Wallace ought to be knighted.
RUTH DOWD, New York, N. Y.

. . . As Shakespeare wrote it (King Richard II, Act II, Scene 1): "This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle . . . this other Eden." . . . As Collier's quoted it: "this accepted isle, this other Eden" . . .
Which leaves me wondering: Should she accept the scepter?
MILDRED MALKIN, New York, N. Y.

To paraphrase Shakespeare: "These slips have made us noted long."

MANLY ART OF SELF-DESTRUCTION

DEAR EDITOR: The World's Craziest Sailors (Ted Shane, Mar. 1st), about yachtsmen in need of defrosting, struck me as having a certain similarity to another it-feels-so-good-when-you-stop sport known as Purring. In this fascinating Welsh game, a pair of hearties, shod in heavy boots, put their heads together, their hands on each other's shoulders, and kick the bejabers out of each other's shins. The fellow who has sense enough to escape first is the loser. At least, that's what the rules say.

Other forms of self-torture in sport:

Back in 1915, Noah Young, a 198-pound Australian, ran a mile in 8:30. The time wouldn't be remarkable except for the fact that Young was carrying a 150-pound man on his back.

A Chicagoan, Gus Simmons, took first prize in an ice-sitting contest at the White

(*Continued on page* 101)

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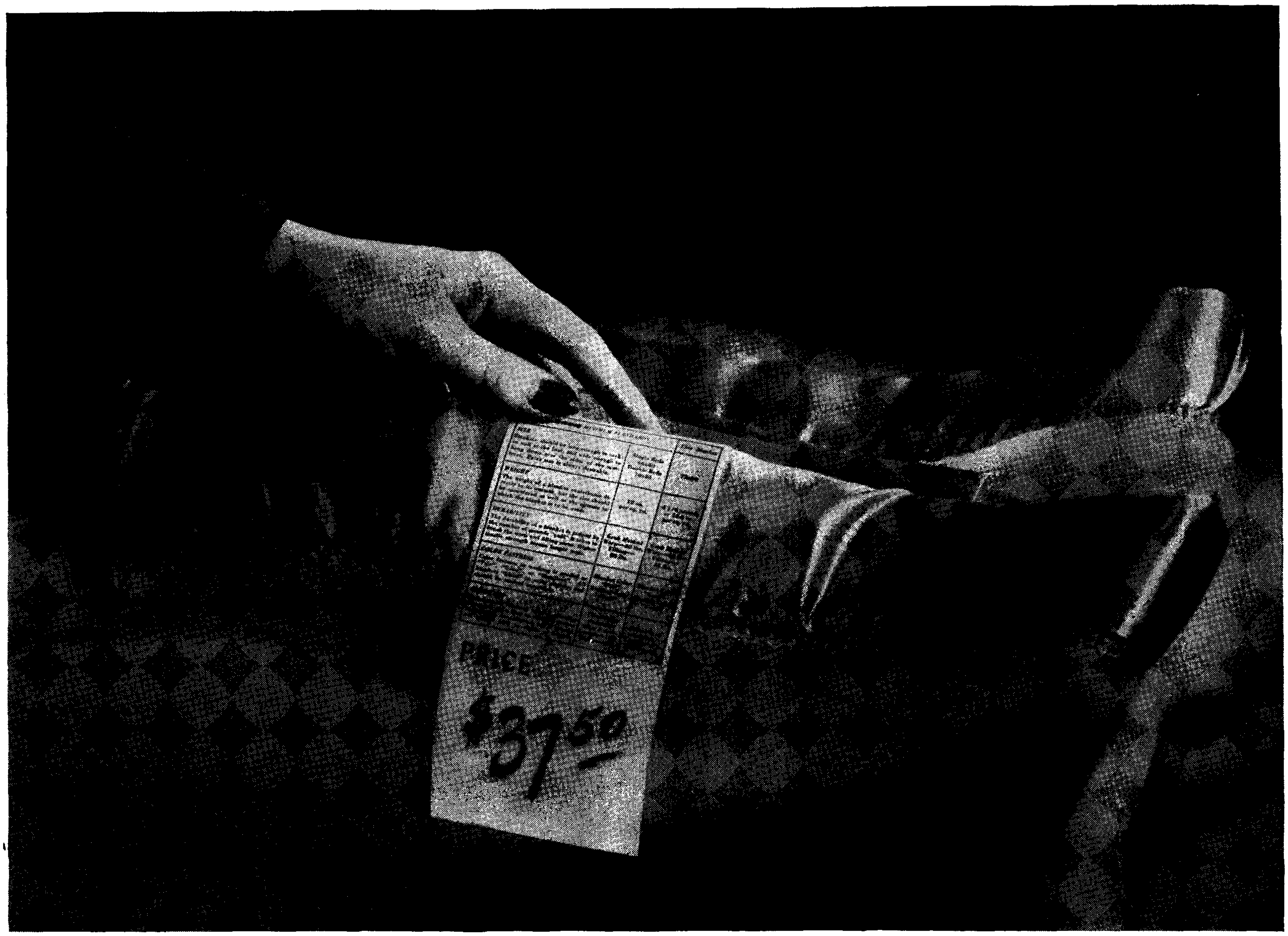

So that all may know!

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!
NO SALE

"**. . . NO SALE!** What an appropriate comment on his hair! It looks so dry and stringy . . . and filled with loose dandruff. Too bad . . . when it's so easy to check Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Hey! Why don't *I* give *him* a tip!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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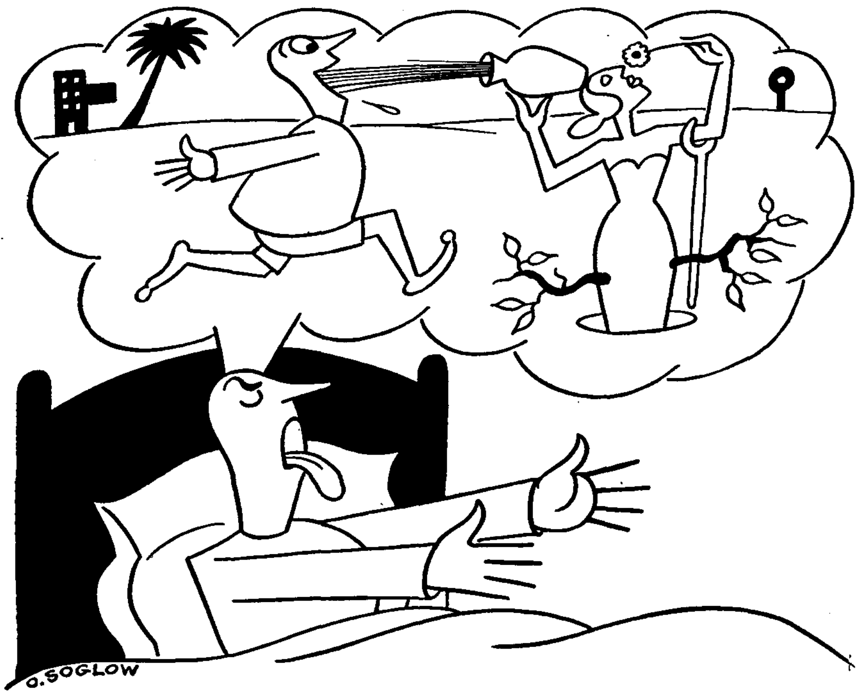

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

While a dream rarely makes sense or is given a second thought by the layman, it does serve a useful purpose, being a mechanism that is set up to protect the sleeper from being awakened easily by external stimuli such as noises or internal stimuli such as muscles cramped by pressure. For example, this mechanism will cause a sleeper when becoming thirsty, to dream of wanting, finding and drinking water. But after one or more of these dream drinks, his thirst becomes so intense that it overcomes the mechanism and awakens him.

At several U.S. race tracks in 1932, a thoroughbred was given unparalleled ovations in turf history by spectators who had never seen nor would ever see him race, as they were cheering only his mounted body carried on a truck. He was Australia's Phar Lap who, after winning his first race in North America in April, had been poisoned. The mounted hide, skeleton and heart are now in the National Museum in Melbourne.

An analysis of hundreds of maternity cases reveals that, on the average, American women gain about 22 pounds during pregnancy and are 13.5 pounds lighter within an hour after giving birth to a 7.5-pound baby. In the following 12 days, they lose 4.25 more pounds, but after this period, their weight decreases so slowly that, at the end of six weeks, they are still four pounds heavier than at the time of conception.

Before safes were introduced a century ago, valuable papers and articles were usually kept in secret compartments of a desk. Their location was known only to the owner and the cabinetmaker, and many were so cleverly concealed that they virtually defied detection. Not long ago, an expert bet that he could find every one in a colonial desk and, after searching it for four hours, claimed he had succeeded. But he had missed six of the 21 hiding places.

One of the most sensational works of art was the Greek Slave, a life-sized white marble statue of a nude woman, produced by Hiram Powers, American sculptor, in 1843. Although prudery was still rampant, the statue was widely acclaimed, even by the clergy It was featured at a London exposition in 1851, was admired by Queen Victoria, celebrated in a sonnet by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and again featured at a world's fair in New York in 1853. Once, it was taken on an exhibition tour of the United States and grossed in admissions over $23,500.

The first world-famous motion-picture star was John Bunny of New York City who, between 1911 and his death in 1915, made some 100 one-reel comedies for the Vitagraph Company. On a world tour in 1913, he was recognized and surrounded by such large crowds that, in every city he visited, he required police protection.

Since the 16th century, the Church of the Madonna delle Grazie, near Mantua, Italy, has had the upper part of its interior walls lined with life-sized human figures that custodians believed were made of papier-mâché. But in 1937, an authority on antiques examined the 17 military figures and discovered they were dressed in excellent suits of rare medieval armor.

A unique feature of Japan's Nō theaters is the stage, which is square, open on three sides and has its own roof supported by four pillars. It also faces north as the middle box in the audience is reserved for persons of high rank who must sit facing south. As the stage itself has no curtain, a special exit called a Hurry Door is provided for characters who must leave in a hurry, such as those who have been killed.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

A million dawns have kissed the earth awake since time began. For her, the first and loveliest is the one she greets wide-eyed with knowledge of her love, and destiny. Like it, among a million others, her diamond will always shine with special light for her alone. Because it holds such great significance, this ring-stone must be sought with greatest care. Whatever its size and carat weight, its color, clarity and cutting will contribute to its beauty and value.

Be sure to seek a trusted jeweler's advice.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.,
and Associated Companies.

One-quarter Carat $110 to $225

One-half Carat $275 to $525

One Carat $665 to $1250

Two Carats from $2000

The prices above for unmounted stones were averaged from a great many stores in July, 1946. Add 20% Federal tax.

N. W. AYER & SON

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Proved in millions of miles of driving. Ask for it at your favorite dealer's. If he does not have it, he can easily get it for you.

THE WEEK'S WORK

The Fringses of Beverly: Peter, Dad, Kathie, Mom

KETTI FRINGS, whose masterful blending of suspense, mystery and superthermal love, Flight from Fear, begins on p. 11, is All-American Buckeye. The foreignish Frings (rings with an F) came to her by marriage to a European, who also transformed Katharine to Ketti. For the past ten years Mme. Frings has been operating around Hollywood, and you probably wept profusely over her novel Hold Back the Dawn. Mme. Frings has just finished another novel and a movie biog of Carrie Jacobs Bond.

In Flight from Fear: "My props are real but any character resemblance coincidental," she avers.

BORN in North Dakota in 1914, Nord Riley (The Day They Robbed Father's Bank, p. 24) says his own dad still makes unnecessary remarks about that being a dark year for a lot of other people, too. Chicago University educated him; and the San Francisco Chronicle harbored him as a reporter till he moved to Mazatlán, Mexico. "The Chronicle rallied and went on," he reports, "but my modest calculations that in four months in Mexico I would be a flourishing writer ranks with Mr. Chamberlain's error at Munich. At the end of a year I was slowly being digested by Mexican microbes, and had barely avoided being opened for public scrutiny by the knives and pistols of young *caballeros* who thought I was after their women—which I was."

In 1942, Mr. Riley was peacefully writing pieces in California when the men in OD came. "They stamped me too perishable to be exported and shot, but strong enough to edit a camp newspaper. Liberation came last year."

THE big, red-topped, mustached Tom O'Reilly (no relation to James Whitcomb O'Reilly) sums himself up this way:

1905: Born. (The franc remained unchanged.)

1924: Expelled from college.

'25-'26: Lost eight jobs, including asst. mgrshp. laundry, surveyor (a pole carrier) and home brew mfg. co. (label paster).

'28: Obviously helpless, adjudged born newspaperman. Warmed up splitting infinitives for a Pennsylvania paper.

'29: Learned to drink.

'31: Wrote Frothyfacts, sports column for N.Y. World-Telegram.

'32: Learned to spell.

'40: Matriculated at PM, New York tabloid which appears in the A.M.

'42: Joined Merchant Marine. Rounded Horn—skipper couldn't find Magellan Strait.

'43: Learned to swear nautically: "That blank-blank squarehead couldn't navigate a blank-blank thundermug around the edge of a bed without knocking the blank-blank handle."

'44: Wrote book Purser's Progress.

'45: Learned to read.

'46: Made PM sports editor. Learned addition (multiplication?) from European trip expense account. Quit.

'47: *Quo vadis?*

Hobbies: Collecting bezique rules and uninhibited Pompeian statuary; lifting bar bells in canoes.

Concerning Daredevils on Horseback (p. 20): It was written with an underwater pen on the bed of the Maryland Hunt Cup water jump.

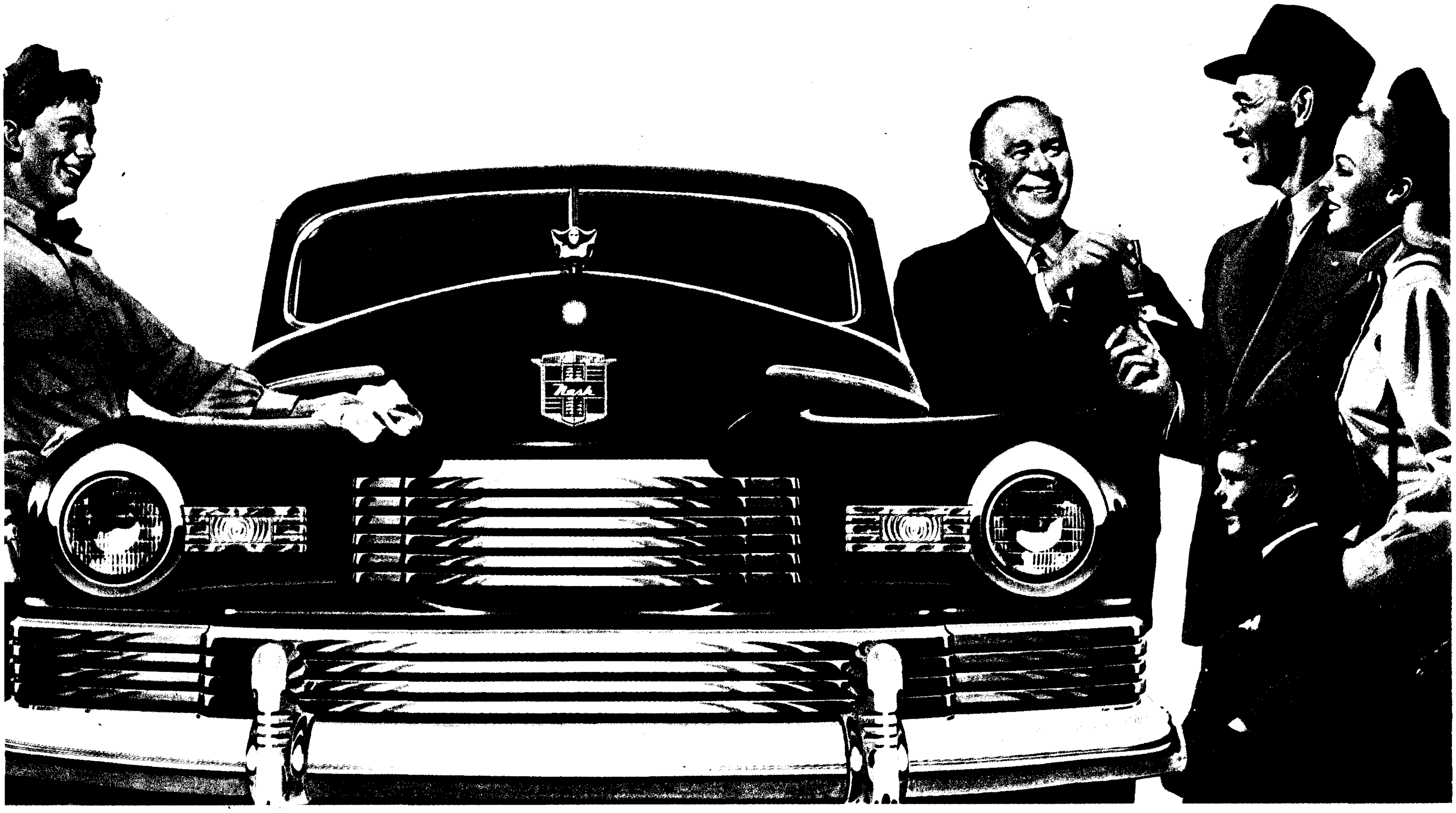
OF a family that stretches back five generations in Mexico, Ruth Moore Morriss' earliest memories include fleeing across the International Bridge in a carriage with Grandma, a Persian cat and a barrel of china—a step ahead of the Madero revolution. She has since survived several others, including Pancho Villa's. Writing up Pancho's funeral for a local paper netted her $7.50—and a start as a reporter.

Her hobby thus is understandably the land of Camacho and the tamale. She also likes to cook, and we trust you'll find the gaiety she puts into her dishes in Cuisine for Candida, p. 56. We always keep a fire extinguisher handy when we eat Mexican dishes.

This week's cover: Ballet Dancer. The lady suspended in midair is Kate Friedlich, petite swing ballerina with Call Me Mister, in New York. Photographer George Karger kept Kate leaping up and down for two hours until she was properly composed and utterly exhausted. Kate's from Des Moines, took up ballet to keep up with her less dainty brothers in football scrimmages, is a perfect size 9, weighs 105, has danced with longhairs and been chronic understudy for six very healthy ballerinas in six Broadway musicals. Kate's executing the Kargerovitch jeté—unorthodox ballet maneuver thought up by the cucumbersome Mr. Karger. . . .

TED SHANE

Oh Happy Day!



From now on they will be traveling in style—and getting a sweet 25 to 30 miles a gallon at moderate highway speed.

From now on every road ahead of them will lie smooth as glass, with Nash coil springing on all four wheels erasing the bumps.

From now on they'll enjoy Nash "Conditioned Air." Free of coats and gloves in winter; no dust in summer. A system that's automatic.

From now on, no worries about lodgings—not with the Convertible Bed equipment that can always be ready in a Nash back seat.

From now on the fleet, sweet feel of Flying Scot engine performance . . . and ease of handling that makes all-day driving fun.

From now on, too, the *silence* of a 1947 Nash "600." No body rattles and squeaks. The safety and balance of a one-piece welded body and frame. And above all, rugged dependability that is and always has been Nash.

Naturally, there's the biggest demand in history for the Nash "600," and the sensational Nash Ambassador. So there will be a "wait." But the happy occasion you see above occurs hundreds of times a day in the great new Nash showrooms across America.

Why not today discover for yourself the fun you'll find in a Nash?

You'll be ahead with **Nash**

NASH MOTORS DIVISION, NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT

700,000

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The savings of many people helped build the Bell System which serves so many people and gives employment to 625,000 men and women.

BELL
TELEPHONE
SYSTEM

Beginning the story of a mysterious disappearance from Hollywood. Driven out by an overpowering, possessive jealousy, the fugitives left behind them a shocked, incredulous city—and a husband with murder in his heart

FLIGHT FROM FEAR

BY KETTI FRINGS

IT WAS down on his appointment calendar for that morning at ten o'clock—just the name, L. Faulkner. Ritch Alvin looked at it and it meant nothing to him. He had been up half the night working on a brief, and he had meant merely to look at his mail and beat it for the beach and his boat. It was one of those hot, muggy mornings that you get sometimes in May in California, but he knew that once he passed Long Beach the sun would be clear and bright, and the salt air cool. He'd be back by seven in time for his dinner with Marta. His boat stuff was already thrown into his car. What urgent business there was could be handled by Jim Parker, his partner. And now there was this single damned appointment staring him in the face. He flipped open the interoffice phone and asked Doris, his secretary, to come in.

"Who's L. Faulkner?"

"She said Thornton Daly recommended you."

"What does she want?"

"She called last night about quarter after six; seemed upset; just said she wanted to see you."

"Know anything about her?"

Doris shrugged. "Even the initial she parted with reluctantly." Doris Cort knew that look in her boss' eyes. "All right, so you want me to cancel it. I don't know whether I can—she lives out of town some place; it's a Valley number." Doris was already dialing the operator.

Ritch read through a couple of letters and made several notations. He vaguely heard Doris get her number. She argued with someone at the other end of the line and then hung up. "That's funny—they don't know a Miss Faulkner. I'm sure I took down the right number."

"When she comes in, make apologies, and find out what it's about."

He didn't have to tell her he was leaving; she knew the signs, and said wistfully, "I don't suppose we'll see you all day. Suppose something important comes up?"

"Nothing important ever happens in this heat."

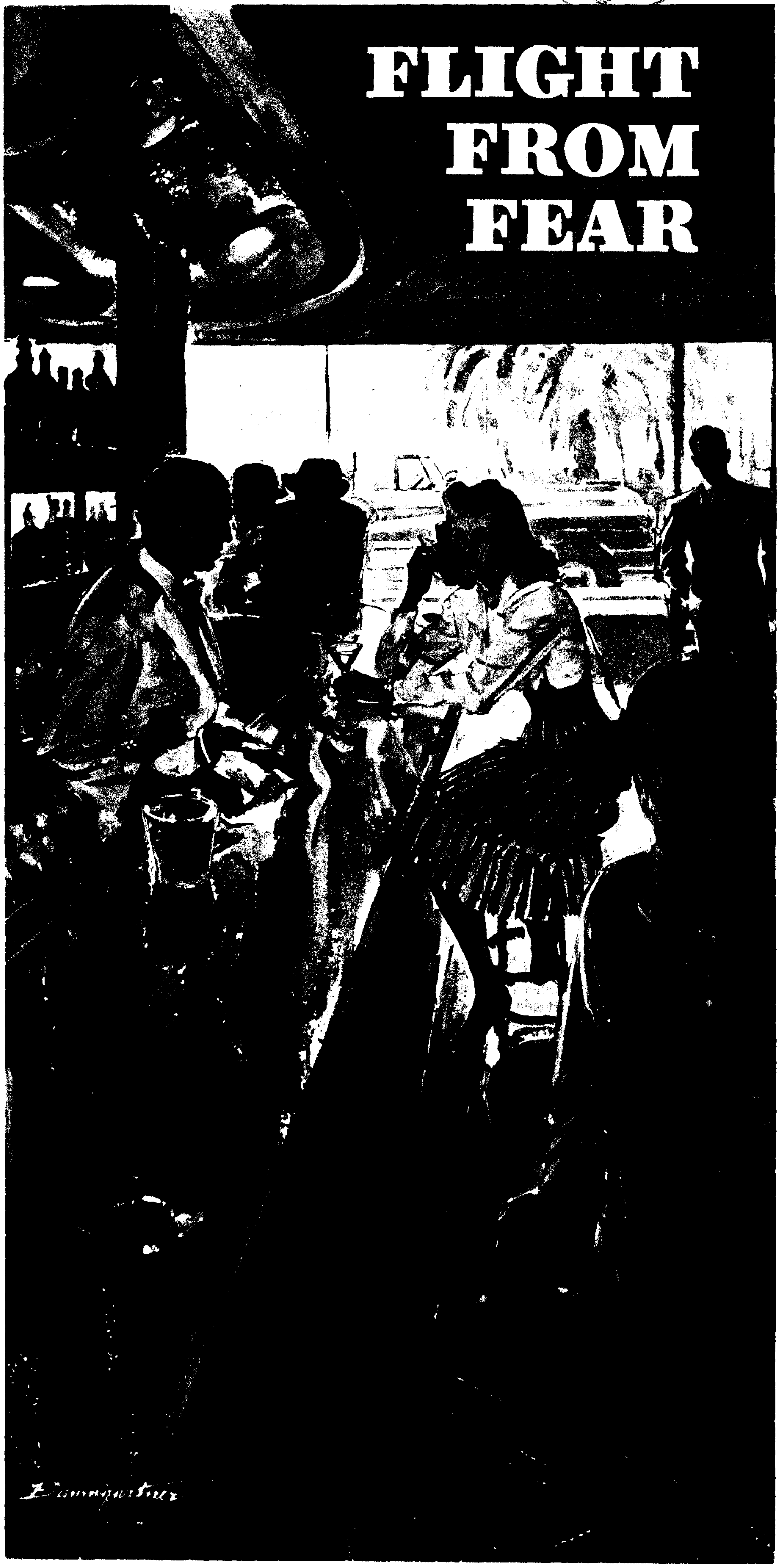
"No wonder a boat is a 'she'—they're seductive creatures," she observed crossly. He turned from the door to smile at her, and she added, "Well, have a good time!"

His smile always did that to her. Her relationship with Ritch Alvin was friendly, almost intimate, but she had long since given up any hopes in connection with him. She had married an Army sergeant the year before, which had helped, but she didn't mind telling even him that if Ritch Alvin had ever given her the slightest tumble. . . .

Most women who knew Ritch felt that way. It wasn't that he was just attractive, successful; he had something else—a quality which is rare any time and especially among lawyers—an honest idealism. He fought the battle of the underdog. He handled a lot of individual's rights cases. He had taken the case of an actress once against her studio and had won it for her; it had given him a certain fame in the movie circles—which in turn had brought him similar cases. When an actor's or writer's or a director's grief was referred to him, he did not ask how important the person was. If the talent was worth defending, the person was. He liked making his living among interesting people — people he thought deserving. There were a lot of men around town who were attractive and successful, but not many who were also admired. Ritch Alvin had only to smile at you and you were flattered.

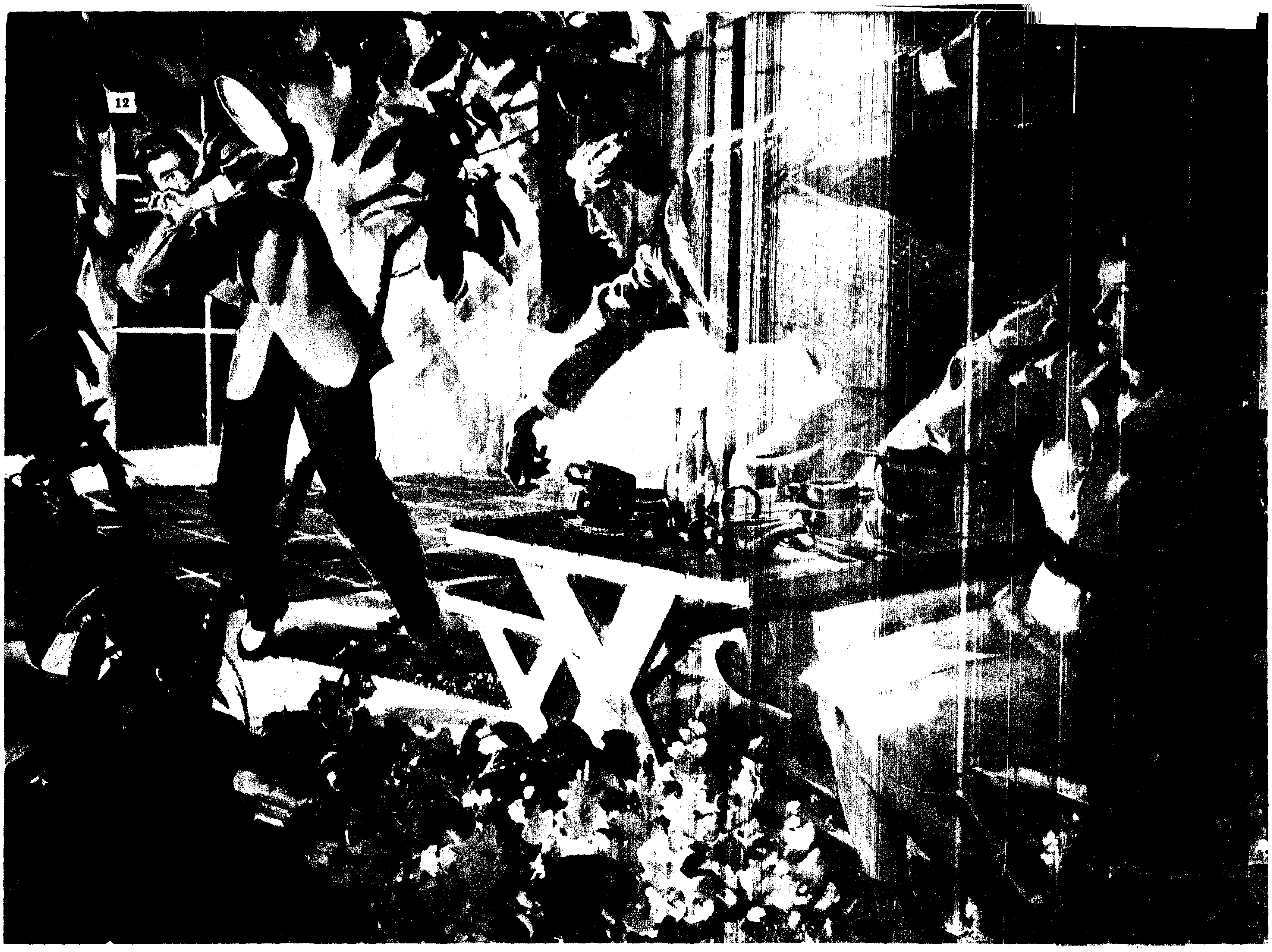
RITCH stepped out of the elevator into the lobby and stopped at the newsstand for some gum. Next to the stand was the building directory. A young woman stood there, looking among the A's. Ritch wondered guiltily if she were looking for his name, and if she were L. Faulkner. She wore a loose, striped skirt and white blouse, the two bound together by a wide red belt. She wore no hat. Her clothes could have been those of any shopgirl on a day off, except that the gold links about her throat and at her wrist were real, and the red handbag which hung from her shoulder was at least a hundred dollars' worth. It had an antique gold crestlike design on it, one of those massive pins which he knew came from only one place—Coret's in New York. She was thin; she was very tan. As she turned toward the elevator, Ritch saw her face.

It was not only one of the most beautiful faces he had ever seen; it was also the most anxious. She was wan under her tan; Ritch



"Get out," Ritch warned himself. But he did not go. She looked lost and appealing sitting there

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER



"Marta forgot her suit," Ritch said. Lizbeth screamed, and Ritch turned toward Steele in time to see a heavy plate hurtling at him

thought he saw a sleepless night in her face. Just as the elevator doors closed he noticed that she wore a wedding ring.

He stood hesitantly fingering the packet of gum. Maybe it wasn't L. Faulkner, he told himself—and even if it were, what the devil? He was headed for the Cybele; this was his day off.

He argued plausibly with himself but he still wanted to know. If she were L. Faulkner, she'd be down again in a minute.

This is nonsense, he thought. He forced her out of his mind, and went around the corner to the parking lot. He had told Joe, the parking attendant, that he'd be going right out again, but there was a convertible station wagon parked in front of his car. Ritch got into his coupé and blew his horn.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Alvin. Some dame came in here and parked that wagon, and ran off with the keys. I'll push her out of the way, though." He rolled it down the slight incline, pulled on the brake. At that moment the girl he had seen in the lobby appeared and climbed into the wagon. Joe started to give her a talking-to. The girl didn't pay much attention at first, but then as Ritch edged around to pass her he saw that her eyes were filled with tears, and she said, "I'm sorry, I really am." Then she dropped her head down over the steering wheel, crying.

Ritch stopped his car. Joe looked at Ritch, puzzled, then at the girl. "Are you all right, miss? Is something wrong with you?" Joe asked.

She was shaking, all spent inside. She shook her head, threw the car into gear and started off.

Ritch had pulled out of the parking lot and was along the curb by then. His guilt had increased. Here was a woman who had come to him with some kind of trouble and he hadn't been there, and it looked like the bad start of a bad day for her. She went past him in second gear, driving fast, and Ritch followed her. She had stopped at a boulevard light, and had put out her hand to make a turn at Caheunga. He followed her down, not because he was trailing her any more, but because he had to go south anyway to get to Long Beach. She was all right now. She seemed to be driving more slowly. He stayed behind her. She turned onto Santa Monica and drew up in front of a bar as Ritch passed her. She was probably going in there just to phone, he told himself. He hated to think that he had driven someone to drink at ten in the morning. But suppose he had? It was none of his business—not yet, anyway.

He went on about five blocks, made a U-turn and came back. He drove slowly to give her time to make the phone call, come out and disappear. But when he got back to the spot, the convertible station wagon was still there. He parked behind it and went in.

She was sitting at the bar, smoking. There was a drink in front of her. Bars aren't pleasant places in the mornings. This one wouldn't be pleasant any time. The night smoke and foulness hadn't yet cleared out of it. The floors had been washed, but they were still wet, and they smelled of stale beer. Two drunken carpenters from one of the near-by studios were at one end of the bar. The girl was the only other customer.

GET out, Ritch warned himself. But he made no move to go. She *must* be bad news, he argued—yet she didn't look like any lush. The drink was making her shake, but not a shaky shake; just distaste and revulsion. He looked at her thin wrists and ankles. There was breeding in her small bones, and in the wide prominent forehead. She had large dark eyes and dark lashes, the lashes still pointed and black from the tears. Her mouth was full and generous and trembling. She looked even more intriguing in this sullen light. She looked lost and appealing.

The bartender was asking him what he wanted.

Ritch ignored him. "Miss Faulkner?" he questioned.

The girl turned and looked at him.

"I'm Ritch Alvin."

She still just stared, though she didn't seem particularly surprised.

"We were supposed to have an appointment this morning. I saw you come out of the parking lot. I followed you."

"They told me you were out of town for the day." Her voice was low, scarcely audible. Ritch moved a little closer.

"Not yet. I didn't know my not being there would upset you."

"It didn't. It was just a culmination. It's just as well. I decided that it was an omen—that I shouldn't come to you after all."

"Do you mind telling me why you did come? My secretary said Thornton Daly referred you."

"I don't know Thornton Daly. I read in the paper—some case you handled for him. I just used his name."

"But you did ask somebody about me?"

"No—though I've heard people mention you." Her eyes searched his face. "Everything I've heard about you made me think I might trust you."

"Your name is not Miss Faulkner;

(Continued on page 35)

FOR DISTINGUISHED CONGRESSIONAL SERVICE

COLLIER'S 1946 CONGRESSIONAL AWARDS COMMITTEE

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BY JAMES C. DERIEUX

WASHINGTON

THE year 1946 was rough on members of the Congress. No one could be certain just what the American people wanted or needed, but it was plain they wanted some kind of change.

And the year 1946 was not too easy on members of Collier's Congressional Awards Committee, either. At the outset of their studies it was not plain which senator and representative had best served our country in that first postwar year, in the course of which propaganda for and against everything reached new highs, and the few persons in Washington who thought calmly and with some degree of balance were suspect by both extremes.

But the Committee members, under the chairmanship of Chester C. Davis, stuck to their studies of legislation, voting records, speeches and advisory comments, continued their screening of the 96 senators and 435 representatives, and came up with Senator Robert Marion La Follette and Representative Jesse Paine Wolcott as the winners; the first an independent, the second a regular Republican.

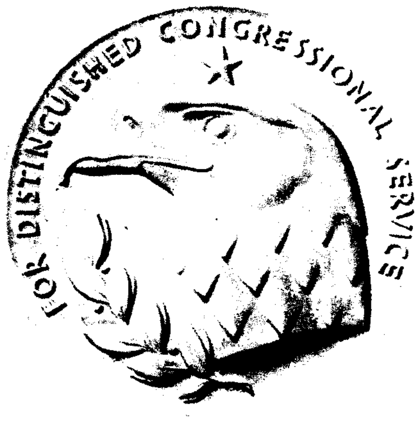
La Follette, Wisconsin's famous Young Bob, was defeated in the Republican primary last summer, and retired from the Senate at the end of the year after 21 years of diligent, effective work.

Wolcott, of the 7th Michigan district, won re-election easily for his ninth time, and when the Republicans took over the House, he became chairman of the important Banking and Currency Committee.

At a White House ceremony these men received silver plaques to commemorate their distinguished Congressional services in 1946, and in addition Collier's made two $10,000 gifts to public institutions chosen by the two. Senator La Follette designated the University of Wisconsin to receive one of these donations, and with it set up a graduate scholarship to study the reorganization of government, with the goal of making it more efficient and more responsive to the will of the people.

Representative Wolcott designated the Michigan State College of Agriculture and Applied Science, at East Lansing, to receive the other $10,000 donation, and specified that the money be used to set up scholarships to assist students who, without such assistance, could not continue their studies.

The purpose of these annual awards by Collier's is to direct thoughtful attention to the fundamental role of the Congress, to point up the fact that representative lawmaking bodies are the symbol and basic essential for freedom, and to recognize publicly with appropriate honors the good work done by individual representatives. *(Continued on page 78)*



Jesse P. Wolcott and Robert M. La Follette

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

UNDERCOVER MAN: HE TRAPPED CAPONE

BY FRANK J. WILSON

CHIEF, U.S. SECRET SERVICE, RETIRED

AS TOLD TO HOWARD WHITMAN

Al Capone had covered his trail well, and federal investigators were completely balked. But then a lucky accident uncovered a dusty ledger. It was the lever that toppled the empire of America's most notorious gangster

I

THERE are some things you can tell a woman and some things you can't. When my wife and I started out for Chicago all I said was, "Judith, I'm after a fellow named Curly Brown. The government says we've got to put him away." If I'd told her that Curly Brown was an alias, a kind of nom de goon, of Scarface Al Capone, she'd have turned the car right around and made me take up some respectable trade like piano tuning.

We had been married only two years (this was in 1928) and Judith wasn't used to the idea of my being a government sleuth. To give me a go at matrimony the top office had called me off the road and moored me to a swivel chair in the Baltimore office of the Intelligence Unit, Bureau of Internal Revenue. We had settled down in a little yellow house with white shutters.

One morning when I was feeding sunflower seeds to the birds in our back yard Judith came running out and said, as if she had always expected it to happen, "Washington is on the telephone, Frank. It's urgent."

"Uh-oh," I gulped, and before I came fully to my senses I was back in Washington that very afternoon, huddled around a desk with my chiefs, Bob Lucas, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and Elmer Irey, head of the Intelligence Unit. Bob Lucas was talking in his quick, impulsive way: "You've worked out in Chicago before, Frank. Irey says you did a swell job on the Frankie Lake-Terry Druggan case. We've got a bigger fish this time. These orders come straight from the White House. . . . Frank, I want you to go get Al Capone!"

I got permission to take Judith with me, because, as the chief allowed, this wasn't going to be the sort of job you could clean up in an odd week end.

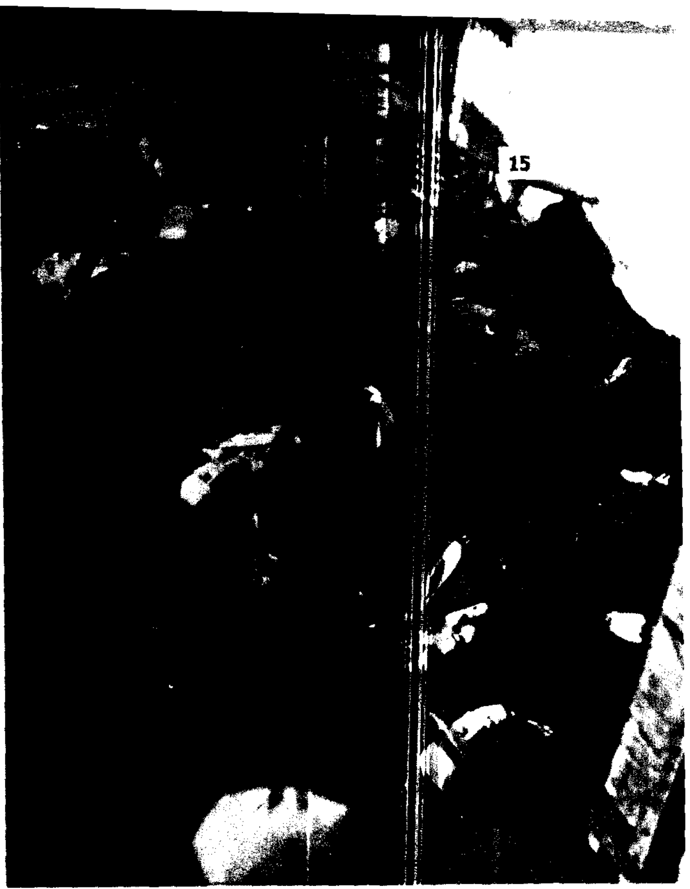
In Chicago, Judith and I put up at the Sheridan Plaza Hotel and I went straight over to see Art Madden, our local agent-in-charge. Art told me that hanging an income-tax rap on Alphonse Capone would be as easy as hanging a foreclosure sign on the moon. In addition to having Cook County in the palm of his hand, the Grand Panjandrum of the checkered suits and diamond belts was com-

Frank J. Wilson and his wife browse through a scrapbook recounting his adventures with the Secret Service

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY GEORGE KARGER

ACME

It took years of undercover work by the Secret Service to convict Al Capone. Here the Chicago crime boss reaches the end of the road—the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta. A reporter (right) interviews him



INTERNATIONAL

In the gory St. Valentine's Day massacre, Capone disposed of rivals who tried to muscle in on him

pletely anonymous when it came to income. He did all his business through front men, or third parties. To discourage meddlers, his production department was turning out fifty corpses a year.

For a base of operations the government gave me and my three assistants an overgrown closet in the old Post Office Building with a cracked glass at the door, no windows, a double flat-topped desk, and walls that were peeling as if they'd been sunburned. I could hardly scratch my head without sticking my elbow in somebody's eye.

The task was to find gross income in excess of $5,000 (the standard exemption at the time) accruing to Capone for any one year in which he had filed no tax return at all and/or income exceeding the insignificant amounts he did report for other years.

For several months I legged it to the banks and credit agencies trying to find some record of business transactions involving the Scarface. Not a tumble. I prowled the crumby streets of Cicero, where a twitch of Al's little finger had the force of an edict, but there was no clue that a dollar from the big gambling places, the horse parlors, the brothels or the bootleg joints ever reached his coffers.

In the morgue at the Chicago Daily News I found a story linking Capone with the miniature-golf-course business. Investigation of this merely improved my putting.

An Aunt in Upper Michigan

I got a tip that Capone was interested in an oil rush in upper Michigan. "Judith," I said, "I haven't seen Aunt Mate in twenty years. Let's take a run up there." Good old Aunt Mate lived in upper Michigan. Driving up with Judith was just the kind of excuse I needed in case Al's torpedoes were viewing my movements with more than academic interest.

All I got out of that was a family reunion. A Chicago syndicate was interested in the oil rush, all right, but not one share was traceable to Scarface Al.

There was a newspaperman in Chicago named Jake Lingle. He had been seen with Capone in Chicago and Miami and from the tips I got he wasn't just writing interviews. Lingle worked for the Tribune so I saw the boss, Robert R. McCormick, and told him that help from Lingle would be appreciated by the United States government. "I'll get word to Lingle to go all the way with you," McCormick said.

At noon the next day, twenty-four hours before I was to see Lingle, he was assassinated in the subway at Randolph Street as he was hurrying for a train to the races.

I was stuck, bogged down. Two fruitless, frustrating years had dragged by since I'd come to Chicago. All I had to show for it was an aching head. Judith kept saying, "You're certainly making a mountain out of this Curly Brown case. He can't be such a big shot. I never see a word about him in the papers."

Capone was all over the front pages every day. It was common talk that he got a cut on every case of whisky brought into Cook County; that he ran a thousand speak-easies, a thousand bookie joints, fifteen gambling houses, a luscious string of brothels; that he controlled half a dozen breweries. He had bought himself a Florida palace on Palm Island, imported a chef from Chicago and was spending $1,000 a week on banquets. He tore around in sixteen-cylinder limousines, slept in $50 French pajamas, and ordered fifteen suits at a time at $135 each. His personal armed forces numbered 700, equipped with automatic weapons and armored automobiles.

And I couldn't show that this satrap of Chicago earned more than $5,000 a year! Evidence of lavish living wasn't enough. The courts had to see *income.*

I am known as a cold and calculating character. Some of the boys say I sweat ice water. After two years I was in a sweat, all right, and one night I was in a particularly calculating mood. I went to the cubbyhole of our counteroffensive and decided to check over all the data, the leads, the memoranda, the reports which the boys and I had piled up. Maybe there was a rough edge or two that we still could pry open.

"Go on home and get some sleep," I told my assistants.

At one o'clock in the morning I was so bleary I could hardly see. I had raked over all my own reports plus those of Agents Nels Tessem, Jay Sullivan, Mike Malone and Clarence Converse. In all that mess of stuff I had turned up three or four possible leads, but I wasn't kidding myself that they would amount to anything.

I was gathering up the stuff from the desk and the chairs and the floor where I had spread it out when I accidentally bumped our filing cabinet and it clicked closed. I couldn't find the key. Now where'll I put this stuff? I wondered. Just outside our glorified telephone booth was a storeroom, under the eaves of the building. I found an old filing cabinet and pulled out some armfuls of dusty envelopes. "I can lay this junk on the table," I figured. "I'll put my stuff in overnight."

Way in the back of the cabinet was a package tied in brown paper, pretty heavy. Just out of curiosity I snipped the string and found myself holding three ledgers, black ones with red corners. The first one didn't mean much. The second I spotted as a "special column cashbook." My eye leaped over the column headings: "Bird cage," "21," "Craps," "Faro," "Roulette," "Horse bets."

Frank J. Wilson, author of this series of inside stories on crime detection, was formerly chief of the United States Secret Service. Now retired, he continues to serve the nation as consultant on security and protection to the Atomic Energy Commission

I took the books into my cubbyhole. Here was the diary of a big operation, with a take of from $20,000 to $30,000 a day. Net profits for eighteen months (the books were dated 1925-26) were upward of half a million.

"Who could have run a mill that size?" I asked myself. The answer hit me like a baseball bat; only three people—Frankie Lake, Terry Druggan or Al Capone! But I had already cleaned up the Druggan-Lake case. Two from three leaves one.

The ledgers had been picked up in a raid after the murder of Assistant State's Attorney William McSwiggin in 1926. They came from one of the biggest gambling palaces in Cicero, The Ship, where diamond-studded crowds from Chicago laid down $3,000,000 a year in wagers. Here was a record of *income.* If I could hang it around the neck of Al Capone, we'd have a case at last.

Scarface must have known we were closing in.

Undercover Man Calls Up

On the inside of the gang I had one of the best undercover men I have ever known: Eddie O'Hare, whose son, Butch O'Hare, later became a war ace in the Pacific. Eddie rang my private number one afternoon and blurted, "Frank, I've got to see you right away! I mean right away!"

"Okay, the taproom on Wilson Avenue!"

We sat down across a table and Eddie was on the edge of his chair, red-faced, waving a bony finger at me. "You've got to move out of the Sheridan Plaza, Frank. The big fellow is going to get you. They know where you keep your automobile and what time you get in at night and what time you leave in the morning. The big fellow has brought in four killers from New York to do the job. You've got to get out of there, Frank. Get out this afternoon!"

"I'll do it, Eddie," I replied. "Thanks for tipping me off. I'll be out of there in half an hour."

Luckily Judith had said a few days before that she'd like to live at the Palmer House. So after Eddie's tip I simply phoned her and said, "I have a surprise for you. We're moving to the Palmer House—this afternoon. Pack the stuff."

I parked my car three blocks away from the Sheridan Plaza and when I

(Continued on page 80)

TABER'S DAUGHTER

BY JOHN RICHARD HUMPHREYS

AS a general rule, Bliss didn't meet her father when the tannery let out at noon on Saturday, but the day they made Mike Gillis a foreman she was there waiting—nervous, fretting, pulling at the buttons of her blouse.

She was an awkward, round-shouldered girl with all the inherited shyness and dimensions of her father, the biggest and shyest man Oak River had ever seen.

She was waiting for her father, her face flushed and strained while Taber came slowly up the rutted clay road toward her. He was a huge man, at least six feet seven, with shoulders a yard wide and a sad, houndlike face. A long way off he nodded up the road toward her and tried to smile, knowing she knew about Gillis, that early in the morning. When everyone thought it would be Taber, it was Gillis; they'd made Gillis a foreman.

As everyone in Oak River knew, especially Bliss, there was only one man in town who hated her father, and that was Gillis, the man who worked beside him in the tannery. Gillis was a short man, thick and strong, who hated the world and himself. He was all right when he was sober, but when he'd had a drink he was mean, and when he'd had that drink he was always looking for Taber. No one knew why unless it was the natural hatred of a little man for a big man.

When Taber reached the end of the road, Bliss turned and walked beside him. She was clumsy and big, and her face was long and sad like her father's. Bigger than most of the boys in her senior class at high school—and, some said, twice as strong—she walked with a customary apology for even being, her eyes downcast. They went somberly past the lumberyard, past the long, empty lot, toward the shopping section of board- and brick-front stores and saloons.

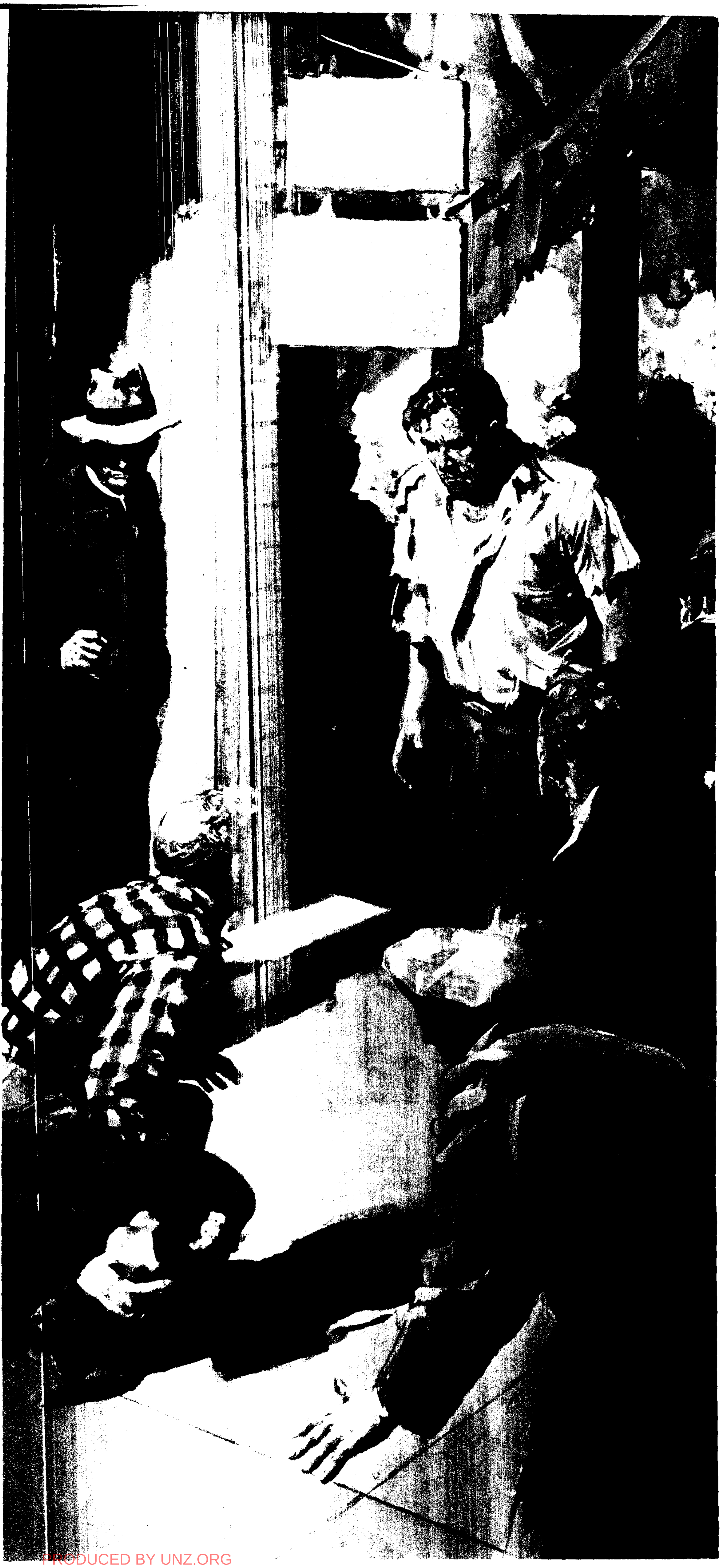
"Didn't expect you to be waiting for me, honey," her father said. "Your ma's heard about things?"

Bliss nodded quickly, looking at the sidewalk. "Papa, do we have to go home now? She's awful mad. She's been yelling all morning and everyone downstairs in the store can hear. Do we *have* to go home now?"

"It's through no fault of mine," he said. "Your ma's got to understand."

The hand on the strap of his dinner pail was closed so tightly the nails must be cutting the skin.

They turned in the doorway beside the windows of the grocery store. Taber pulled the string that ran along the railing to the light bulb at the top, and they stepped up through the yellow dimness where the whitewash was peeling from the wooden walls. Above them the door opened and Mrs. Taber looked down, her face of rage and pain hanging over them. Then her anguish exploded, rocking along the tight walls and around their ears.



As Taber moved slowly in, Gillis gauged the distance, holding the knife low and tense. The sound of the crowd rose and fell from shouting to silence

Mrs. Taber was a tall, stout woman packed with energy and determination. Her voice was as phenomenal in volume as her husband's size. Though she loved him, and because she loved him, she commanded, controlled and ruled him with a voice that shook the windows on the walls and carried clearly and loudly through the floor of their flat to the store below, filling the ears of the customers and clerks who had been hearing and listening for years. It was a voice with all the tones of an organ. It went up and down the scale and challenged, demanded, invoked, damned and—mockingly enough—loved.

As Bliss and Taber came in through the doorway at the top of the stairs, her mother was shouting, "What do you think the town thinks of us now? What do you think?"

Taber went quietly to the dining room and set his dinner pail and coat on the table. Mrs. Taber followed, her arms cocked in fury, her face hurt and baffled.

Bliss hurried away, embarrassed and frightened, crossing from the living room through the wide, curtain-hung doorway to the front room. She sat down on the edge of her bed. She saw her father come into the living room and she saw her mother behind him. The doorway between the two rooms was so wide that they all might as well have been in one room.

Bliss held her large hands on her lap and rubbed them together miserably, hearing her mother's bewildered shouting. She looked down at a tin patch covering a knothole in the warped board floor. They were listening downstairs in the grocery. She began to stroke her hard arm with her fingers, no longer thinking of herself, thinking now of her father.

For years, Bliss had watched her father taking it all quietly, trying to answer, never realizing it wasn't an answer in words his wife wanted. He had listened with his long, sorrowful face, sitting in a chair at the dinner table or leaning against the kitchen doorway or stretched out on the leather davenport with his eyes closed and his teeth tight. And this, Bliss knew, was the thing her mother hated: his shy nature and the joke it made of their family size. She knew her mother was only shouting and fighting because she was trying to get at the thing she hated; she knew her mother's rage was for the people of Oak River and their laughter.

Then with surprise, Bliss heard her father's voice grow louder. He began to shout. She had never heard her father shout before, and she was ashamed—not because he wasn't the new foreman or because Mike Gillis, a man she hardly knew, had the job; but ashamed of all the abuse her father had taken from her mother, from Gillis, and from the town.

And now, though she saw him pacing the floor and heard him shouting, though it seemed he had reached the end of his patience, she knew he was beaten, finished. It was the last link of a long chain breaking and it would leave him licked; and what seemed to be his anger was not rebellion but exhaustion, defeated frustration. Her father was finished, and his body and his mind were boiling and rushing to a final eruption.

Her father was a giant. Huge, strong—that was Taber. He was a gentle man, but a proud man, and Bliss could not fight his battle for him

BECAUSE she loved her father deeply she listened bitterly, but she listened without tears. She listened with humility and shame because she knew and understood her father's meekness. She carried the same shyness in herself and detested it as much as she knew her father did. It was in them both, father and daughter, like a phantom that couldn't be driven away: a misty control, and they had to live with it and live on in spite of it. And now when her father paced the floor and seemed to shout angrily she knew where the struggle really lay. It was in her father, and her father would lose, even with her mother fighting it with him. Bliss wanted to cry, to do something, and there was nothing to be done.

She listened helplessly, seeing through the words a pattern forming for the night ahead. Downstairs in the store they were listening, too.

Her father paced the living room, balling his fists tightly; and her mother followed relentlessly: "Ain't you the man your own father was? He was a fighter. He got out and fought for his name, stood up to any man alive. Don't you know we're a laughingstock?"

"I don't care, you hear me? I don't care."

"Know what they're saying? Don't you think every last soul in this here town knows Mike Gillis goes looking for you every blessed Saturday night? And you up here reading your Bible! *They know.* And every barroom bum in town standing around waiting and laughing while Gillis is out there yelling for you to come down and fight him. What do you think your father would have done? You think he'd have stood it?"

"I don't care what he'd have done!" Taber was furious. "I know he cut a man. I saw him stab a man, kill him. Is that what you want me to do? I'll kill him if I fight him. I *know* I will. Can't you let me forget it? Can't you? *Can't* you?"

"No, I can't. You—"

"Shut up. Shut *up!*"

"I won't shut up. What are you going to do tonight when he comes? What about tonight?"

Bliss could feel the fury in the next room whirling around her head, storming and mounting to her father's horrible roar of: "All right. All right, by God—you'll see. Now by God you'll see!"

The door to the stairs slammed. The floor shuddered, and Bliss heard the sound of her father going noisily down the stairs to the street. Then there was silence—taut and tight.

BLISS got up and went to the window at the head of her bed. Behind her, in the living room, she heard her mother crying, huge throat-pitched sobs. And looking down she saw her father come out on the street, hatless and wild, sleeves rolled to his elbows. He went down the sidewalk toward the north end of town, his arms swinging and his legs driving him with a swift, rolling stride toward Swackhamer's bar.

As Bliss watched, she had a strange feeling that she was watching herself; that she, not her father, was crossing swiftly through the town. The window was like a mirror where she saw her own rage.

In the living room she heard her mother: "What have I done? What have I done to the poor man? God knows what he'll do." She didn't know, she couldn't have guessed. But Bliss knew. So did the people in the store below. And those who saw Taber crossing town had a good idea. . . .

Swackhamer's bar and poolroom was at the end of town opposite the tannery road. When Taber came in through its doorway for the first time in his life, the Saturday-afternoon crowd curiously watched him walk to the bar.

They stopped talking as Taber laid his hand down and said, "I'd like a beer." In the poolroom the billiard balls clicked in the quiet.

While the beer was being drawn Taber felt nervously in his pocket. Along the length of the bar faces were turned toward him. At the tables along the wall men and women were watching, waiting.

Taber brought a half dollar out of his pocket dwarfing it to nickel size with the immensity of his hand. He knew they were watching and held the half dollar so they'd notice. He bent the coin slowly between his thumb and forefinger and dropped it on the counter like a piece of tin. The bartender rang it up. No one spoke.

When the change came back Taber said, "That's Mike Gillis you rang up, Jack."

On the floor, around the edges of his feet, were slivers of broken glass; on the bar, spilled beer and whisky; behind the bar, damp rags and wet glasses.

The first break in the silence was a laugh. It softened the way for voices: "Looking for Gillis, hey, Taber?" "Going in training?" "Have one on me, Taber." "Go get 'im, boy."

Taber was looking at his face in the mirror. He made the muscles move along his jaw before he spoke. "I'll get him."

One of the men came down and stood beside him, grinning. "Hell, Taber, you come to the wrong joint. Gillis is setting 'em up at Bailey's, celebrating himself a foremanship. Ought to go get yourself a drink, Taber."

Taber drained his beer and set the glass back on the bar. He looked at their grinning faces. "I'm just working my way down there." They looked at the hair on his massive arms and looked at one another.

"What was that thing you done with that half buck?" one of them asked.

(Continued on page 26)

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

RUSSIA REACHES FOR THE SKY

Using drastic measures to build up her military and transport air power, she already controls one third of the air area over the Northern Hemisphere and has a scheme to reach out through her satellites for more

BY W. B. COURTNEY

MAP BY KENNETH THOMPSON

VIENNA

NO CATCH phrase in modern times has captured so much attention as the "Iron Curtain." Everybody talks about it; yet few know what a weird monster it really is—in size, meaning and purpose. While other Western countries—notably England—bump their noggins on it the Curtain has been hung up principally against the United States and its planes and fliers.

You hear such things! Several high-ranking American officers had dinner with their Soviet opposite numbers. After the customary exchange of bourbon and vodka, the Russians began a calm discussion of the possibility of war between the Soviet Union and the United States!

"We'd lick you," the senior Russian line officer said, "because the Red Army is the biggest and best army in the world and nobody can stand against it. *Da!* The old Russian steam roller!"

One American suggested: "Your army is bigger, yes—but how about the air forces?"

Everyone looked at the Soviet Air Staff's representative, who had been quietly brooding over his glass. He addressed himself directly to his countrymen:

"What these Americans think is probably true, I am afraid. Perhaps we could not lick them in the air." He took another quick one, then exploded: "But we could have licked them in the air, too, if they had given us enough Lend-Lease airplanes! Now—it will take more time!"

Those Soviet officers were an especially literate group, it is true. Yet the story provides a clue to the sensitivity of Russians of all classes with respect to America's current air power. We know that Soviet leaders are staking everything on air preparations. From Russian press and radio, from party speeches, and from other information, we also know they are guiding the massed ambitions, hopes and thoughts of all Soviet citizens in one direction—skyward.

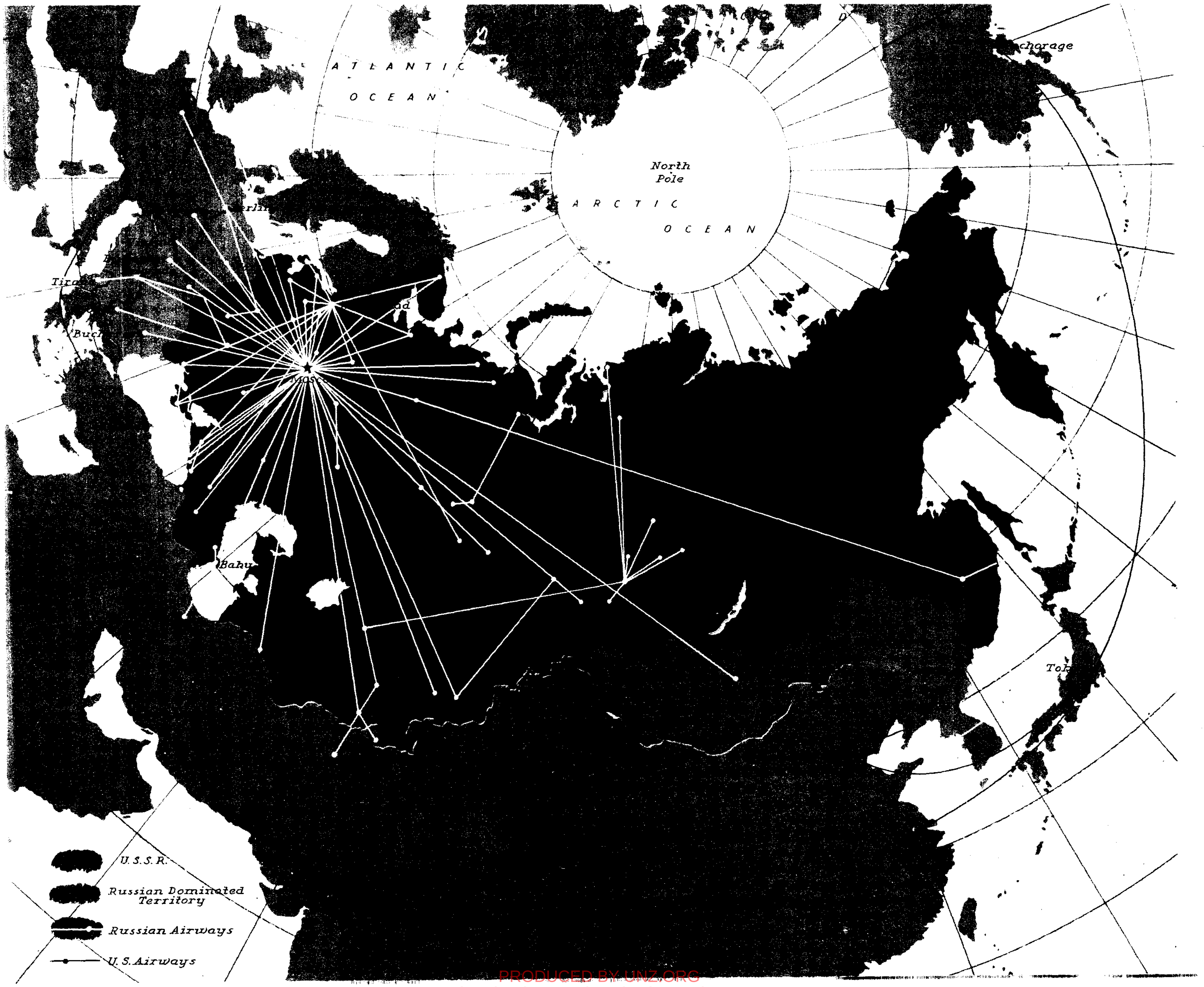
Russia, like England and the United States, perceives the advantage of air leadership and will fight hard to win it.

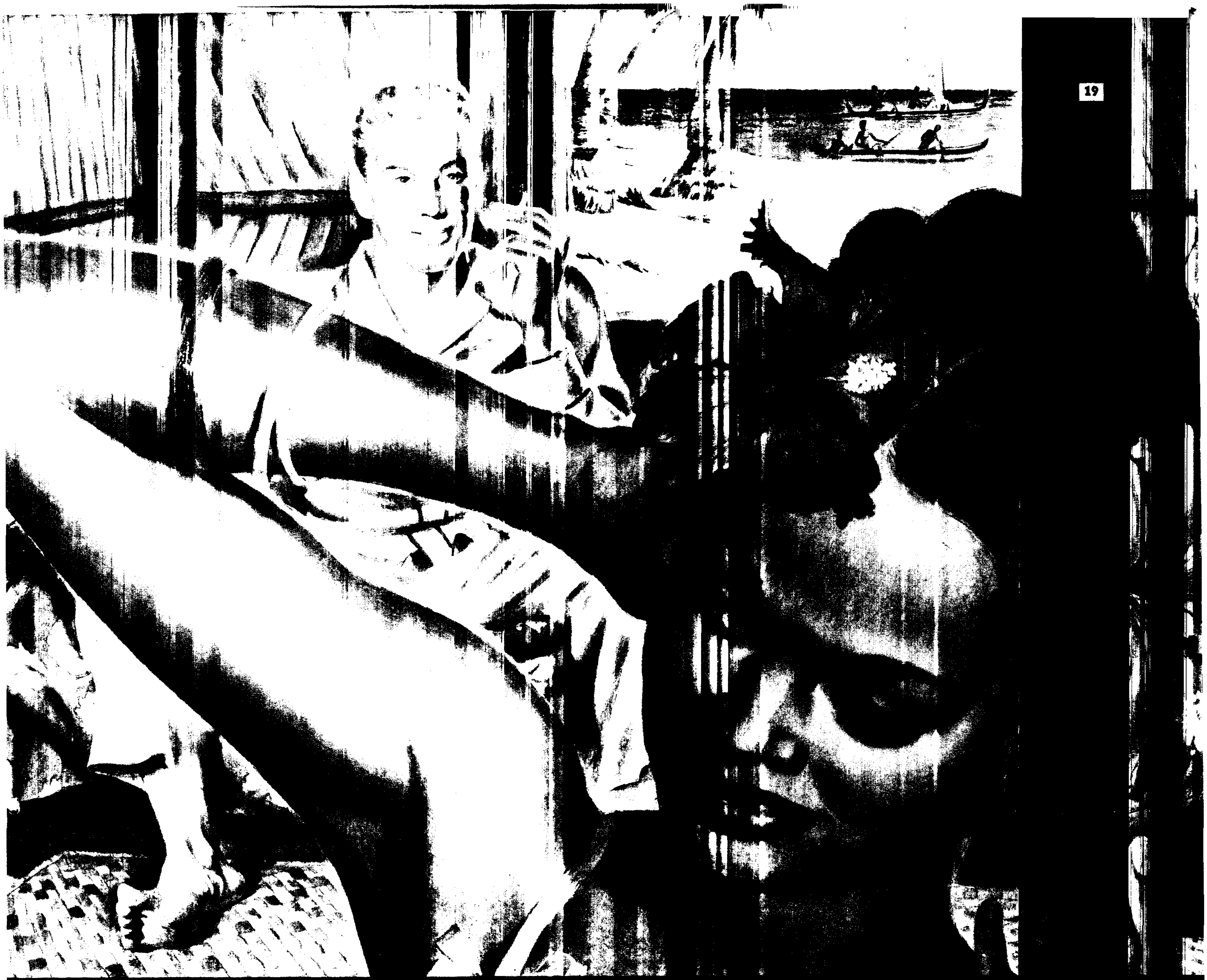
The Soviet Union is the largest single nation—larger, and with a greater population, than all North America; five times bigger than Europe. Russia also covers more than one sixth of the earth's land surface. With uninhabited Antarctica not counted in the total, Russia's percentage is nearly one fifth. Russia's bulk lies entirely within the Northern, or "Land," Hemisphere, which has always been the more important half of the division made by the equator.

The Northern Hemisphere wholly contains the largest single land mass: Eurasia, which is separated by the man-dug Suez Canal, 196 feet wide, from Africa, while only the 50-mile

(Continued on page 95)

Domestic and foreign routes of Russia's far-flung air-transport system fan out from Moscow to key points in the "Heartland" and the "Rimlands." Also shown are the time-consuming doglegs United States air lines must follow in order to avoid flying over Russian dominated territory in the Balkans and Siberia





"I've been trying to think what your hair is like, Nita," was what Charlie had said as he sat watching her

WRITE TO ME OF THE BLACK GLASS MOUNTAINS

BY WILLIAM L. WORDEN

There was time to remember now, but would there ever be time enough to forget?

THE lizard with no tail was up early, up and hunting his breakfast along the window screen, his pinhead eyes intent, his progress a series of darts punctuated with periods of waiting, when nothing moved except the wildly beating heart just below his bright green skin.

Anita greeted the lizard when she went to the window to smell the morning, told him again that she was sorry he had not escaped the door—if that was what had severed his tail—assured him again that he could grow to be just as beautiful as his larger brothers, if he would not fall off the screen too many times because he was depending on his missing tail.

"Over there is one," she said pointing a long finger at a minute fly two inches from his nose. Dutifully, the lizard crept closer, made one leap, missed and fell to the window ledge, where his throat vibrated while he waited for the shock of the fall to wear off; after a moment he began to climb again toward the still undamaged, unmoving fly.

"You will never learn," she told the lizard. Smiling to herself, she thought: I must tell Charlie. Maybe he never has noticed the ones without tails. She checked the thought.

The white blouse would be right. Washed and pressed last night, it waited on a hanger. The cloth was cool and fresh against her shoulders. She went barefoot to the dressing table; from a box filled mostly with sea-shell necklaces, she selected a single brooch. No seashell, this was delicate old ivory with a faint tracery of black lines, a ship under full sail, etched across its flat surface. A fragile thing, common where ivory is common. Every morning, she picked out the same brooch.

She made a thick braid of her hair, brushed it high in back, fastened it in a winding coronet. She worked a long time, being very careful.

What was it Charlie had said, sitting on the edge of the bed, cigarette smoke in front of his eyes, watching? What was it he had said, wiggling his toes up and down, up and down, grinning at the way they looked?

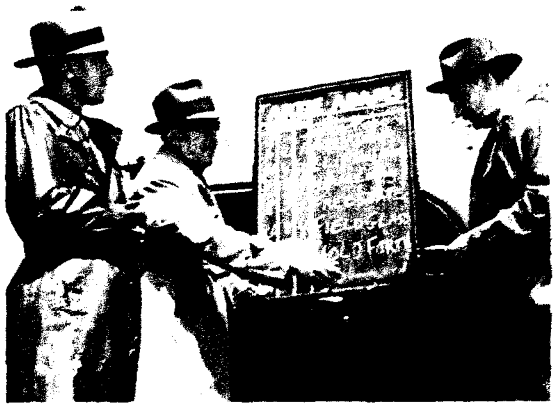
"I've been trying to think what your hair is like, Nita," was what Charlie had said. "Maybe you won't like it." Then he had waited to be told she surely would. "In Oregon there's a place high on the desert, where the wind blows. Not sand desert, but big gray hills with sagebrush on them. And if you stand there, you can see the Glass Mountains, off to the west, great

(Continued on page 59)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

DAREDEVILS ON HORSEBACK

Spectators lounge about inspecting the horses before the race. The paddock is a circle at the finish line, surrounded by a temporary thin picket fence



There is little betting, but a few bookies are present, posting the odds on their little slates

Here's the most dangerous steeplechase in the world—the Maryland Hunt Cup. It's for amateurs only, and the pros are happy it is. They want no part of it

MOST casual sports-page readers believe that England's Grand National steeplechase, staged at Aintree and made famous through songs, stories and motion pictures—not to mention the million-dollar Irish Sweepstakes which depend on the result—is the toughest of all this world's fence-topping horse races. But it isn't.

A comparatively secret event, our own Maryland Hunt Cup steeplechase, staged for over 50 years a short canter out of Baltimore in picturesque Worthington Valley, makes the British Grand National seem as safe as a bus ride down Fifth Avenue.

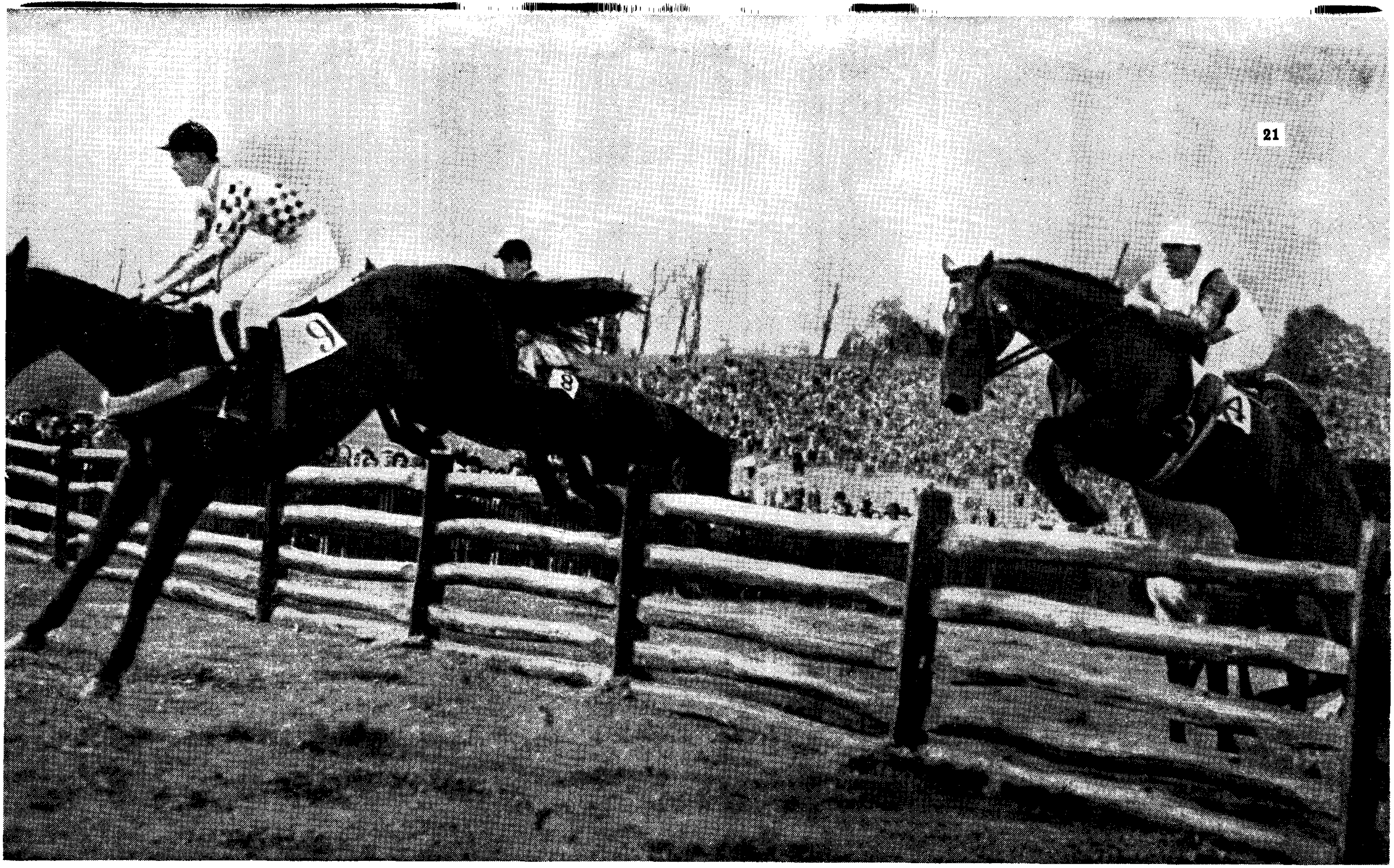
Maryland's test of adult foolishness and equine stamina, which sends zany characters racing thousand-pound thoroughbreds over four miles of rolling countryside, crossed by 22 of the highest and stiffest timber fences on earth, annually attracts 40,000 knowing people from the forty-eight states, by what virtually amounts to word-of-mouth publicity.

Many an Aintree rider, when invited to have a crack at the Maryland Cup course, has replied,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

Mrs. Redmond C. Stewart awards the trophies to the 1946 winning rider, Stuart S. Janney, Jr.

The crowd comes early to select a vantage point on the high hill. Most of them bring their lunch and drinks in picnic baskets. At the foot of the hill is the judges' stand, an ancient, sideless hay wagon



BALTIMORE SUN

Three horses clear a barrier in the 1946 steeplechase. Winton (4), with Stuart S. Janney, Jr., riding, was the ultimate winner. Miltiades (9) finished fourth

BY TOM O'REILLY

"Not for me, thank you. I'd rather remain alive!"

The difference between the two races is apparent at once to all horsemen. Aintree's hurdles are high, thick, formidable-looking hedges, but a horse need not jump them cleanly. He can brush through the top of the fence. In Maryland, the fences are of solid timber posts and rails. Racing at full speed, a horse may easily miss seeing the top rail altogether. If he hits it you can bet he will turn over. Furthermore only amateurs are permitted to ride the Maryland course but don't think this makes the professionals jealous. The pros want no part of it.

When I asked Crawford Burton, the New York stockbroker who won the race twice, what was the best way to train for the event, he said, "On love and rum. That way you don't think too much about it."

While it is as American as a dollar bill, this race involves no money. The winner is rewarded with a handshake and a sturdy silver tankard of Georgian design. The pure sporting attitude of the race committee appears to have led America's sporting press into confusing this world's toughest steeplechase with a social event to which people were unwelcome unless their blood lines were blue to the point of melancholy. Many people mistook the entire thing for a tea party and ignored it in favor of some harmless boxing match.

There is no pari-mutuel betting on the Maryland Hunt Cup race. There is some auction-pool betting at a dinner on the eve of the race at the Maryland Club in downtown Baltimore but this would not be considered even peanuts at Jamaica. Each year, on the last Saturday in April, a few belt-in-the-back and gypsyesque bookies trek from the whitewing-swept lawns of Manhattan's mid-Forties to Worthington Valley and operate in accordance with the dictates of the local county sheriff.

If the heat is on, only old-time spectators, known to the bookies, can make quick, furtive exchanges of money while the star-breasted hawkshaw is looking the other way. If the sheriff is sympathetic, the bookies hoist their little slates quoting odds that make Shylock sound like a philanthropist. The favorite is usually three to five when a fair bet would be five to one that no given horse can finish the course, much less win the race

Few bets are higher than ten dollars. Most people prefer to wager hats, dinners, theater tickets, champagne and other favors. Small change is generally distributed among flower vendors, peanut and hot-dog salesmen, ice-cream executives and a rustic known simply as "Bumble Bee."

The roly-poly "Bumble Bee," whose countenance resembles the top of a Scotch bottle, is a silhouette artist who banks your coins in his mouth and hums a queer, buzzing tune while cutting figures out of newspapers and bits of wrapping paper. Depending on the whim of the sheriff, there may be a three-card monte game played atop an open umbrella, situated strategically near the spot where the bookies pay off. The shills, dealers and other operators speak a strange, carnival language, and follow a centuries-old tradition by always using three queens They describe their profession as "tossing broads."

No admission is charged for this race and there is not a vestige of grandstand, bleacher, chair or bench in the entire valley. The crowd arrives by plane, auto, buggy, farm horse and afoot. Landing fields and parking lots are carefully staked out in meadows surrounding the great course. The crowd comes early to stroll about examining the fences and to pick a vantage point on the high hill, atop which sits Bill Martin's graceful red-brick and white-columned Georgian house. Most of them bring their lunch and drinks in picnic baskets. The Race Committee has authorized the sale of race programs, at a quarter, to offset the cost of cleaning up the course after their departure. Otherwise there is no commercial aspect to the race at all.

The paddock is a temporary circle achieved by erecting a sheepherder's thin, picket fence opposite the finish line. The judge's stand is an ancient, sideless, hay wagon. The fences are the natural farmland barriers that extend across the valley, made of sturdy posts, rails and boards. The course, every point of which is within easy view from the hill that crowns Martin's Snow Hill Farm, is marked by flags stuck up on the fences. Because the lush, green valley is elliptical, with a level floor, there is plenty of room for everybody to hop around without obstructing anybody's view. The Hunt Cup event has no supporting races. The lone attraction is staged promptly at four o'clock in the afternoon, rain or shine, lasts about ten minutes and then everybody goes home.

The crowd is a knowing one. Practically everybody in attendance appreciates horse racing and has a deep respect for those tough innocent-looking Maryland fences.

The top rail of the third obstacle, just short of five feet high, is known to riders as the "Union Memorial Hospital Fence," because riders whose mounts hit it generally wake up under an oxygen tent. A soaring horse, hitting the top rail of this fence (which also extends across the valley to become the seventh, 13th and 17th obstacles) is almost certain to turn over on his head. Marion du Pont's great thoroughbred, Troublemaker, who brushed through the tops of Aintree's hedges to finish England's Grand National with ease, was killed at the 17th fence in Maryland when he hit the top rail and turned somersault. His rider, Noel Laing, who also rode him at Aintree, never fully recovered from the fall and died a year later. Troublemaker, incidentally, is buried at the fence where he fell, "on the field of his fame."

Usually the horses survive, of course, for this is not a crowd of sadists come to see a slaughter. They are simply people who believe that if steeplechases are to be dangerous America should have the wildest of all. This race is a natural outgrowth of a typically mad Maryland sporting maneuver known as a "pounding race."

It was in this same Worthington Valley that a big, red-haired squire, with sideburns extending nearly to his chin, became famous, many years before one of his kin became the present Duchess of Windsor, by being elected to the state legislature on the proposition that the legal code should prohibit fox hunting with any weapons other than horse and hound. Ever since he has been known as "Fox Law Louie" Merryman and he carries the title with pride. He is such an enthusiastic fox *(Continued on page 116)*

TALLULAH TO YOU

BY TED SHANE

Being the happy history of Miss Tallulah Bankhead, a Southern gal who never wore a crinoline

GEORGE KARGER

CULVER SERVICE

Dressed for her latest role (left), in The Eagle Has Two Heads, Tallulah is every inch a queen. In 1920 she played in a thing called 39 East (above), but she had to go to London before her skill as an actress was recognized by her own countrymen

IT WAS summertime and Tallulah Bankhead was wearing a short summer play shift and playing croquet in her own back yard with a young man aged three and one half. Tallulah's charming pocket estate lies back of Bedford Village, New York, overlooking the green foothills of the Berkshires and within visible distance of the Bedford Women's Reformatory.

Tallulah wrung my hand, gave me those slow eyes, and began spraying words: "Darling what will you have to drink I'm so glad you came this is William Brockman Sprouse Junior my nephew he's my sister Eugenie's boy E-U-G-E-N-I-E she's been married seven times three times to Marvin Hoyt the Washington millionaire she's in Alabama now with my Aunt Marie Owen no O-W-E-N not O-W-E-N-S Aunt Marie's state historian she's written four volumes already on the state I must tell you what she wrote the warden of the State Penitentiary when he sent her a thief and not a murderer for a chauffeur she has a colony for colored murderers they didn't know what they were doing darling Eugenie's married to Bill Sprouse he's not an actor I must read you the citation he got Robert ask Mr. Shane what he wants to drink I'll make a mint julep I'm on a diet you know darling I'm nine pounds overweight now I weigh 119 and I've got all those movie fans to think of Bill you're hurting the cat sit down there and be quiet might as well tell the stars not to come out don't you think Bill looks like me he has a magnificent sense of humor oh my God what did you do on V-J Day let me tell you what I did do you mind if I turn off the radio those Cubs aren't they terrible?"

As this went on without a pause it became apparent why a kindly author has given Miss Bankhead a twenty-minute soliloquy in her latest Broadway vehicle, The Eagle Has Two Heads.

A small radio on the terrace was going all out, regaling the direful details of a shellacking that the Chicago Cubs were administering the hapless New York Giants. Tallulah was agonizing for the Giants, suffering as only an actress in the grand tradition can suffer when her noble knights are in danger.

Tallulah switched off the radio, and Robert, her butler, brought the drinks. Then with the silent, lovely hills as a background, and with an occasional aside from her, in which she admonished young Bill to cease feeding Dopey and Cokey (the kittens) to Tally and Annie (the dogs), or when she asked Bill not to conk me with a hard croquet ball, she took off.

In a cross between a British and a Southern accent, in a whisky tenor, in italics, she smiled, sang and danced, poured liquor, spouted epigram, good sense and anecdote. She rambled through ancient gossip and new; gave a professorial lecture on the theater; told about Tallulah's heart and head interests; quoted from the classics and the Bible; and acted many scenes from many of her past successes. Once during the four hours, I interrupted. "Darling," thundered Tallulah, "who exactly is interviewing whom?"

The human ear and mind do not exist that could follow and record all that Tallulah said that lazy afternoon, amid the drone of the mosquitoes, the gurgle of juleps and the sound of a little boy pulling cattails. When I left I stumbled out to my car, and for days my head rang with phrases, and bits of Tallulah. Yet her last words to me were, "Darling, if anything I said wasn't clear, ring me up!"

I recalled that I had managed to murmur something about why didn't she put it all down in a book, as Katharine Cornell had recently done. "But I can't write a book darling I was interviewed by a man from the London Star yesterday he said the same thing darling he said I'd spoken four chapters right then and there darling no I won't let anyone ghost it if it has my name on it it'll be by me."

Oh, yes, she also showed me where she'd been bitten by a rattlesnake on her thigh. It had happened at a picnic when she was four and only the quick thinking of her dad, the late Speaker of the House, who sucked out the poison quickly, made it possible for us to have such a character today.

This sunburned toast of two continents was born Tallulah Brockman Bankhead at Huntsville, Ala., January 31, 1903. Her mother was a great beauty and a hothead. She died at *(Continued on page 72)*

CULVER SERVICE

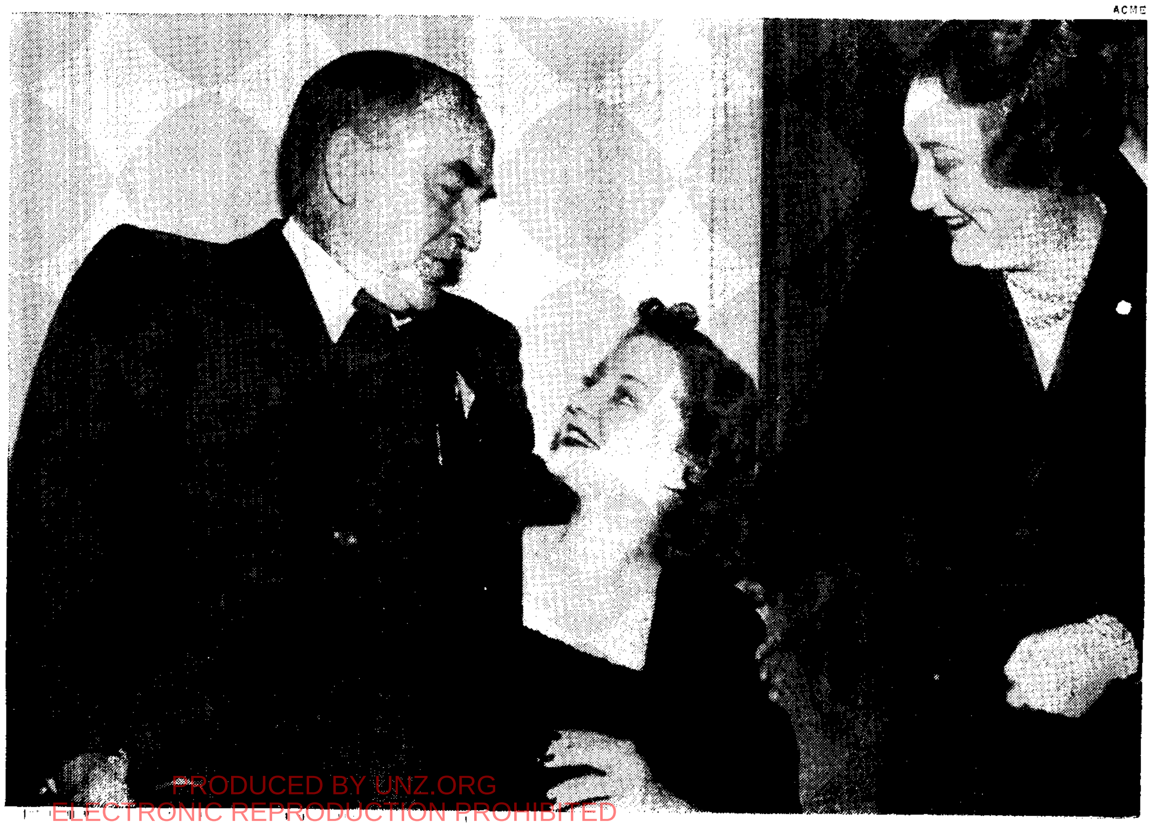
The Little Foxes (1939) was considered by many to be the first vehicle worthy of Tallulah's talents. Here she is with Charles Dingle, Carl Benton Reid and Dan Duryea in a scene from Lillian Hellman's hit play

INTERNATIONAL

As a girl, Tallulah was brought up by her grandmother and carefully spoiled. No school could hold her for very long

Virtue (assisted by a champagne bottle) triumphs over evil in this scene from one of Tallulah's London hits, The Garden of Eden (1927). She wowed 'em in Britain for eight solid years

ACME



With her father, the late William B. Bankhead, then Speaker of the House, and Mrs. Bankhead in Washington in 1937. Nervous about her first full performance before him, in Reflected Glory, Tallulah said, "I'll probably shake and fall and die"

THE DAY THEY ROBBED FATHER'S BANK

BY NORD RILEY

They probably could have gotten away with their loot if they hadn't taken Don Harrigan's girl along with the cash

FATHER came home for lunch that day wearing something pretty close to his foreclosure look. Aunt Ellen, who is assistant cashier in Father's bank, was with him and she was a little grim too.

We heard Father in the downstairs closet damning the waxer and the vacuum cleaner when he fell over them, then he walked into the kitchen carrying his double-barreled shotgun. Mother was mashing potatoes so he kissed her on the cheek. "Catherine," he asked, "where on God's green earth have you decided to hide my shells *this* year?"

"Shells, dear?" Mother knows shells when she sees them, but she doesn't understand them. Loose ones she dumps into the stove and it always seems to surprise her that the stove lids don't stay on. "Have you tried the shelf back of the furnace?"

He chuckled. "Catherine, you are the most ingratiating natural assassin since Lucrezia Borgia." He turned to me. "James, hustle downstairs and get me a box of goose-load before the furnace is lost in action."

As I left, Mother's gray eyes had impaled Father on a worried look. "What is it, Will?" she asked.

"It's nothing."

"Will, tell me."

"Cathy, don't bust a tuck. They held up Larsen's bank in Manibago yesterday for eighty-five hundred dollars. That is the fourth small-town bank in two weeks, all within fifty miles. This gun goes into the vault as a precaution."

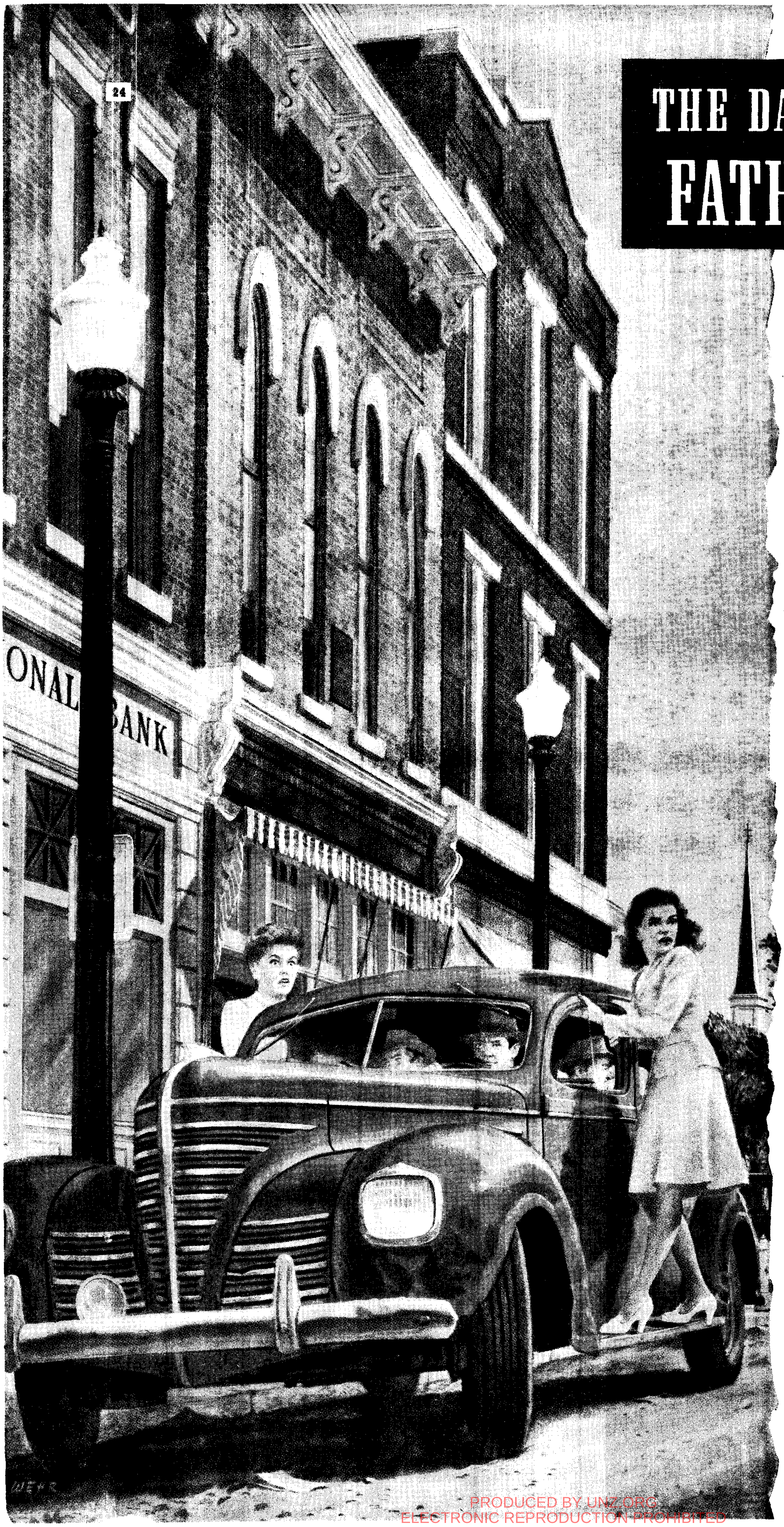
"I don't want you to take that gun down there with you," Mother said. "You're no roughneck; it'll go off and you'll get shot; besides, Will, you almost never can hit anything."

"With a shotgun, dearly beloved," he told her, "a myopic cretin could hit a man at ten feet. And if I can't, Donald can."

DONALD HARRIGAN is the cashier Father hired three months ago, son of a friend of his in St. Paul. Father claims Donald is a whiz, that people like him, that he balances books faster than anyone he ever saw and that he only *looks* like he ought to be in bed.

But Mother isn't fooled. She has known Don Harrigan is a radical ever since he told her that the most important thing in life is to be able to lie down whenever you feel like it. He said that was why *he* fought the war. When Mother asked how come he wasn't married, being 28, he explained that his character was too strong. A man gets married, he went on, because he's drunk, lonely or being swindled by his hormones. Mother straightened up and glared and said she'd never heard anyone talk like *that* before; then she gave him a sharp look and asked him if he was Russian. Donald laughed and said he was joking, he just hadn't met a girl unselfish enough to give him the constant care he needed. That was three months ago, before Aunt Ellen came to work as the assistant cashier. She has changed Donald a considerable sight. He has been acting like a man who'd like to be swindled.

When I came back into the kitchen with the box of goose-load they had *(Continued on page 67)*



With Mrs. Tibalt and Aunt Ellen on each side for protection, the bandits headed down the main drag

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL WEHR

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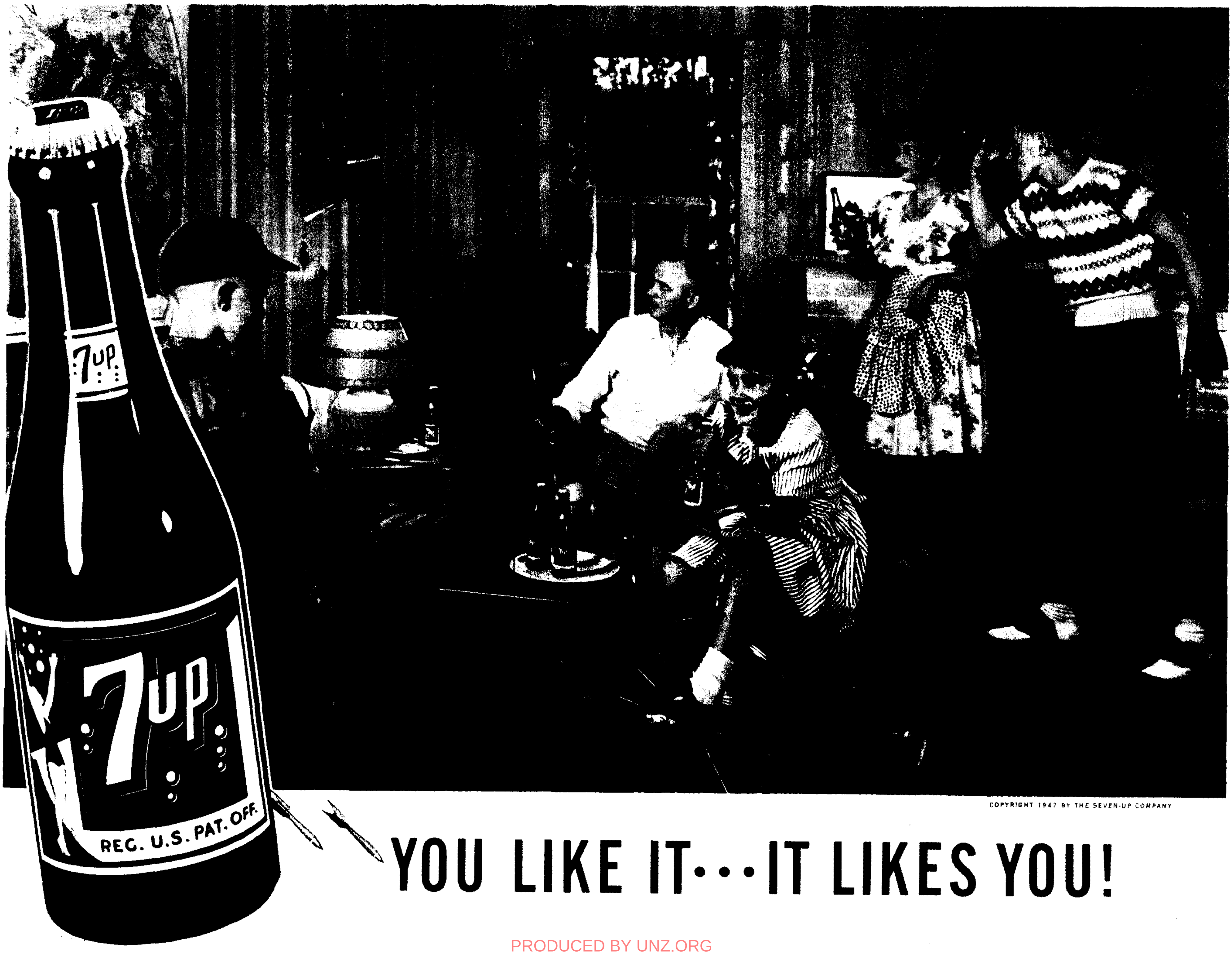

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TABER'S DAUGHTER

Continued from page 17

"That's what's going to happen to Gillis."

A surge of brief motion passed through the men in the barroom. There was a sound of multiple laughter, hearty and pleased; then voices: "Atta boy, Taber. We're with you. Ain't we, boys?"

"Yes, sir. You bet!" The laughter continued.

Taber turned away from the mirror toward the room, glaring.

"Listen, I can bend a cuspidor. You think I can't lick him?"

Hands were reaching up, slapping him on his shoulders. "Why, sure you can, Taber. Jack, set Taber up another. Give him a double shot."

The circle around Taber moved back as he bent over and picked up a cuspidor near his feet.

"Give him room, boys."

The bartender leaned against the counter, pointing: "Watch what you do with that. Take it away from him. Hey!"

Taber's thick shoulders quivered, and the lips of the cuspidor came together like lead foil.

No one laughed. Someone said, "My God!"

One of the men took the cuspidor out of Taber's hands. The bartender yelled, "Where you going with that?"

The man stopped at the door. He looked slowly around the barroom, grinning, "I'll bring her back, Jack. Just thought I'd show this tc Gillis."

Taber raised his arm, "You show him. Tell him—" The man had gone.

The men in the barroom were moving again, milling in around Taber. "Atta boy, Taber. We're all with you."

An arm was nudging Taber; a hand was holding something out. "Here. You better have this, Taber."

Taber looked down at the knife. "Huh?"

"Can't tell. Might find this handy."

"Oh, no. No!" Taber turned away, feeling along the bar for his drink, for anything else.

"Better take it—if I know Gillis."

"No. Say, how about another drink here?" Taber called.

"Better take it. Gillis carries one."

It was quiet again, billiard balls clicking. Taber picked up his empty glass. Then someone said, "Put it away." Above the remote tapping of billiard balls was the sharp snap of the shutting blade.

IN BAILEY'S bar at the other end of town, Mike Gillis, short and wide, a hat on the back of his head and red hair showing below the front brim, took the cuspidor. His fingernails tapped the brass. "Yeah?"

"Yeah. Taber. Old hangdog Taber hisself."

"Sent it down, huh?" Gillis said slowly. He turned the cuspidor in his thick hands, his teeth showing.

The man stepped back, still carefully grinning. "To you, Mike. Said he was going to do that to you. Guess that's seeing about everything now, ain't it?"

Mike's huge hands wrapped in around the bent lips of the cuspidor, his face grew red, the veins bulged on his arms. Gradually the lips parted, spreading out to collar shape.

Then Gillis threw the cuspidor down the barroom, out through the open door into the street. "Get out of here. That's from me to Taber."

He swung back to the bar. "Set 'em up." No one laughed or slapped him on the back. Gillis had had too many to drink, and his eyes were too deadly.

All over town the midafternoon light was shimmering on bars, the brass of cash registers, the rims of glasses. Calculations were under way—the prediction: Mallard's bar at 10 o'clock.

Mallard's bar was beside the grocery, a halfway point between Bailey's and Swackhamer's, the center of town. Gillis always made Mallard's at 10 o'clock.

The only difficulty would be the sheriff; but for an occasion like this that matter could be tended to: a false alarm could pull him off to a dance hall four miles from town. That could be arranged. But there was one thing they couldn't be sure of, and that was Taber himself.

All afternoon the feats of strength of Taber and Gillis were compared, and it looked like Taber was easily the strongest. But the money was on Gillis, because Taber's feats were all halfhearted. That's why later, at 10 o'clock, there were people who said they weren't surprised. They were the ones who thought Taber faked it, that he went yellow; and they said they knew he was going to. Others said Taber was just dead drunk, it was nothing he could help.

It was this: By the time Taber reached Mallard's, just before 10 o'clock, he could barely walk. He left the Ten Pin bar and staggered across the street. A crowd of twenty men were following behind him. At Mallard's door he leaned and looked in, both hands against the doorjambs. And then he smiled and closed his eyes. His legs buckled and his hands slid down along the edges of the wood. Inside the barroom and on the street they watched him hit the ground with his knees and fall gigantically forward, half in the barroom and half on the sidewalk, comfortably cold and out. He was carried to a booth in the back—and Gillis nowhere in sight.

Old man Mallard himself directed the removal, glancing nervously at the door-way to make sure Gillis wasn't arriving. And when they had Taber's bulk slung across the seat of the last booth, his head propped against the wall, Mallard told his bartender that if Gillis came in, to keep him away from Taber. "I'll be right back." He turned then and hurried out through the crowded barroom, through the chained noise and the arguing and the booing.

He stopped on the sidewalk and looked around. The street was empty. Then he hurried down past the grocery store to the stairway to Taber's flat.

Mrs. Taber heard Mallard and opened the door at the top of the stairs. She stood looking down as he came up the stairs, bald-headed and puffing. There was no explosion, there were no sounds of fury from Mrs. Taber.

BUT when he was inside, while Bliss was watching from the kitchen doorway, Mrs. Taber began to shake her head bitterly. Mallard gestured with his hands, explaining. Before he had finished, Mrs. Taber was saying to herself, shaking her head: "He's quit. He's quit. He's quit."

Mallard tried again, turning to Bliss, saying they'd have to get Taber out before Gillis came. And Mrs. Taber walked away, saying sharply, "Then get him out, get him out!"

But Gillis had already arrived.

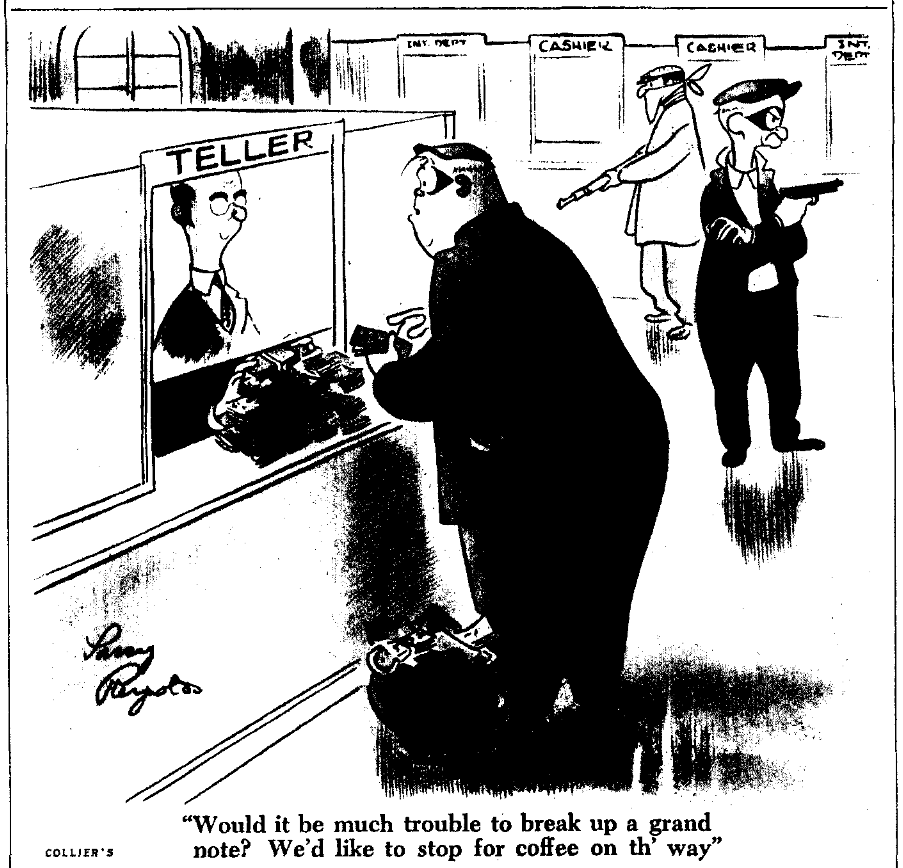
He had come with the crowd that had gathered behind him all afternoon and evening. He came through the door with his eyes red and watering, his fists hanging, his mouth jumping with curses.

He stopped in the doorway, the crowd behind him. He raised his chin and looked carefully all around, and they knew whom he was looking for. Every movement in the place stopped. Every sound died. No one said a word. Then Gillis grunted and walked over to the bar. They watched him while he felt for the bar railing with one foot and missed. Gillis looked around. No one laughed. He put his foot slowly on the rail, raised one hand to his hat, then banged hat and fist to the bar. "Have a drink here."

Gillis had banged his fist down for the second time when Bliss came in through the door, Mallard behind her.

She stepped from the darkness into the light, her head high and her arms hanging stiffly down by her body. She didn't look at anyone. Her eyes were a little glazed, staring straight ahead. She

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Would it be much trouble to break up a grand note? We'd like to stop for coffee on th' way"

"Workman's Compensation!"

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Blue Ribbon
BEER
Pabst Blue Ribbon
"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"
TUNE IN THE EDDIE CANTOR SHOW
EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT, OVER NBC
33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

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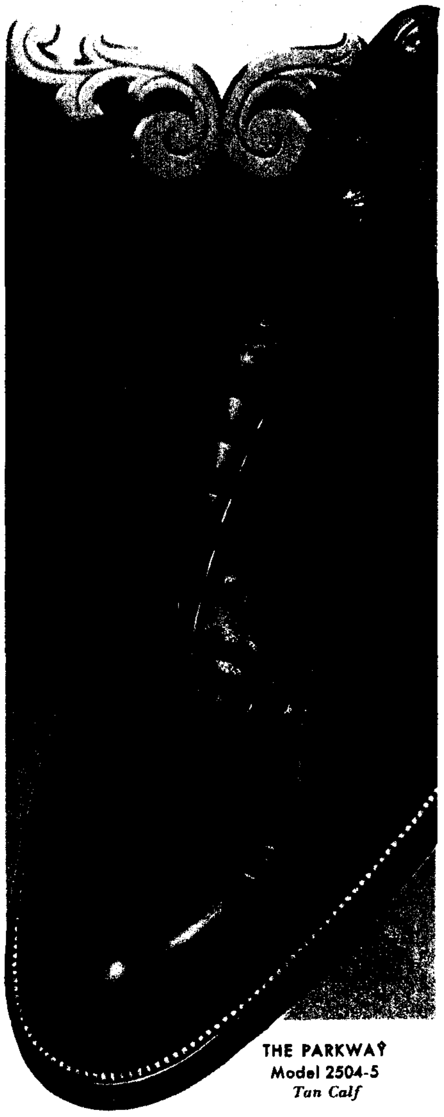

Luxurious comfort is yours in Massagics' patented resilient air cushion and exclusive Arch Lift. What's more, these truly fine shoes are smartly styled to the *nth degree* in eye-appeal.

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He won't change from shoes to slippers — because he's enjoying Massagic Comfort

walked almost mechanically into the crowd that got out of her way, and there still wasn't a sound but Gillis' fist again on the bar. The people crowded back and made an aisle for her down through the blue, smoky air along the bar.

Gillis swung around and watched, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. His head moved, following her with his eyes as she passed; then he stepped away from the bar behind her. Someone reached out to stop him. He knocked the hand away.

Bliss walked straight to the last booth, the people silently clearing the way, Gillis following. At the last booth she stopped and looked down.

Taber was just beginning to come around. The front of his shirt was wet; his long wrinkled face was red and loose. He opened his eyes and tried to grin. He tried to get up, to move. One hand fell off his lap and hit the seat. "Hello, honey."

Bliss looked down for a long time. Taber's head was bent forward, his chin jammed into his chest. She didn't look away, and her face was as red as her father's. She just looked at him and then said, "I wanted to see, that's all. I just wanted to see."

Someone laughed. It wasn't a nervous laugh; it was nasty. It was Mike Gillis.

That was when Bliss turned and hit him square in the mouth. She hit him with all her strength, for her father and herself, as though they had become one person. She hit him in fear and rage.

It was all over in an instant, the turn and the swing; and Gillis, his hands at his sides, never knew what happened. Halfway between an uppercut and a roundhouse, it yanked him off the floor, spun him around and slammed him through the people and the tables. She couldn't have hit him harder with a sledge hammer. He went halfway down the length of the bar and slid to a stop. And he didn't get up. Gillis stayed there with his face to the ceiling and his eyes closed, as cold as any man that ever bounced off a barroom floor.

Bliss looked at Gillis without moving, startled; and then, squeezing the hand that had hit him as though it hurt, she began to cry.

Crying and holding her hand, she started down along the bar to the door, and the people got out of her way.

WHEN she had passed through and out the door, the noise began. Old man Mallard was yelling for Mike Gillis' crowd to get Gillis out of the place, and Gillis' crowd was mad.

Gillis was mean and sour, and he hated everybody; but he had this much to his credit: He was admired by a handful of people that strangely were men Mike Gillis, at one time or another, had beaten to a pulp.

They got him out but they said they were coming back. They said they were giving Taber two hours to come around and then they were coming back to take apart a man who let his daughter do his fighting for him. They said a man like that wasn't fit to live in the town of Oak River. They said they were going to fix him good, so he'd never forget. And all the while they were yelling, Taber was sitting in the back booth with his eyes wide open, staring straight ahead in a daze.

After they got Gillis out and across the street, a couple of men—old man Mallard with them—went over to bring Taber around; but he shoved them away and sat up himself. He was sobering rapidly. Taber shoved them away. "L'me alone." They stepped back, and he sat up at the table and stared down at a couple of wet glass rings.

While they stood there, looking at him and wondering what to do, tears began to brim in Taber's eyes and slide down the rough channels of his big face. "L'me alone."

Old man Mallard turned his back. And they left him alone. Someone said, "He's sober. He was sober all the time. Leave him alone."

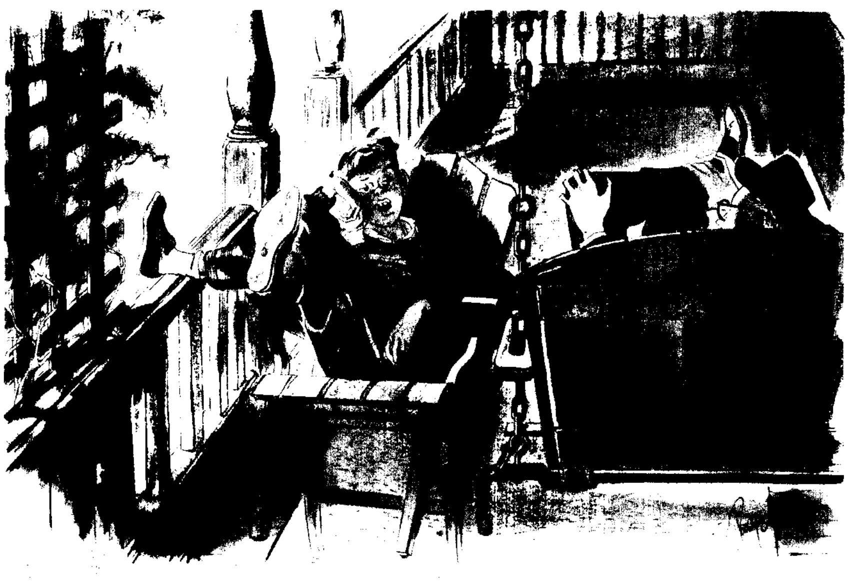
But whether Taber was sober all the time, or whether the sight of his daughter and Gillis had sobered him, they left him so much alone that when he got up to leave, most of them didn't see him until he had almost reached the door. When they did see him, saw the fury in his eyes, they knew the night was just beginning. They came out behind him packed together, following to the middle of the street. . . .

Bliss stopped sobbing into her fingers and brought her hand down quickly to the ledge of the window. She saw her father with all the dark crowd swirling behind him. He was standing in the middle of the street, staring into the Ten Pin, and a man on the sidewalk was pointing at the doorway. Bliss opened the window and leaned out. The street lights lit the ridges of her face with a deep glow.

She heard her mother coming into her dark room. Her mother came up behind her. "Get back," her mother said. "Get away from there."

Her mother stood behind her, stern and shadowy; and the town was down below, crowded on the bright pavement: the townspeople with their little eyes and their mouths open, the people they hated.

The town was down below, and Taber was moving ahead of them and through them, stepping up onto the curb—stepping up inside Bliss too; and she was with him, and the fight was her fight, both on the street and in her mind. She watched privately and desperately, the battleground frightful and familiar. She wanted to cry, or throw something into the street—a chair, a vase—do something.



"Alicia is lovely, but I can't quite see myself in love with a girl who gives hotfoots"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Then Taber went into the Ten Pin, his long arms swinging slowly, ducking his head at the door.

She heard her mother breathing, loud and rapid. "Get away, Bliss. Get away. Get back.". . .

The men behind Taber swarmed to the doorway and along the front of the windows, a moment later falling back as the glass clattered and splashed on the sidewalk. Only then, for the first time, was the sheriff's name mentioned, asked for, bellowed. It was too late. There was a crash in the barroom.

Gillis' gang saw Taber at once and came at him: two with bottles, a couple with chairs, one with the bar's sawed-off billiard cue. Taber went through them toward the bowling alley, looking for Gillis. He wrecked the tables; he put two men in the hospital for six weeks. He lifted a full keg of beer and smashed it through the bar mirror. Glass shattered; wall plaster flaked and fell; the floor trembled under the impact of the keg's falling.

Not until the next day could Bliss and her mother, seeing the white-dusted litter, fully picture what had happened. Watching from the window of the dark room, they had to guess what was happening from the sounds and the faces of the people.

THEN they saw him again, the shirt ripped from his back, his shoulder naked: Taber. He came out the doorway, out of the clouds of smoking plaster. Gillis was ahead, running. Gillis crossed the street, and the crowd broke back. Gillis turned around and crouched.

Taber came steadily and slowly toward him, stalking, his arms swinging, fingers wide and open.

Gillis came up a little out of his crouch, raising his fists; his mouth was open and his eyes were squinted, shifting, alert and watchful. The crowd was pressing in again, wavering with a swaying movement, chanting words, taking sides.

The windows of the buildings were silvered. Boys climbed to the tops of parked cars, their cries piercing and hard. Someone—a woman—was yelling for the sheriff. Others were yelling: "Stop them." No one was stopping them.

The moonlight and the street lamps flung the swift shadows of the people along the ground and the walls of the buildings.

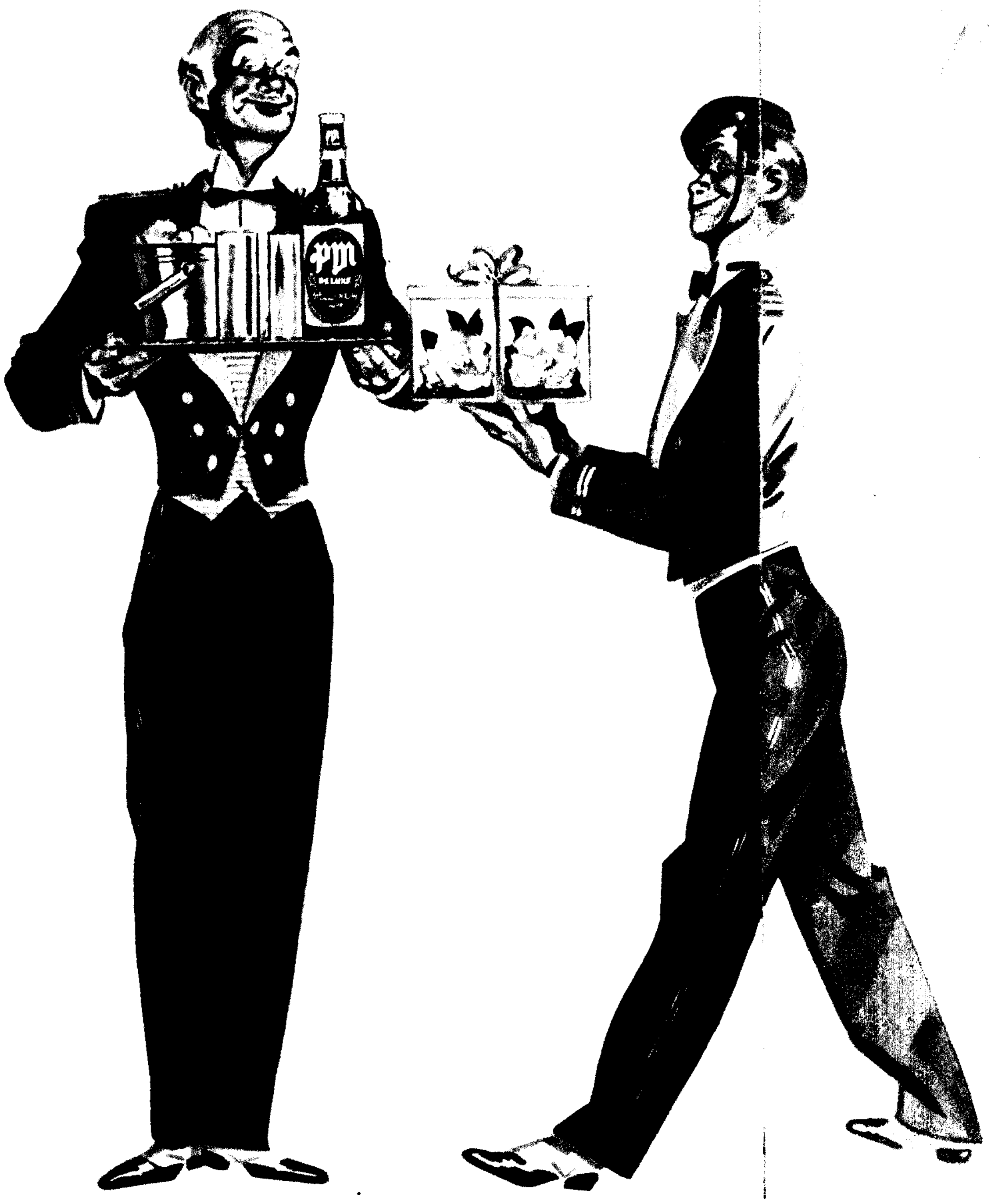
Mrs. Taber stepped and reached in around Bliss, throwing the window higher, shouting: "Stop him! Stop him!"

Bliss said, "Mama!"

Mrs. Taber beat her hands on the sill of the window, the wood edges cutting into her palms. Bliss leaned forward, her eyes wide and frightened.

Taber came in, striding steadily and evenly into Gillis, swinging his fists like clubs. Gillis leaped, ducking low then shooting up hard and solidly under Taber's chin with the top of his head. Taber jerked back, his legs snapping up and his body arching over backward, with Gillis kicking at his face before he'd hit the pavement. Taber rolled to one knee and Gillis rushed in again, his foot swinging. Taber caught his leg with a smacking sound and a movement too fast to see, and Gillis flipped over backward with a high hard twist. The crowd flowed back.

Taber got up and moved in again, and Gillis got up and waited. Gillis was breathing heavily, his chest heaving, his eyes glancing around; and the crowd



FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—
Behold good taste stepping out!
Lo! A party in prospect, an evening in bloom!
What a setup for two . . . A double order of Perfect Memories,
when PM keeps a date with gardenias!

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IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York.
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"take 5"

When Elmer Wight works late at night
His Revelation tastes just right.
Though he was weary, he'll revive
For he'll sit back, relax,
..."take 5"

HERE'S how to make overtime into pleasure-time:

Just "take 5"—five minutes of pure pleasure—and give yourself up to Relaxation with Revelation.

So load up, light up. What mellow, fragrant flavor! For Revelation captures the aroma of *five different tobaccos*—Burley for body, Carolina for color, Virginia for vigor, Latakia for lusciousness, Perique for piquancy.

Breathe through your pipe easily, gently. Revelation *won't go out* because Revelation is a balanced blend of slow-burning and free-burning tobaccos, specially made to smoke *smooth, cool, fragrant*...and so steady!

How reluctantly you reach the end of a perfect pipeful! But, as you knock out the clean white ash, take comfort—while you have Revelation, there's always refuge and relaxation.

-take 5 ...take Revelation!

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IN ONE GREAT
BLEND
BURLEY, CAROLINA, VIRGINIA,
LATAKIA, PERIQUE
REVELATION
SMOKING MIXTURE
THE PERFECT PIPE TOBACCO
"It's Mild and Mellow"

Made by the special PHILIP MORRIS process

came pressing in again. Then Gillis shot into Taber, butting with his head. He missed, and they came together. Gillis and Taber twisted, arms smashing, missing and glancing. Taber's jaws were clamped together, his lips spread back, his eyes squinted. Their bodies jerked and staggered. Then Taber's fist, booming from a far wide arc, exploded into Gillis' shoulder. Gillis screamed.

Gillis half flew and half rolled across the pavement, jolting into the curb with the people running and jumping. He rolled up on the sidewalk from his back to his stomach and then lay there for a minute. One hand went slowly under him, and he pushed up slowly. Gillis had the knife out.

It came up with a silvery flicker, clean and slick, blade out and pointed at Taber. The crowd made a noise like a hiss, a sucking of wind, and some began to run, their hands pushing.

Mrs. Taber's hands stopped beating the sill. They went up to her mouth and she screamed. It was like Gillis' scream. And then she had turned and was running, back across the dark house to the door and down the stairs to the street.

Bliss grabbed the sill with her hands and leaned out. Her father had stopped. He was looking at the knife.

Bliss squeezed the wood, squeezing its reality out into her arms and head because the scene, the night, and the people were streaming inside her and living there instead of in the street: like the moment she hit Gillis for her father, the moment she and her father became one together in the fight against the town.

Now everything she saw was inside, happening to her as much as to her father. Mysteriously and deeply the knife was moving in toward her heart, steady and glitter-sharp. She couldn't run or shut her eyes; and she knew her father couldn't, that he'd face it because they were the same person: not thinking this but knowing this in an instant, the same instant her father paused and then moved on again toward the knife, while her mother's feet were loud on the stairs.

Taber moved slowly in; and Gillis gauged the distance, cocking the knife, holding it low and tense. The sound of the people rose and fell from shouting to silence, and during the silence—while Taber came steadily in on Gillis—the music of a juke box came down the street around them. The blade flickered, shot up; and they closed in. The crowd roared, falling back.

Gillis swung the knife down, jumping high, chopping at Taber's throat. Taber grabbed for the arm—struck away once, struck away twice. The knife flashed and twirled, spiraled and arced, then dipped steeply and buried to the hilt.

Taber and Gillis sucked together and twirled. Then Gillis broke free, staggered, caught his balance and ran, bent and ghostly. The people, waterlike, V'd and parted a path along the street. Taber, at the end of the wake, watched Gillis go and saw with the others of Oak River the last of Mike Gillis.

Taber's shirt hung shredded from his belt, and his skin glowed faintly yellow in the night air. From his shoulder, like a peg, stuck the dark handle of the knife.

He heard the cry of his wife from their doorway and turned his head. She ran toward him; and as she ran, he reached up with a slow, sad motion and pulled the blade from its bed of muscle. While she was still coming he held the wet blade out to her on the open palm of his hand. He started to speak. His mouth hung open, and the knife was an oily bright line across his fingers. But what he wanted to say could not come out.

He was a simple-hearted man.

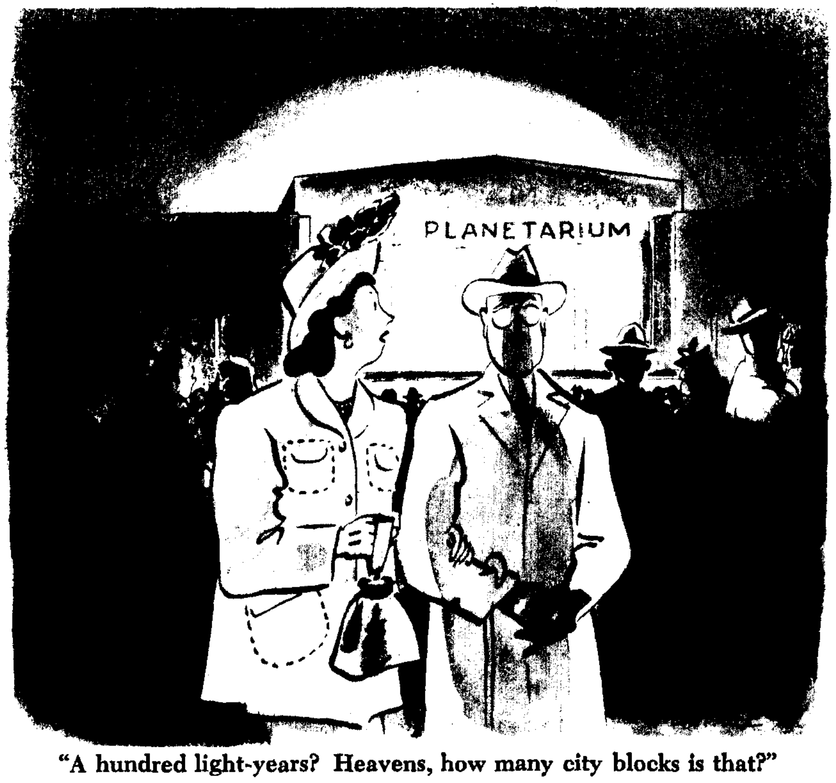
His arm came down, and he threw the knife away. It struck the pavement with a noise and slid between the legs of the townspeople.

Mrs. Taber was crying and holding his arm. She began to pull him back toward the doorway.

UPSTAIRS at the window Bliss closed her eyes. She closed her eyes and opened them again as her hands came slowly away from the sill. She stared at the moving, grouping, ungrouping people, hearing them, seeing the wreckage along the front of the Ten Pin bar, feeling triumphant, wanting to shout so that her voice would rock like her father's strength through the crowded street below.

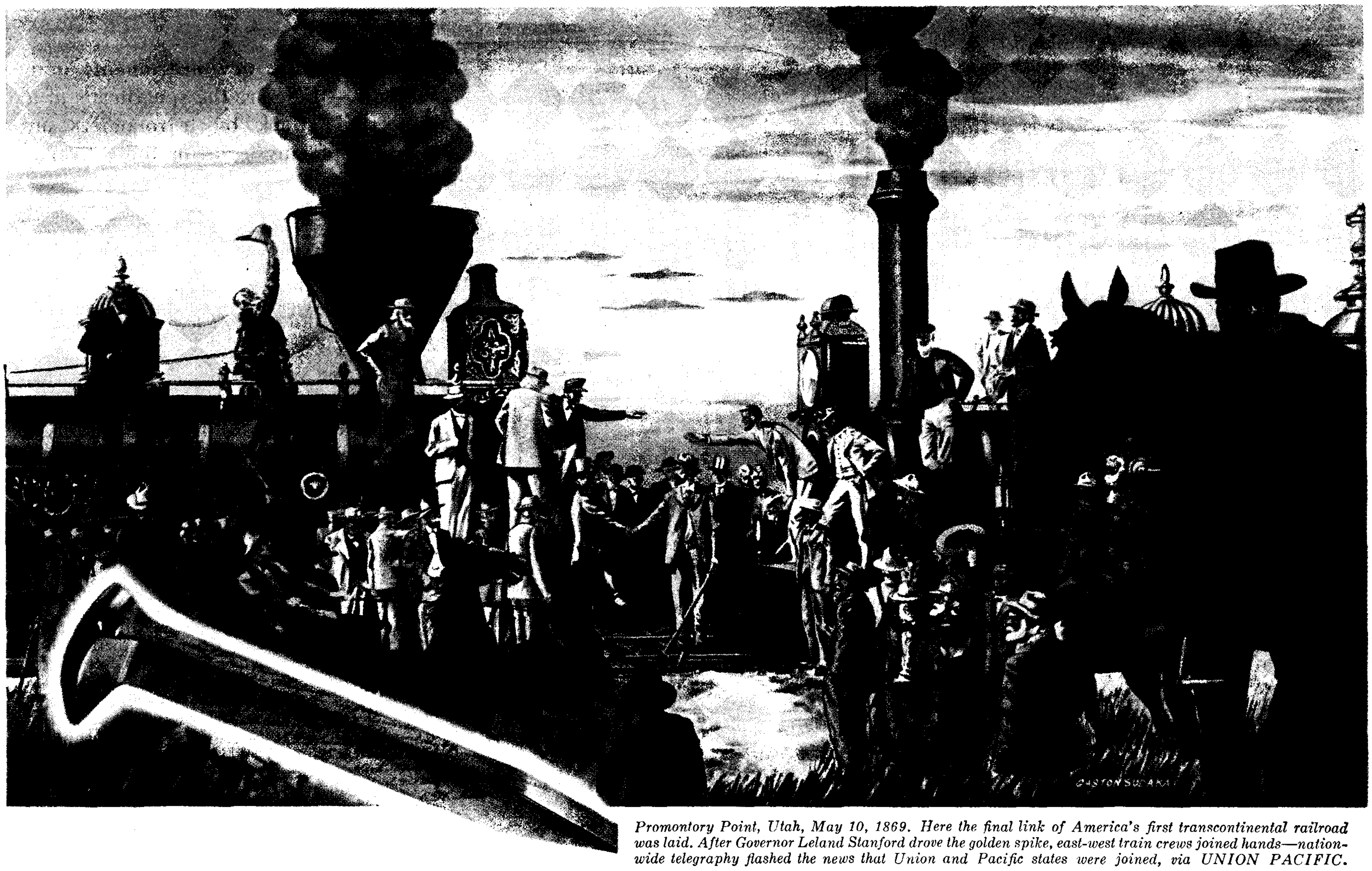
She wanted to run down the stairs and into the crowd, to stand with her father and mother victorious in the midst of the town. But she turned away from the window and waited in her room, waited for the sound of their footsteps on the stairs, because now in this moment most of all she wanted to be alone with her mother and her father, the three of them together.

THE END



"A hundred light-years? Heavens, how many city blocks is that?"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE



Promontory Point, Utah, May 10, 1869. Here the final link of America's first transcontinental railroad was laid. After Governor Leland Stanford drove the golden spike, east-west train crews joined hands—nationwide telegraphy flashed the news that Union and Pacific states were joined, via UNION PACIFIC.

"ALL ABOARD" FOR TOMORROW

A long yesterday ago it was "All aboard for tomorrow" as the Union Pacific linked the coasts.

A short yesterday ago there was promise of a greater tomorrow when the Union Pacific launched America's first streamlined train (powered by General Motors) in February, 1934.

Today that promise is far surpassed in the speed, luxury and year-round, clock-like regularity of the Union Pacific's magnificent fleet of General Motors Diesel-powered transcontinental Streamliners.

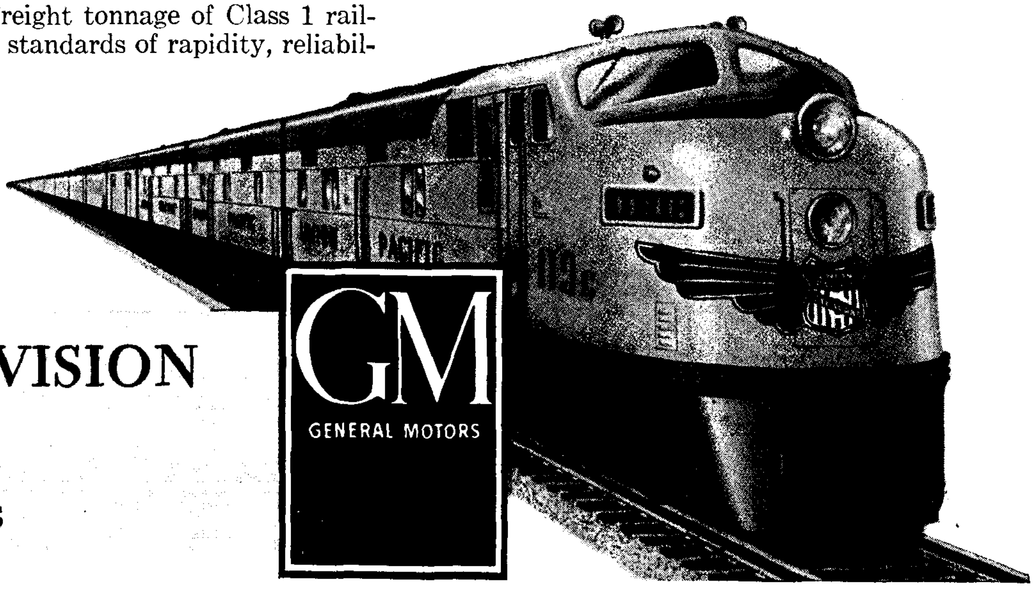
Now, once again, it's "All aboard for tomorrow" as the Union Pacific prepares to increase its great fleet with a mighty addition — the largest single order for Diesel motive power ever placed by one railroad with one company—155,500 horsepower in General Motors freight, passenger and switching locomotives.

This power will enable the Union Pacific to complete the dieselization of its trains between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles, as well as make notable improvements elsewhere on the system.

Here again is a typical example of the rapid spread in application of this greatest of all modern transportation tools — the locomotives already handling 20 per cent of the nation's Class 1 railroad passenger train mileage and 12 per cent of the enormous freight tonnage of Class 1 railroads upon standards of rapidity, reliability and lessened damage to lading approached by no other common carrier.

Benefits do not stop there. General Motors Diesels, through their great operating and maintenance economies, help to finance further modernization of the lines.

These are reasons why more than 80 railroads and heavy industries have turned to General Motors locomotives — today's most modern power — setting the pace for tomorrow's railroading.

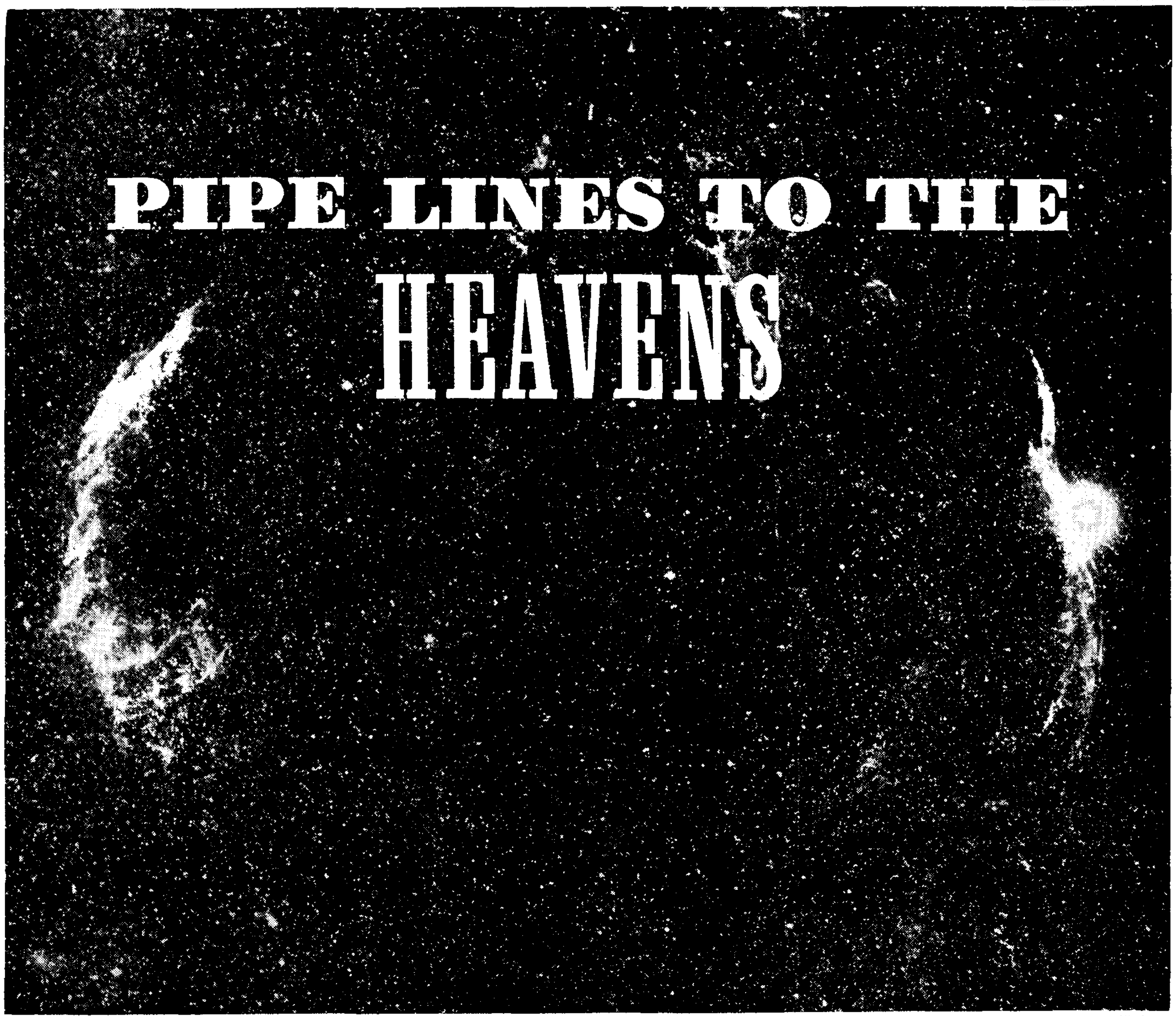


ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION

LA GRANGE, ILL.

GENERAL MOTORS

PIPE LINES TO THE HEAVENS



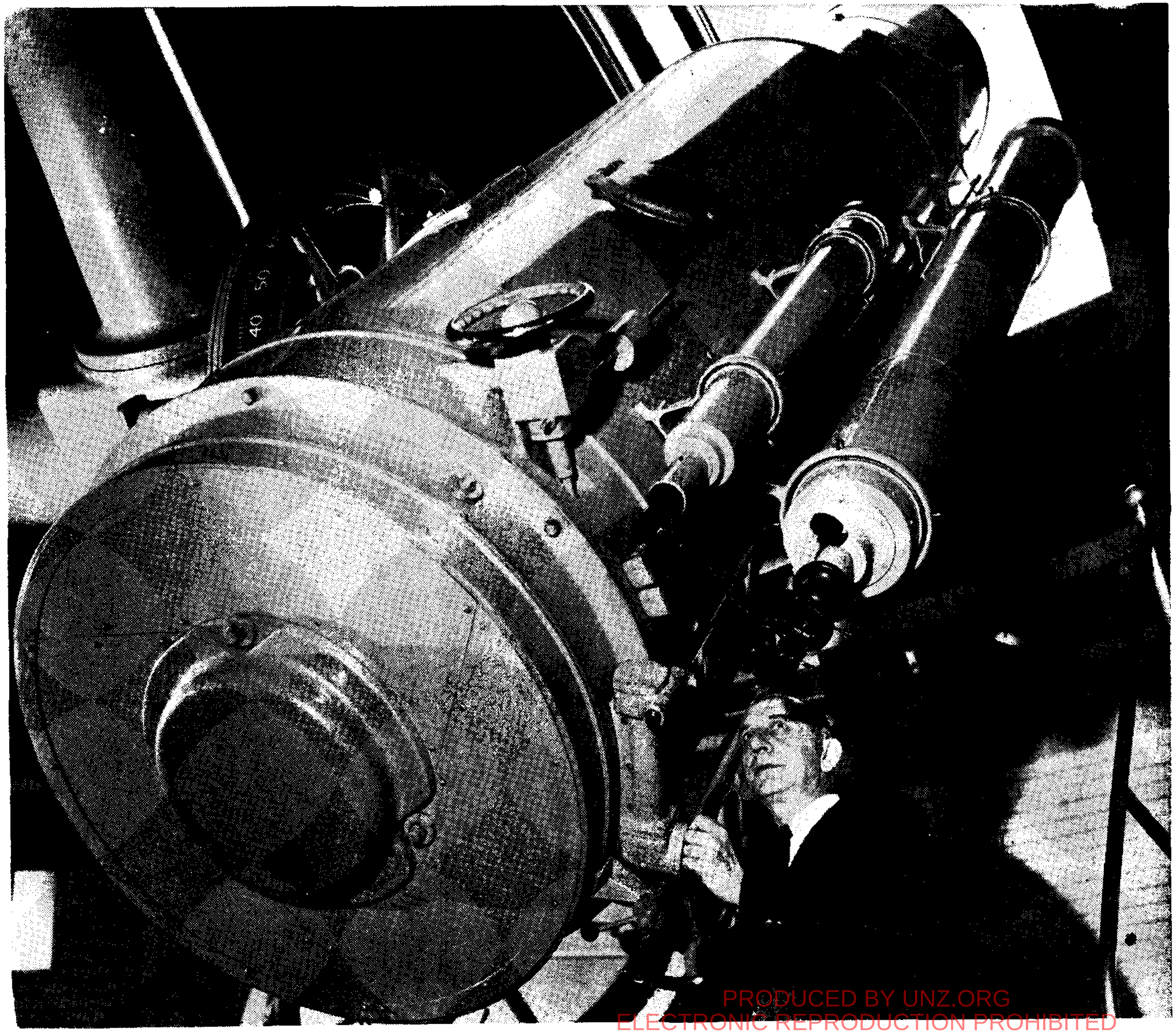
WARNER & SWASEY OBSERVATORY, CASE SCHOOL OF APPLIED SCIENCE

Millions of suns provide a brilliant background for the nebula in the constellation Cygnus in this Schmidt telescope photograph

BY G. EDWARD PENDRAY

The Schmidt telescope uses both mirror and lens. This one, the biggest ever built, is in use at the Warner & Swasey Observatory

CLAUDE W. HUSTON



New knowledge, new instruments, new methods—these are the spearheads of a concerted attack by astronomers on the ages-old mysteries of the universe

MOST of us have been occupied lately with *troubles here on earth*, and may have forgotten the relative unimportance of human trivia in the bigness of the universe.

But the astronomers, now returning from numerous war duties all over the world, have not forgotten. They are preparing a co-ordinated drive on the secrets of the cosmos, which may be the biggest and most ambitious campaign for information since the beginnings of astronomy, oldest of the sciences.

In this effort they have a lot of recently won knowledge of physics and other sciences to help them. They will also have a new and larger assortment of instruments, including conventional telescopes, spectrographs and other standard paraphernalia; as well as electric eyes, infrared photography, television, radar, high-altitude rockets, new types of photographic telescopes and possibly even space ships.

The astronomy of the past has answered many questions on the makeup and behavior of the universe and raised many more. These are today the subject of dramatic speculation and of many controversial theories. Never before was there such a mass of sharply defined questions, and never before such power to answer them.

Our tiny earth is revolving in an orbit around one of the stars, our sun, which in turn is revolving around the nucleus of a galaxy or swirl of stars so big it takes light, at 186,000 miles a second, 100,000 years to cross it.

The sun's speed in its course around this galaxy is about 150 miles a second. Nevertheless, it requires about 200 million years to make the complete circuit.

Our Galaxy, which forms the Milky Way, is one of countless millions of galaxies, each consisting of some billions of stars. Most of the galaxies are rotating like pin wheels, showering their light through the vastness of space. And space itself is so enormous that these millions or billions of galaxies are quite lost in it.

So much seems clear. But there is an array of evidence for forming insights far beyond this. One interpretation of the spectra of far-distant star groups is that they are rushing outward from our part of space in all directions. The farther they are, the faster they seem to move. If this be true, the stellar groups at the outer limit of visibility of today's telescopes must be traveling at 60,000 miles a second, or about a third of the velocity of light. In short, our whole universe seems to be expanding with explosive violence.

Are we really a part of an "expanding universe?" Many, but far from all, astronomers take this view on present evidence. And if the universe is expanding, how and when did it start? Tantalizing opportunity for further speculation is given by our knowledge of the radioactive elements, the composition of the stars, star clusters and galaxies and many other things.

This knowledge indicates that in the beginning all of the material of the universe may have been gathered together in one giant sphere. It was possibly ten times the present size of the solar system, was several times as dense as water, a billion times hotter than the sun, and it probably contained a very high percentage of uranium and other heavy elements.

It may have been the first atomic bomb. It was shot off about three billion years ago, by Forces Unknown.

The blast it started apparently is still in progress. Consuming part of their original substance like burning shreds of an exploded firecracker, the fragments of the "Universe-bomb" are still scattering far and wide through space. They are what we know as the stars, planets, comets and meteorites, the misty veils of interstellar dust, the novae, the Milky Way, the extragalactic nebulae and the rest of the universe.

To that explosion we owe our earth, our sun and our lives. It set in motion the chain of events that made us what we are. But in the gigantic continuing expansion our own *(Continued on page 89)*

Ten reasons why the Remington is

AMERICA'S Nº 1 SHAVER

1. FASTEST SHAVER. Remington Rand pioneered the multiple-head principle to make the Remington the fastest shaver. Today's Remington Foursome puts 754 cutting edges into action 8,000 times per minute.

2. GIVES A BETTER SHAVE in less time. The four heads of a Remington Foursome don't miss a hair. The whisker that gets by head number one is sure to be clipped by heads two, three or four.

3. SHAVES LONG AND SHORT HAIRS. The four edges of the Blue Streak Twin Shaving Head snip long hairs at a touch.

4. CUTS A NEAT HAIRLINE around sideburns and mustaches. Another Blue Streak advantage.

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8. LASTS FOR YEARS. Hundreds of thousands of prewar Remingtons — now more than five years old — are still in daily service.

9. PRECISION-BUILT and warranted by one of America's leading precision manufacturers—Remington Rand, Inc.

10. RECOMMENDED BY PROFESSIONALS. Barbers everywhere are offering customers Remington shaves. For example, at the famous Terminal Barber Shops, largest chain of barber shops in the world. The Remington is also the official shaver for passengers' use aboard airliners of American Airlines, TWA and many others.

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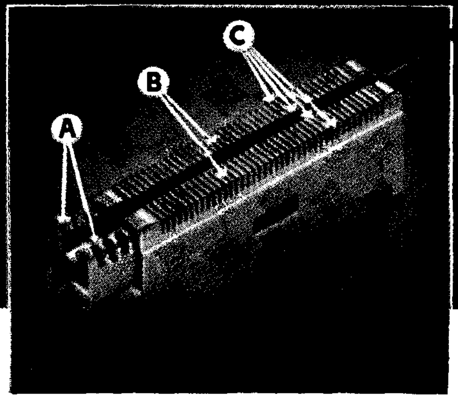

The Blue Streak Twin Shaving Head. A — Two inside cutters. B — Twin shaving heads. C — Four long hair cutting edges for trimming sideburns.

REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVERS —PRODUCT OF Remington Rand INCORPORATED

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SHAVE DRY
NO LATHER
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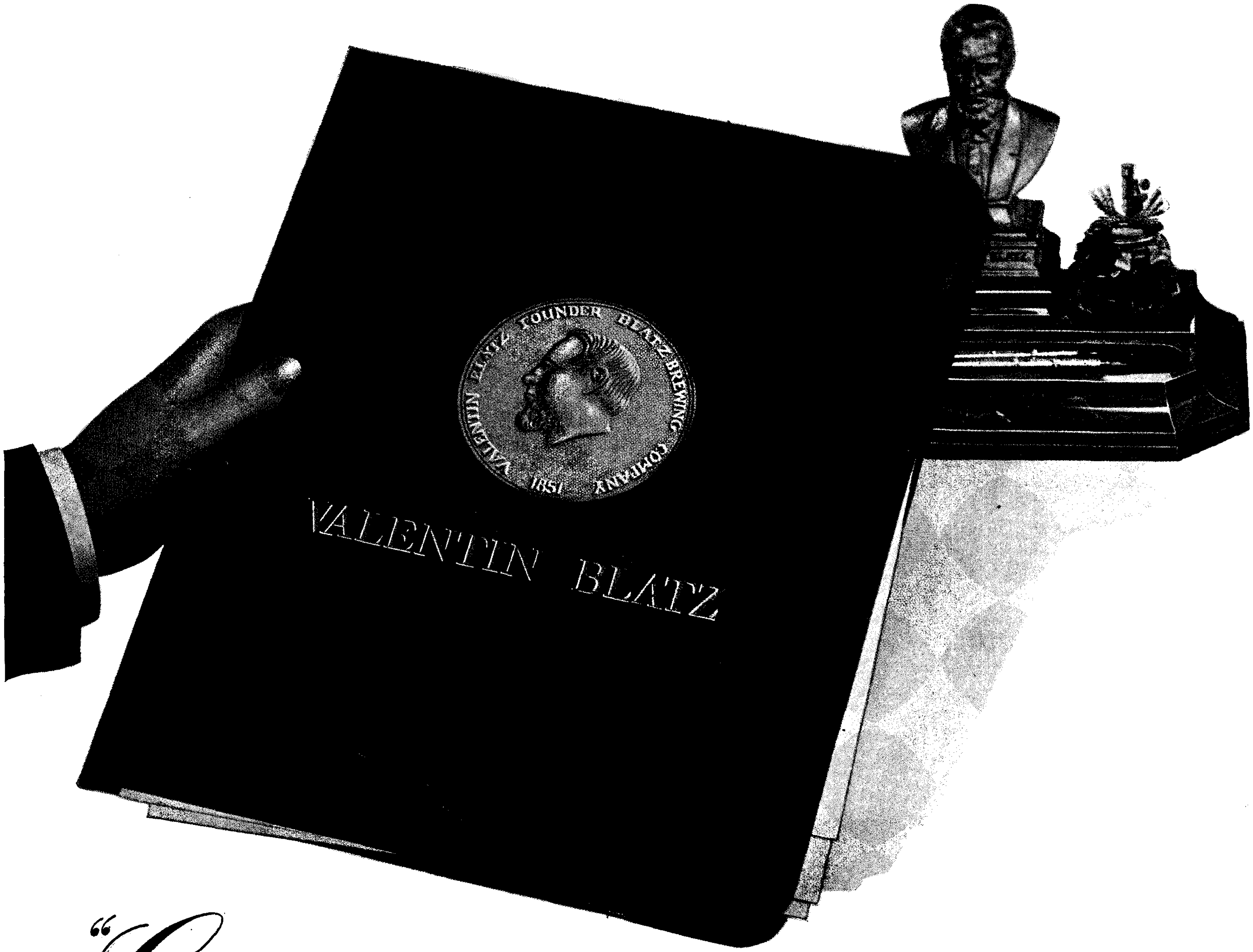

VALENTIN BLATZ FOUNDER BLATZ BREWING COMPANY
1851
VALENTIN BLATZ

*"Good Grain and Good Judgement must go into the vat,
if Good Taste is to come out of the bottle."*

Ideals of the Founder **VALENTIN BLATZ,** 1826-1894
Master Brewer, son and grandson of Master Brewers

Blatz

BREWER OF BETTER BEER . . .

SPECIAL
PILSENER
BREW
Blatz
PILSENER
BEER

© 1947, Blatz Brewing Company. Established 1851 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin

FLIGHT FROM FEAR

Continued from page 12

you don't live at the telephone number you gave. You don't trust me very much."

Her search of his face concluded, she dismissed him coolly and looked away. "I thought you'd be older."

"Is it a lawyer that you want or a father confessor?" His tone was sharp, but he'd heard before that he was too young. He was not young, he was thirty-six. It annoyed him. "Also," he added with a glance at her ring, "I don't handle divorce cases—if that's your trouble."

"I guess you can stop bothering about me," she said tonelessly. "Go on wherever you're going."

He was about to do that, then he hesitated. "And you?"

"I'll stay here a while. I made such a to-do about getting out this morning, I'll have to stay somewhere."

He never knew why he said it, but he did, hesitantly, against his will: "I'm going down to my boat at Newport Beach. Want to come along?"

"If we can be back by two," she stipulated.

That settled it. "I'm sorry then. I'll be gone most of the day. Will you come back and see me again sometime?"

"I don't know."

"Goodby then, Miss Faulkner."

"Goodby."

He went out feeling relieved that it had turned out that way. It had been close. He got into his car quickly. He did not like desperate women, and this one was desperate.

"Oh, Mr. Alvin!"

She had come out. She was blinking in the strong morning haze. "I've decided I don't care when you come back. I don't care if we ever come back. Wait for me. . . . I'll pull my car off the street."

"We'd better not. I'm—meeting someone down there. Why don't you come in tomorrow—same time?"

"Oh. All right, Mr. Alvin." It was barely a sound.

He drove away, leaving her standing there; he tried to erase from his mind the look in her eyes. No one had ever looked at him before with such hate and sadness.

"The milk of human kindness is not in me this morning," Ritch murmured, but he consoled himself. "The milk of human kindness is sometimes dangerous and inflammable."

She did not come in the next morning. Ritch told himself that he hadn't expected her to. He made thinly veiled inquiries of Doris. Had Doris obtained any information from Miss L. Faulkner when she had been in the morning before? No, Doris had said her piece, then the girl had turned on her heel and walked out.

RITCH was in court most of the next week; he found his mind wandering. He blamed it on the May heat. Summer weather was a foolish time to try any case. The jury was lackadaisical; the judge was dreaming of fishing. On a couple of nights Ritch broke away from the strain and went out with Marta. They did the Strip and Beverly Hills, Mocambo, the Players, Romanoff's. Marta thought it was strange. "Usually you're a hermit during trials; what's come over you?" Something else was strange; one of Ritch's very nicest traits, as far as girls were concerned, was that when you were out with him he was yours alone. His eyes did not go table-hopping. Now suddenly they did. "Are you losing interest?" Marta asked. "On the look for something else?"

"You know I'm a one-woman dog," he told her.

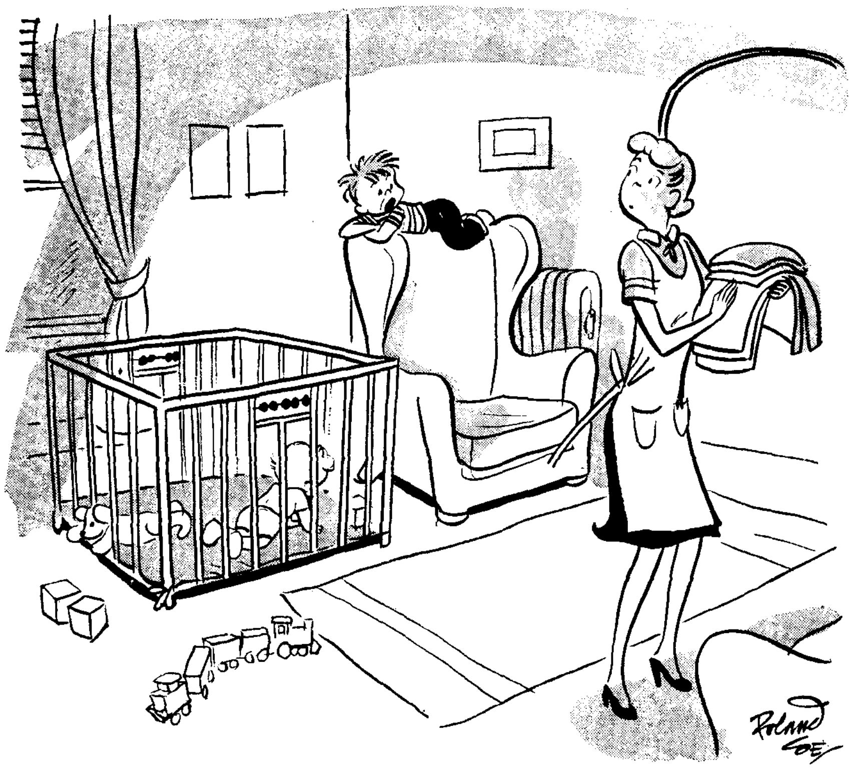
"For how long?"

"If we last a year, we'll get married." He said it lightly; he didn't want it to sound too serious.

"The hell with you!" Marta laughed. "When I decide I want to marry you, I'll ask you," she added. "Then if you don't come across, I'll sue for taking up my time like this."

Ritch knew it would be about like that. Marta Thorne was an actress first, and a woman second. When she decided that the two could mix, and that Ritch could do the mixing without loss of flavor, she'd want to marry him. She hadn't decided yet. She was fearful that Ritch was also a lawyer first and a man second. Somebody would have to break and she was waiting for him to.

Ritch not only went peering about restaurants and night clubs; worse, he began peering after station wagons, cursing


"How long before he's big enough to absorb his share of the abuse around here?"

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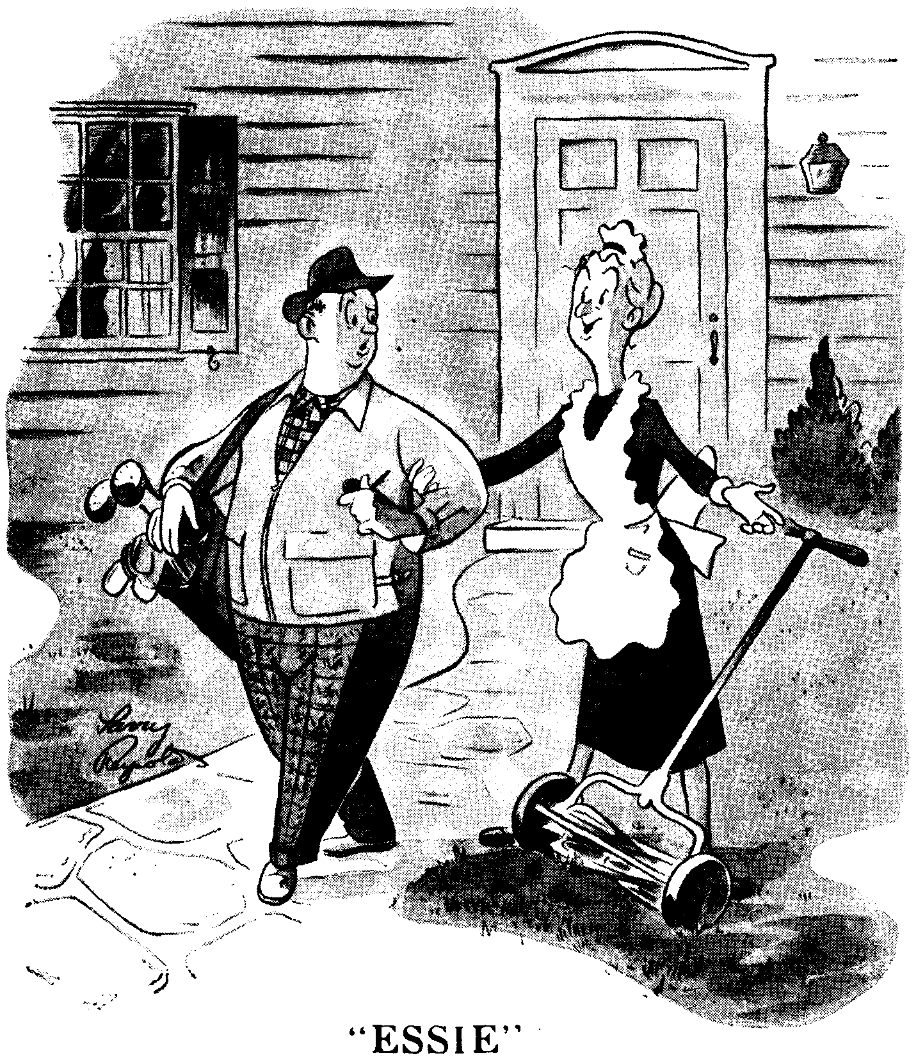

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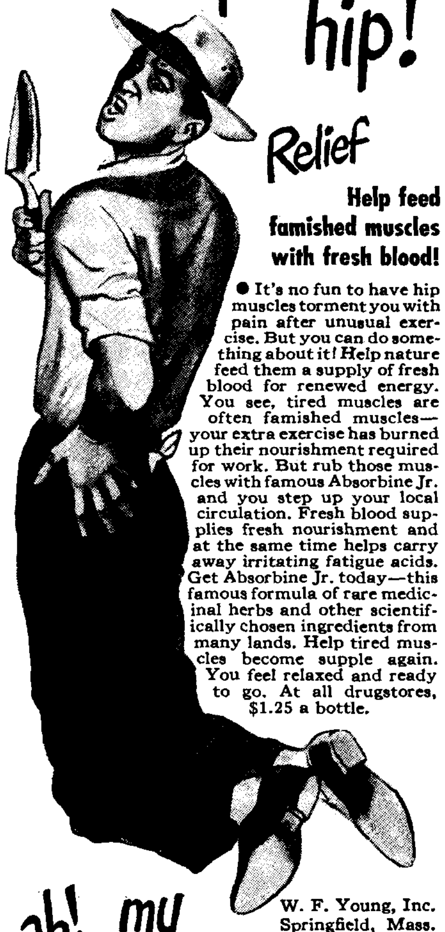

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himself that he hadn't taken her license number. He also looked into the phone book and called a couple of Faulkners. At the end of ten days he decided he'd give it up. He would have to, probably, except that on his desk was a letter from Bill McClure, which had to be answered.

As he dictated to Doris he suddenly remembered that Bill used to cover society stuff for the New York Post. Ritch had come to two conclusions about L. Faulkner. First about her name: He knew that usually when people do not give their right names they give a name very close to right. He also remembered that when he had addressed her as Miss Faulkner in the bar she hadn't been surprised—and she did not know then that he was Mr. Alvin. So she had used the name with other people; she was quite used to it. Very probably then, it was her maiden name. The other deduction was that she was from New York; her diction, the way she dressed, even her tan. New Yorkers worked at their California tans, Californians didn't bother. Also she just couldn't be a nonentity. She looked expensive and used to money. Money always puts people in the papers. He finished his letter to Bill, then said, "Add a P.S." He carefully avoided Doris' eyes as he dictated: "By the way, in some handy file would you see if you have anything on a girl by the name of Faulkner—initial L? Don't go to too much trouble about it, but I mean if you do find something . . ."

That last line was overly casual and sloppy, he knew, and Doris' look made him uncomfortable.

"How come?" she asked. "Did you see her?"

"Who?"

"Miss Faulkner. Ritch, she *is* attractive, but there's something odd about her. I don't think you should—"

"Look, if I want to follow up on a misplaced client—"

WITHIN a week, the answer was there. Ritch got it before Doris saw it. "Dear Ritch: Have you lost your *little black book? Are you slipping?* Faulkner—L for Lizbeth—was the *pièce de résistance* around here about seven years ago. Even I remember with a sigh that in the spring of '39 she married Fred Steele, then a nobody, now one of your movie holies. He saw service for a couple of years, and we all hoped he'd get killed, but he didn't. The Army didn't like him either apparently, and got rid of him about '43. You should know more about him since then than we do back here. Don't tell me she's getting rid of him. It's about time. I'll get in the line, if you'll let me know where it forms. I knew her nine years ago when she was twenty. She can't have changed very much since then, not from the knees down anyway. Give her my love. Longingly, Bill."

Ritch angrily tore the note into pieces and dropped it into the wastebasket. He was annoyed by the tone of it—unreasonably, of course, because Bill was always fresh about everybody. What difference did it make anyway? He had asked for some information and he had gotten it. L. Faulkner was Mrs. Fred Steele. Bill was correct in one respect: Steele was the new sensation of the picture industry. He produced, designed and wrote the top musical of 1946; he had another in preparation. Everybody had heard about him, but few people saw him. During the next day or so, Ritch made casual inquiries. Fred Steele didn't work at the studio; he worked at home—a ranch thirty miles out Northfield way. The only time he came in was when they were recording or dubbing. Other times the studio came to him. He was the greatest thing that ever happened in the picture business; he was a genius.

"Any family?" Ritch asked one of his clients.

"A wife and a child, I think. She's supposed to be very beautiful."

"Don't they ever go out?"

"Not much. He hates Hollywood."

"Do they ever entertain?"

"Oh, yes. The people who work with him—studio executives and such. He doesn't hate the town that much. He plays ball, if it's helpful to him."

Ritch lay awake one night, wondering who else he had heard talk about Fred Steele. Then he remembered. It was ten-thirty, but not too late for Marta. He called her.

"You're going to be in Fred Steele's next picture, aren't you?"

"I'm praying, but he keeps me on pins and needles. I'm going out there for dinner Sunday, though."

"What's the occasion?"

"Oh, he has a bunch out every Sunday."

"You've been there before. Where was I?"

She laughed. "Do you want to go this Sunday?"

"What's the matter with going out there? You sound as though you don't like it."

"Oh, it's just that he's such an egotist. Everybody bows and scrapes and it's just disgusting. And finally somebody urges him into playing some of his new stuff and it goes on endlessly. And it's a long drive, an hour each way. I went out last time with my agent. But if you'll be as becoming to me, I'll take you instead. Only remember—I'm trying to get that picture."

"I'll grovel in your direction, I promise."

"About two, then. He always expects you to take a swim first."

"What's his wife like, by the way?"

"Oh, she's charming." A question came into her voice: "Is that what you called me about—to go to the Steeles?"

"I'm curious to meet him."

"Who's suing him?"

"No one that I know of."

"There are a few I know of who should—Mozart and Chopin and a couple of lads like that."

"You don't mean that? I thought he was good."

"Oh, I guess," she sighed, bored. "See you Sunday."

"You're sure it's all right?"

"To take you? Why not? Love me, love my dog. Good night." She smacked a kiss at him along the wire.

Her playful little gestures amused him, left him lying there thinking about her. Not too deeply, but pleasantly. Now he thought about someone else, wondering.

THEY turned off the side road and pulled up at the gate. The country was beautiful, still with a spring green on it. To the left of the gate there was a grove of apricots. To the right, fifty yards back from the road, was a barn, a caretaker's cottage and some pasture land. The driveway stretching ahead of them led up a hill and was lost in trees.

"You can ride, too, if you want," Marta said. "He's got horses."

"Right now I'm interested in getting through this gate. What happens now?"

"You blow your horn and wait for Jerry to come out—the foreman. A nasty old man; he comes and opens it."

Ritch blew the horn. "Why would Steele have the gate locked when he knows people are coming?"

"Oh, he locks up everything. You should see the steaks when the colored girls bring them down to the barbecue. Every steak is counted; there's never one left over. Not that they're not big enough for one to a customer, but you can just see him taking them out of the deep-freeze himself, then locking it up again."

"Stingy?"

"Not exactly. I suppose when you never had money and then suddenly do get it—"

"Hasn't she money?" Bill's note had given him the impression she had.

"If she has, she doesn't mention it. She

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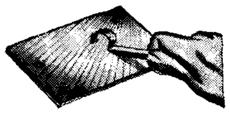

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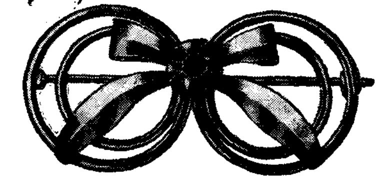

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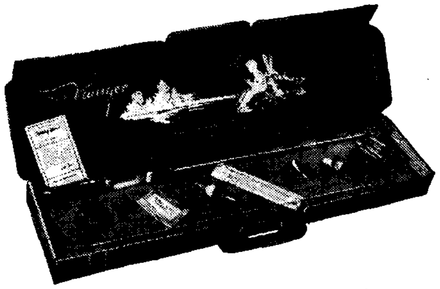

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doesn't mention much of anything. She's pretty though, very sweet."

"Cat."

"No, I mean it."

Jerry came strolling toward them. He didn't look nasty as Marta had said, but shifty, dirty. Marta called hello to him; he nodded and opened the gate, and after they had passed through, closed and locked it again.

"The pool's up there under that first bunch of trees; the house is on up farther," Marta said. "It looks pretty enough now but I'd hate it in the winter. It's too far from everything."

"I think I'd like it."

"Don't let it give you any ideas," she warned. "I'll be sorry I brought you out!"

He knew she was referring to their future. He remembered to smile, to give her that much attention, but he wasn't really thinking of her. He was beginning to feel that his being here was in bad taste. Mrs. Steele had apparently decided not to trust him with whatever was troubling her, and yet he had followed her, tracked her right to her home. He felt jumpy about it.

"Thank heavens there are some others here first." Marta had seen the cars parked around the house. "Let's park and walk down to the pool. They're probably down there."

As they parked the car and hauled out their swimming things, a side door of the house opened and a woman in a nursemaid's uniform came out, leading a little girl. The woman was thin and middle-aged; the child was about five or six.

"That must be their little girl!" Marta beamed. "I've never seen her. Hello, angel!" she called, moving toward the child. She was an odd pale child with big eyes. Ritch hung back. He was sensitive about people and he had a feeling that the nurse did not want to stop for a chat. But Marta was all over the girl, touching her pigtails and asking, "What's your name, darling?"

"Carol's going for her walk now; that's why we're in overalls," the nurse explained. "We don't want to get our little legs all scratched up, do we? Come along, Carol dear." She nodded and smiled at Marta, but it was not a friendly smile, and her clasp on the child's hand seemed to be unnecessarily tight as she moved off with her.

Nurses, Ritch knew, were sometimes like that.

"Poor little girl," Marta observed. "I don't suppose there're any other children around here for her to play with. That's another thing against a ranch, Ritch—" She tucked her arm through his as they started down the path to the pool. "If we ever have any children—" She expected his smile again, but it was not forthcoming. "What's the matter with you today? You're not with me."

"Marta, you won't say anything about my wanting to come along with you?" Ritch said.

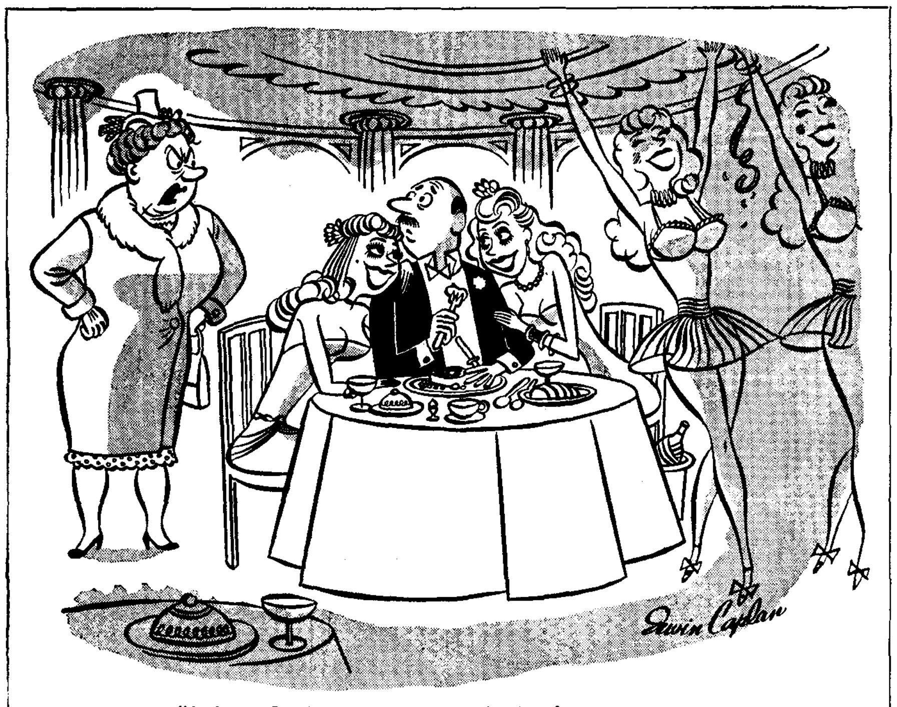
"Why did you? I won't tell, if you'll tell *me* why."

"I will later."

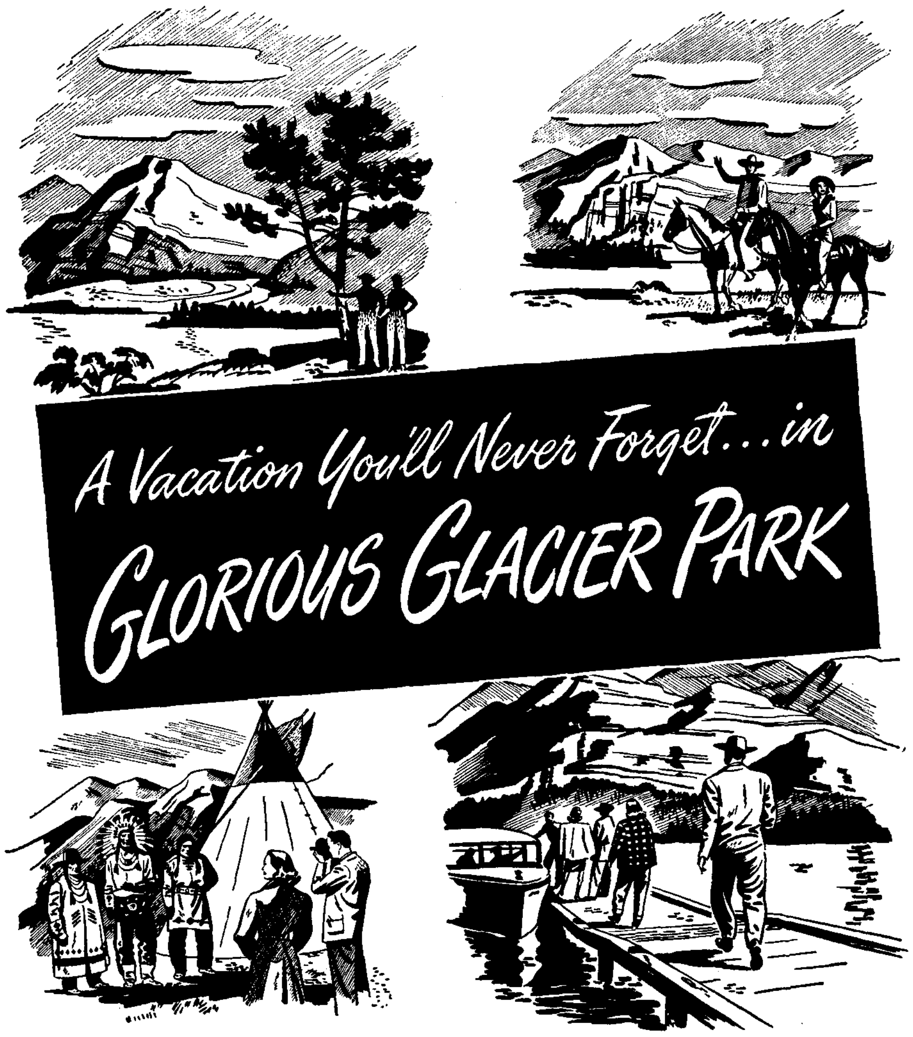
FRED STEELE was older than Ritch had pictured him. Somehow, Ritch had thought of Steele as in his early thirties. This man was forty-four or forty-five. Also Bill had written that Steele had been in the war. He looked as if he had been a captain or a major, "at the will and the pleasure of the President." Ritch had intended to dislike him immediately, but it didn't work that way. He found him quite presentable. A woman would probably like that cold hard look about him, the very black eyes squinting a little, the low controlled voice, the air of intensity. Women liked egotists and this man was an egotist—but so, too, was Ritch in a way. A man had to think well of himself before anyone else thought so. Ritch sensed that the man was hard-tempered and demanding. He was quite handsome in a high-browed way, the lack of hair giving prominence and distinction to his forehead. His body, however, was not too good, the chest slightly sunken, the shoulders uneven and sloped. A typical musician's body; in it Ritch saw long hours at the piano. The arms were long, the hands thin and strong and sensitive. A cigarette hung from his mouth, its smoke squinting up his eyes. It gave him an air of casual, slightly bitter indifference. Musicians were usually bitter. Even when they get successful, some of the bitterness stays; in Steele it had stayed with a sharpness that you could easily interpret as sophistication. All in all, interesting, intelligent-looking. Not healthy, but in a way vigorous and intriguing to a woman. His mouth was thin and hard, his skin dark. He wore a white terry cloth robe which was most flattering.

Steele gave Marta the usual movie-circle hug and kiss, shook hands with Ritch and introduced him to the bodies sprawled about. There was a musical director from Steele's studio, with his wife; a producer and his wife; there was a portly business manager, Henry Marvin; there was a woman writer, and an actor and his fiancée. Marta was relieved to see that there were no other actresses present, and made a crack to that effect. They all laughed.

"Oh, and there's Mrs. Steele," Steele



COLLIER'S "So! And whatsa matter with the food at home?" IWIN CAPLAN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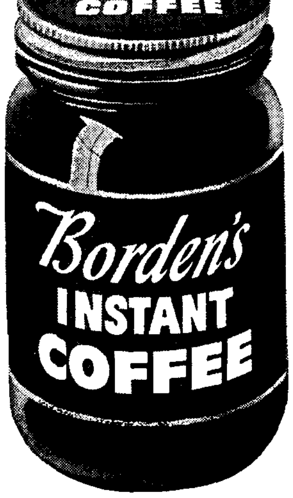

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said, "out there on the diving board. Come over, dear, and say hello to Marta."

"Hello, Marta, how are you?" L. Faulkner called. But her eyes were not on Marta; they were on Ritch.

"This is Mr. Alvin," Steele continued; then to Ritch, "Ritch Alvin, the lawyer?"

"Yes. Hello, there!" he called to Lizbeth Faulkner.

"Hello."

Ritch felt he had made his first wrong step. Why had he used just that tone, and just those words which, in combination, sounded for all the world as though they had met before. And why did she have to look at him like that and so quickly look away, the color going out of her face.

Steele sensed something. "Or have you met before?"

"Mrs. Steele? No, I've never met Mrs. Steele." Ritch felt like an awkward schoolboy.

"Liz," her husband called, "don't you think you'd better see about drinks for all of us?"

"Yes, surely."

She took a dive which brought her to their end of the large oval pool. She pulled up out of the water, wrapped a six-foot-long towel around her and said, "You'll have to give me your orders. Ella and Effie are both off for the day. That's the trouble with having a pair of sisters working for you."

"We've been intending to finish this bathhouse and bar down here, soon as we can get around to it," Steele explained. "In the meantime poor Liz has to do the hustling." He was watching Ritch as he spoke. Ritch was watching Liz. She was completely disregarding him.

"If nobody's going to speak up, suppose I just bring down everything and you can decide then." Lizbeth picked up her beach shoes, carried them in her hand and went up the hill barefoot.

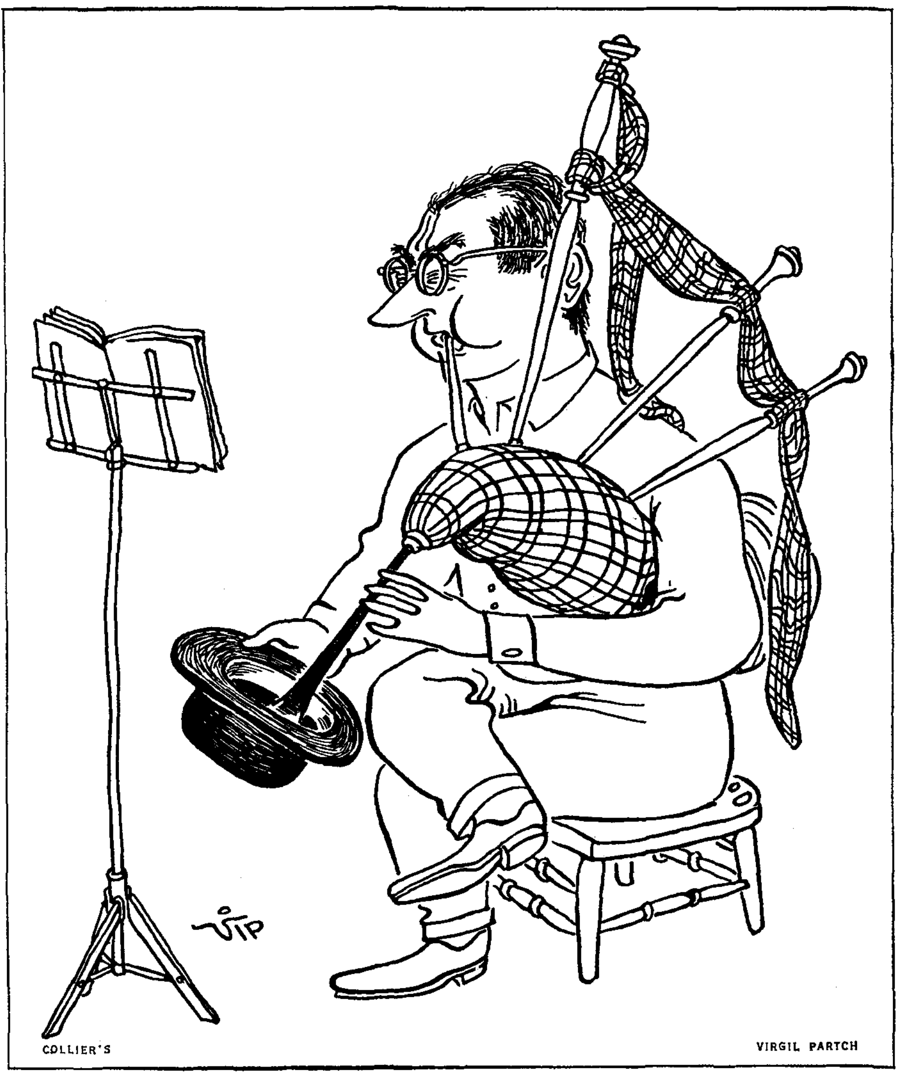
Steele was still apologizing. "If you want to change, I'm afraid you'll have to do it in the house. Marta, you can show Mr. Alvin where to go—and give Liz a hand bringing the drinks down."

"I'm in no hurry to change," Marta said. "It's the first bedroom to the left, Ritch. You can find it."

Ritch looked after Liz's retreating figure. Did he dare follow her up there now—with the house obviously empty—and with Steele looking at him the way he was? "I'm not in the swim mood," he said, sitting down beside the producer whom he knew slightly.

Twenty minutes later Lizbeth came down the hill. She was wearing a plain, yellow cotton dress, and carrying a jiggling tray. One of the other men got up and helped her with it. A few minutes later when she handed Ritch a drink she didn't even look at him. He didn't know whether it was because she was angry with him or cautious. If she were angry, if whatever had bothered her had since dissolved, it served him right. Later he did go up to the house to put on his swim trunks; while he changed he wrote her a note on his pocket memo pad. "Dear L. Faulkner: I'm sorry. It was stupid of me. I thought I still might be of help to you." He felt better after he had written it. He left it in the pocket of his coat, because he might get a chance to apologize personally; if not, he'd somehow slip the note to her.

SHE continued to disregard him for the entire afternoon. Not until it was dusk and they were all sitting around the picnic table near the pool did he have the feeling of contact with her. The fire in the barbecue pit had died down. There was only candlelight and the day was dying fast. It was one of those safe lights in which a man feels secure and hidden; the feeling that you get when you wear dark glasses. All during dinner Ritch had tried very hard to be interesting and amusing, to carry his weight in the party and to pay for his steak, which had been excellent, and he had succeeded. He had hit just the right note with Steele; not too deferential but aware of Steele's talent and success. He had been casually friendly with Mrs. Steele. She had fluttered about, serving salad, filling up wine glasses and coffee mugs, and he had addressed various comments and



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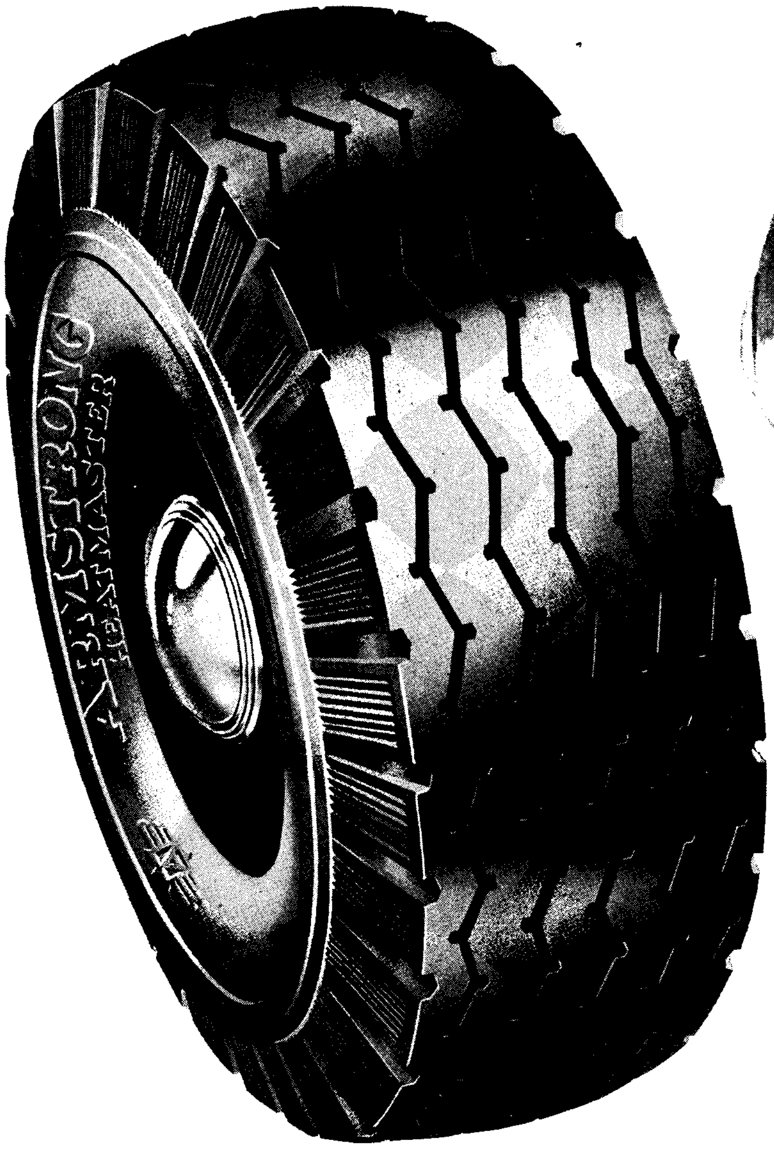

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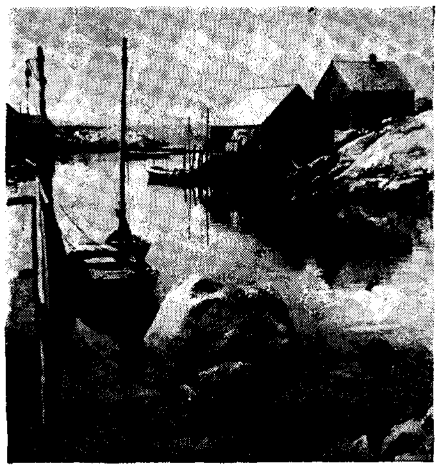

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compliments to her. Did they grow this corn themselves? He had never had it barbecued before; it was delicious, etc. Just table talk, without direction or meaning. But now in the safe and subtle darkness, Ritch felt that he could really look at her for once, and try to find in her some resemblance to the emotion-torn girl he had followed into a bar only a few weeks before.

He couldn't see her very well. She was leaning back in her chair, her hand dangling a cigarette; but from the outline of her head, he had the sure feeling that she was looking at him too. An uneasy warmth spread through him, he remembered how she had said that morning, "I don't care if we ever come back." What had prompted her to say such a thing? He knew it was not any attraction that he might have for her, but some desperation, prompted perhaps by the swift impact of a ten-o'clock drink. But if that desperation had existed then, where was it now? He saw only a calm woman, a lovely woman, presiding over a table of guests. He remembered that she had been reckless then, and she had been wonderful. He was a fool not to have taken her to the boat with him. That was his trouble: His life was too ordered; his work, his success, his idealism and honesty had made him prim. He felt dissatisfied as he hadn't for years. He felt that whatever had disturbed her was no more, and the moment was gone. He watched her for a long time. He turned then and saw Fred Steele looking at him.

THERE was no piano that night. They sat around the table until ten; then the general exodus began. Halfheartedly Marta suggested helping with the dishes. "At least let us help carry them up."

Mrs. Steele was insistent: "No, I'll do it later, really. The moon'll be up. I'll only stack them anyway."

"Shall we ride down with them and walk back?" Steele suggested to his wife.

The Steeles rode down in the producer's car. At the gate they got out, and Steele took a key from his pocket and unlocked the gate. Ritch's car was the last through.

"Come out again, Marta," Steele called to them. "You, too, Mr. Alvin."

"Thanks, good night."

Ritch looked once again at Lizbeth. She was standing behind the gate, next to her husband. She slipped her arm through Steele's, leaned against him contentedly, and her gesture seemed to say to Ritch, "You see, everything's all right."

Ritch was convinced. He'd been a fool even to write a note of apology; he was glad it was still in his pocket. It would have made too much of it. She would have laughed at him. He was convinced partly because they made such a pretty picture; the soft night breeze in Lizbeth's hair, and the moon just coming up behind them. And husband and wife had driven down to the gate so that they might walk back together. Misery did not go for night strolls—only love and contentment. He guessed that the Steeles had kissed and made up whatever was between them. The Steeles were happy people. It had been a charming day.

Marta and Ritch waved and drove off.

They had almost reached the main highway when Marta said, "Well? Now what was that all about?"

"I'm a complete fool, that's all. Something somebody wrote me," he lied, "made me think Mrs. Steele was a damsel in distress. This friend of mine asked me to look in on them. Don't ask me any more; I'm embarrassed."

"I should think you would be. I wish I were that kind of damsel in distress," Marta scoffed with a soft sigh, and leaned her head on Ritch's shoulder. "Do you think I'll get the part?" she asked. There was a small silence. "Ritch, do you hear me?" A moment later she sat up in alarm: "Oh, Ritch, I've left my bathing suit!"

"Call them in the morning."

"I can't! I had it in my make-up kit. It's got my driver's license in it—everything!"

"So they'll send it to you. You don't need your driver's license."

"I do. I've had two tickets already. Anyway, I don't want anybody going through that kit."

"Nobody's going through it."

"Steele might! Oh, be yourself, Ritch—it's got my age on it!"

He laughed. "Serves you right."

"You know how producers are. Steele's cool on me for the part as it is. Maybe he doesn't think I'm twenty-three, but if he *knows* I'm twenty-eight—!"

"I finally get it out of you."

"I don't care if you know. I'd have told you. Only please, Ritch—I just have a feeling—"

He swung off to the side of the road, turned around. "You damned women. What do we do—sound the alarm when we draw up? That caretaker'll come out with a shotgun. It's embarrassing."

"I'll go up and get it myself then. I'll climb the fence. Maybe Jerry'll be up."

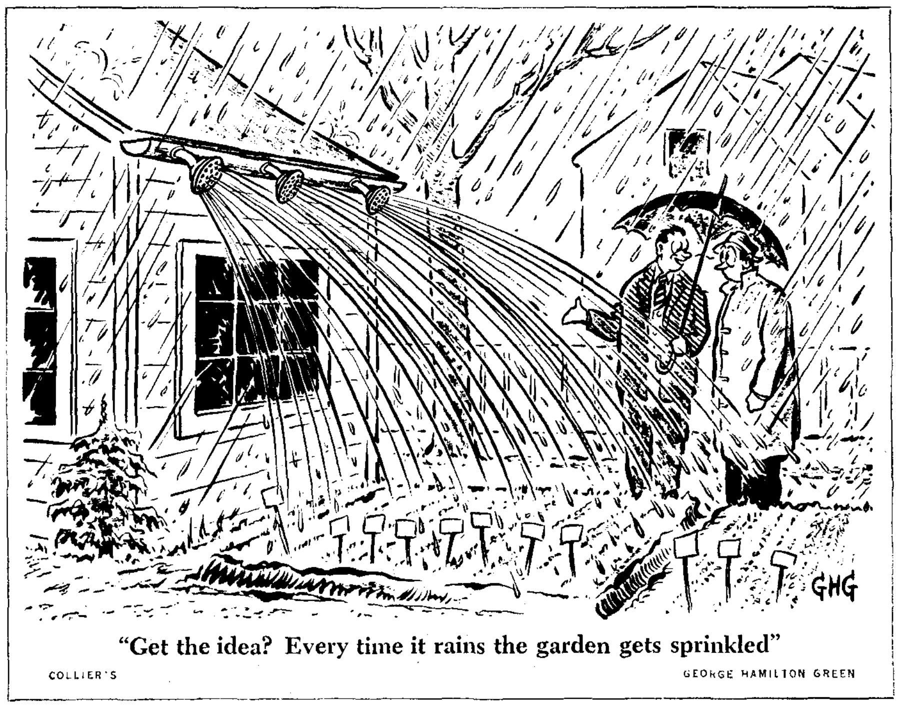
It was a quiet drive for the next few minutes. Then they drew up at the gate.

"If you'd race your motor hard," Marta suggested, "or turn your headlights so they show into Jerry's house . . ."

Ritch got out of the car. "Where'd you leave your stuff?"

"Under my chair at the table. You're not going to walk up?"

"It won't take me long, and I've got a



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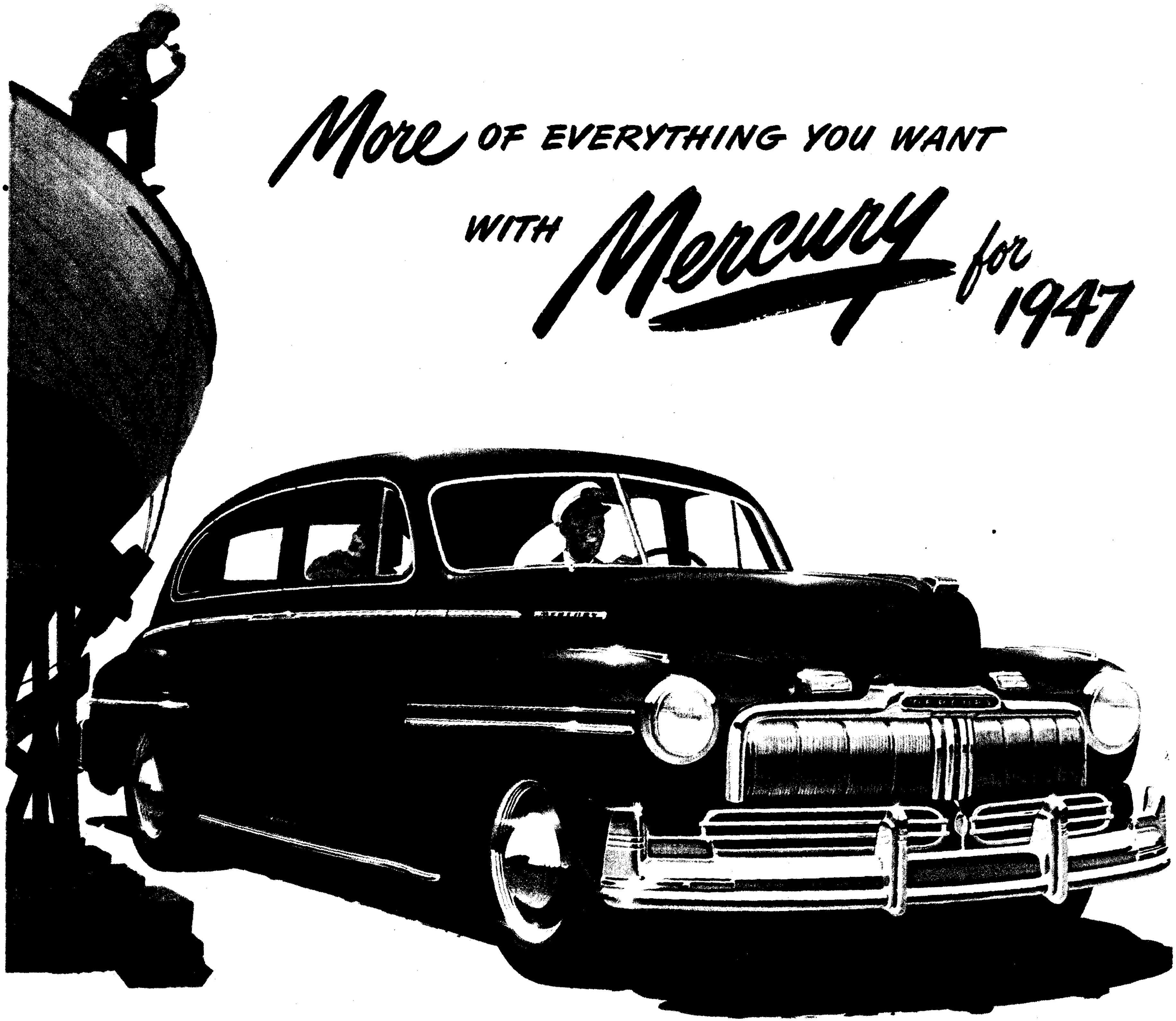

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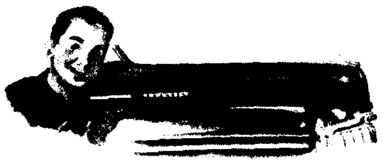
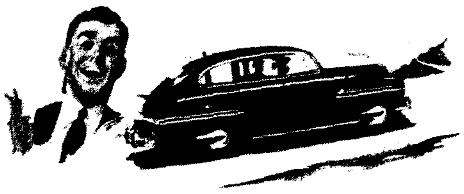


"Smarter outside!"

Beginning with the front grille, the 1947 Mercury look is more massive, lower, sleeker than ever. Each contour compliments all the others—every line spells *more style.*

And the new Mercury is as lively as ever. For passing, or for eating up those long open stretches, or for getting there *more easily,* Mercury lives up to its reputation. For all-around performance, for more beauty inside and out—the smart choice for '47 is Mercury!



"Full of life!"

MERCURY—DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

good flashlight." He nodded toward the moon. "Besides I want to think over what a careless girl you are before I become too much involved with you."

He climbed the fence, leaped over to the other side. "If that foreman comes out, explain to him."

A dog came down from the barn, barked and followed him for a few steps, then went back. Ritch strode quickly. He really didn't mind the excursion as much as he let on. There was something larkish about it. As a small boy he used to love to jump the walls of the big estates along the Hudson and go "investigating," as the kids called it. He felt no such curiosity about his jaunt now, but it was faintly exciting. He tried to see the house up ahead, to see if the Steeles were still up, but only the outside floodlight was visible among the trees. He felt envious of Steele, and it was one of the few times in his life he had ever been envious. A wife like that to share a house with, your own house.

IT WAS very quiet; he could hear his own footsteps. He looked back, but the car was lost below the rise. He could see the glow of its lights. The clump of trees which shielded the pool and the barbecue yard was off to the left. Ritch stepped off the road. He saw the mirror that the pool made a little below him. The picnic table was slightly above it.

He was never sure whether he heard their voices first, or the clink of the heavy pottery plates and mugs they had used. He knew that he was standing quite still though, listening. At first there were no words, just the angry voice of Fred Steele, then a few words became clear. "I tell you, you know that man. I'm no fool."

"Oh, Fred, please—" plaintive, pleading.

The argument went on, muffled, then Ritch heard the sound of a heavy plate being set down firmly, and a sound that was almost a shriek from her. "I just can't stand it any more. I don't care what happens—"

Ritch knew he had to move. He took a deep breath and plunged ahead noisily, stepping hard on the flagstone terrace. "Hey, there—are you two still up?" He had to say something; he couldn't be caught there like that.

They were closer than he thought. He came right out on them. He saw Steele's strained face, heard Lizbeth gasp. She was sitting at the picnic table, off balance, miserable, her hands to her face. Ritch had the distinct impression that Steele had just struck her.

"Ritch Alvin," Ritch said, identifying himself. "Marta forgot her suit. I—"

He was looking at Lizbeth, her eyes were on her husband. She screamed. Ritch turned toward Steele in time to see a heavy plate hurtling at him.

WHEN he came to he was on a couch in one of the most handsome rooms he had ever seen. Books from floor to ceiling, a piano, a fireplace, and the kind of coffee table a man could put his feet on. Marta was bending over him, dabbing at a bump just above his temple.

"You fool," she said with relief. "I told you that wasn't the way to do it. Does it hurt terribly? You nearly scared the Steeles out of their wits."

Ritch's eyes skipped her, concentrated on Steele behind her. Steele was calm.

"I'm terribly sorry," he apologized. "I didn't know who you were. I was sure you had a gun."

Ritch let it pass, but he knew Steele had heard him announce himself. He looked for Lizbeth. She wasn't there.

"Poor Mrs. Steele just about fainted," Marta said.

"My apologies," Ritch said. He sat up, quickly groaned; things blurred suddenly.

"Mr. Steele says we can stay here tonight if we want."

"No, I'm all right." Blurred or not, he knew one thing; he wanted to get out fast. The pin-point light he had seen in Steele's eyes frightened him. He knew Steele now for what he was. He knew that Steele was sorry that he hadn't killed him.

"It could have been much worse," Fred Steele said. "I guess we're all lucky. Next time you come back for bathing suits you'd better give warning."

"Yes, I had better." Ritch got up with difficulty. "Have you got your bathing suit now, Marta?" he asked crisply.

"Please—I feel badly enough now. It's still down there, but we'll get it."

"Let's go then." He looked for a way out. Steele led the way to the door.

"I don't know how to apologize, Alvin."

"I don't either."

It was awkward. They all walked together through the quiet house. Ritch thought about Lizbeth. He wished he could see her. Outside the side door, Jerry was waiting. He had Marta's kit in his hand.

"Is he all right?" asked the foreman.

"Yes, I'm all right. Thanks."

"I'm sorry we had to put such a bad ending on such a pleasant day," Steele said.

"So am I—"

"But I'm sure you understand. We're so hemmed in with fences that when I saw—you know how conscious everybody is now about holdups. You'd better stop at a doctor's—"

"Please don't worry."

"Good night. Again I can't say how sorry—"

Ritch and Marta were several miles down the main road before either of them said anything.

"Ritch," she pleaded, "say you're not angry. I know you'll never forgive me—but I told you we *should* have waked Jerry."

"How did you get up there?"

"I was waiting, then the old man came out. I told him you'd gone up after my suit. So he opened the gate and drove me up. He went over to the pool looking for you. After a while they brought you back—both of them carrying you."

"And Mrs. Steele?"

"I guess she ran on to the house to call a doctor; then we got you in there and Mr. Steele went in and told her that you were coming to and it was all right. Ritch, I'm so terribly sorry. I was so frightened when I saw them carrying you. You don't suppose you're going to have any aftereffects?"

"I wouldn't be surprised."

She couldn't understand his grimness. "Ritch, you could stop and kiss me and say you forgive me."

"Later."

"I've got a headache myself if you must know. You'd better send Mrs. Steele some flowers tomorrow." After a moment, "Before, I thought we'd stop somewhere for a drink. I don't suppose you feel like it now."

"I'd just like to put this head down somewhere and forget it."

"Want me to drive?"

"No, I'll make it."

She seemed so lonesome and sad that finally he took pity. "You're all right, Marta, even if you are sensitive about your age."

"Ritch—" her tone was humble, sweet. "I'm not twenty-eight either; thirty, come next March."

"It's a nice age." He said it almost tenderly. A man can be very tender when he knows he's lost interest.

THE next day Ritch adopted Marta's suggestion. He stopped at Halchester's and sent flowers. Just the ordinary long-stemmed hothouse roses, conventional enough for Steele's eyes as was the note. *"My dear Mrs. Steele: Please forgive—the Marauder."* He wanted to write more. He wanted to write books about how he felt about her. He had a sense of the romantic—perhaps that was what so fired him now. He felt a little shamefaced about it, because he kept thinking of Lizbeth in the terms of fairy tales he had read as a boy. When you grow up you don't usually think that way, but he couldn't help it. He remembered a picture in a child's book: the princess in the tower, with the long golden braids; she let down her braids when her rescuer came along and he climbed up to her window, via the long, golden braids. It was absurd, of course, but the imagery stuck. Lizbeth Faulkner was imprisoned not by a witch or a dragon, but by that

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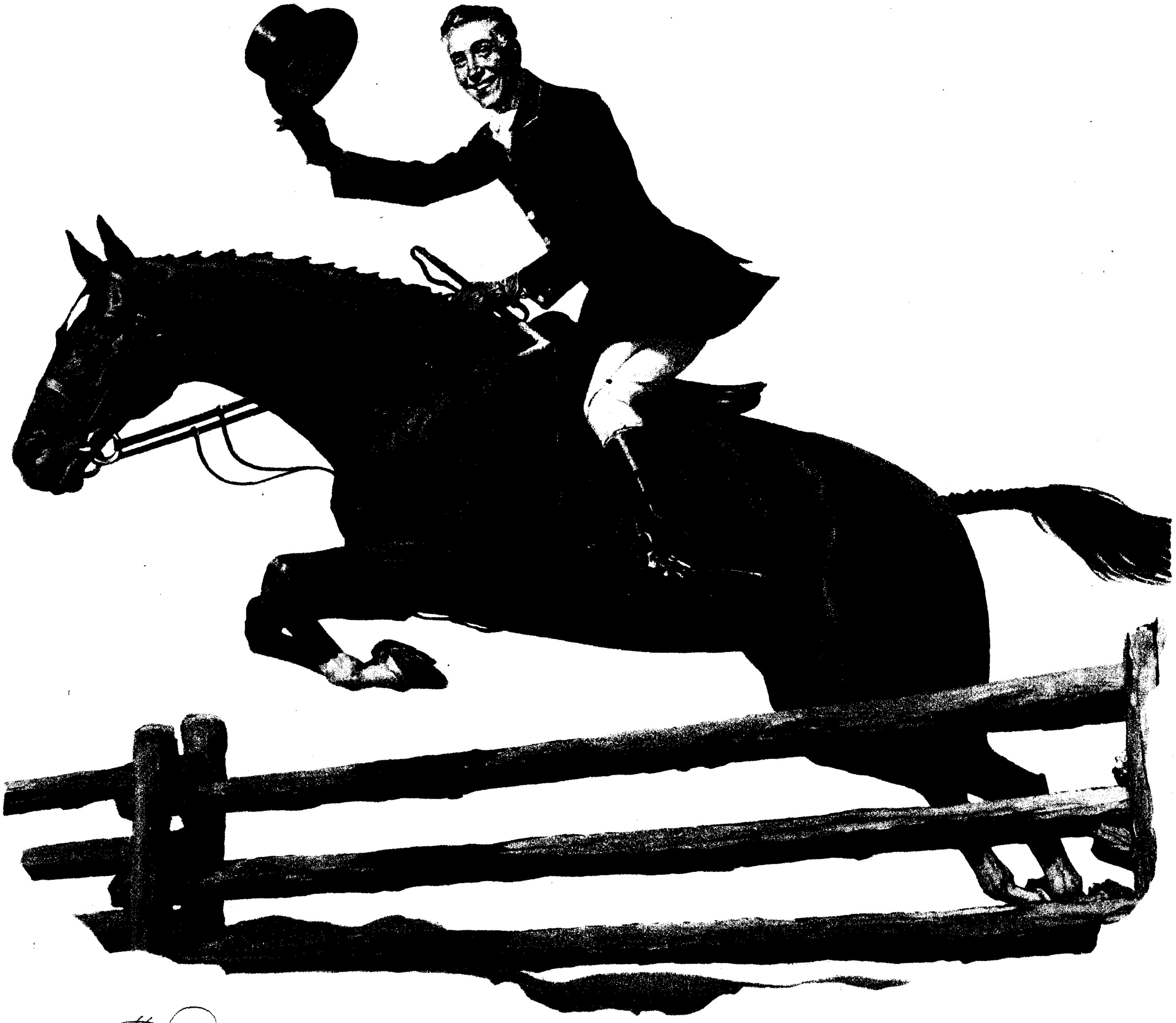

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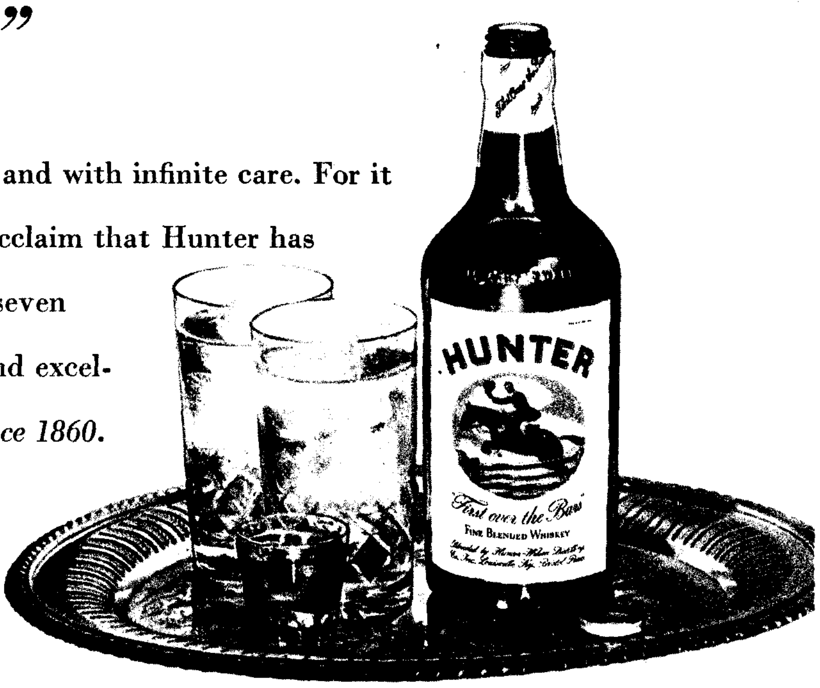

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maniac of a husband, and Ritch Alvin had been destined to deliver her. She might be delusioned that her captor was a knight and a hero, but Ritch knew otherwise. Fred Steele was violent and dangerous. She had probably guessed it, sensed it. That's why she had come to him that morning. She had wanted a divorce; and he, stupid idiot, had told her he didn't bother with them. He'd bother with this one though. Something had made her change her mind, but he'd see to it that he unchanged it. He tried to convince himself that it was only for her sake; but he knew that wasn't the only consideration. There was destiny in the fairy-tale picture that had come to his mind; he was sure of it.

But how was he to get in touch with her? He didn't want to arouse the dragon until the rescue was safe. He hoped the flowers would do it, hoped she'd call and thank him.

He waited twenty-four hours; he was jumpy every time the telephone rang. He had heard of it happening like this to women; he didn't know it happened to men. But it did. His hands were moist and nervous, his blood pressure rose every time he reached out for the phone. As usual it was Marta.

"Marta, I can't talk to you just now—do you mind? I'm busy."

"I just wanted to tell you—I got the part in Steele's picture. Imagine, after all that! Starting date, July first."

"Good, I'm glad for you."

"So we ought to see each other between now and then. After the first I'll have to stick close to it."

"We will."

"Ritch, are you all right? Did you have an X ray? You never know about things like that. If you keel over, tell Doris where to send the body."

"I will, Marta. Really, Marta, I'm busy."

So busy that he took the afternoon off and went down to his boat. If Lizbeth had been going to call she would have called before now. And it was nonsense—this stew he was getting into. He had to think things out. But even the Cybele didn't do much for him. He was cross and impatient and had an argument with Cullie Brandt, his deck hand. Cullie was a 38-year-old veteran who had to work out-of-doors; he was a war casualty without being designated as one. He had spells now and then, brought on mainly by drinking, during which he thought he was in a falling plane. Ritch liked him, and was usually sympathetic with him, although he'd warned the near-by bartenders about him.

This day, Cullie hadn't expected Ritch down, and he was in a stupor in the galley. The place was a mess. Ritch saw at once that Cullie had sold some of the stores, or traded them for liquor. He gave him a check for his month's pay and kicked him off the boat. He didn't like to do it, but he figured Cullie wouldn't go far. He'd come back, bag and baggage, with promises and pleas to Ritch to take him on again. Ritch watched him go ashore, his stooped figure looking dejected under the weight of his bag, his thin hair awry in the breeze.

AFTERWARD Ritch lay about the boat. He was lonely. He had begun to lose faith in his conviction that there was something wrong about Steele. A man half drunk, for instance, easily fights with his wife, hurls plates at intruders. But Steele hadn't been drunk. His eyes, afterward, had coldly, soberly warned Ritch: "Don't ever let me catch you around here again; next time it'll be different."

But why? What could he have against him? On what basis had he and Lizbeth been arguing about Ritch? The puzzle kept revolving in his mind. Had Steele hit his wife? Had she really said she was through? Why wasn't she through then? There was no answer to that. She had certainly seemed to be through one morning just a few weeks ago.

A new thought began to worry and tug at him. Maybe something had happened to her.

The thought nagged at him and at about six he went home. He arrived at the apartment at about seven-thirty. There was a note on the hall table left there by his Chinese cook, Willie. *"Party in den to see you. Looked respectable. I gone out."*

Ritch's blood quickened. At that moment the den door opened—but it was not Lizbeth who stood there. It was the Steele caretaker, Jerry.

He was dressed up, his hair slicked down. "You remember me, Mr. Alvin?"

"Yes, of course."

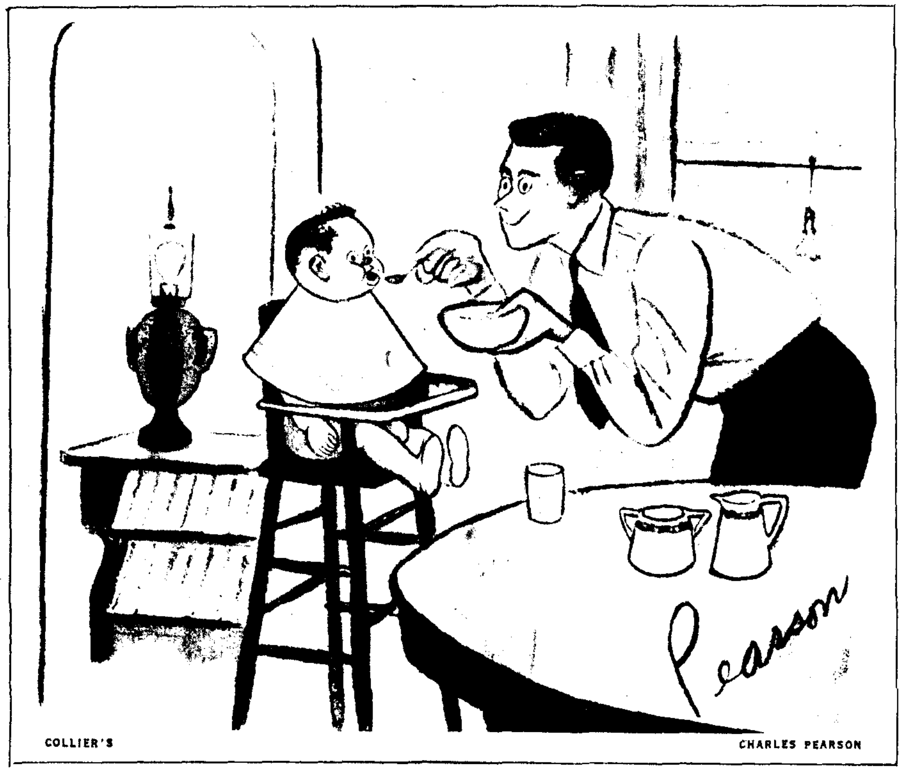
Ritch's hope was that Lizbeth had sent him. "What is it?" he asked curtly.

"Well, I hope you don't think it's funny, my coming to see you—"

Yet Ritch was afraid to ask, to act too anxious, so he waited, following Jerry into the den as the older man backed into it.

"I wouldn't want you to mention that I came here, Mr. Alvin."

Ritch knew now why Marta had called the old fellow nasty. There was some-



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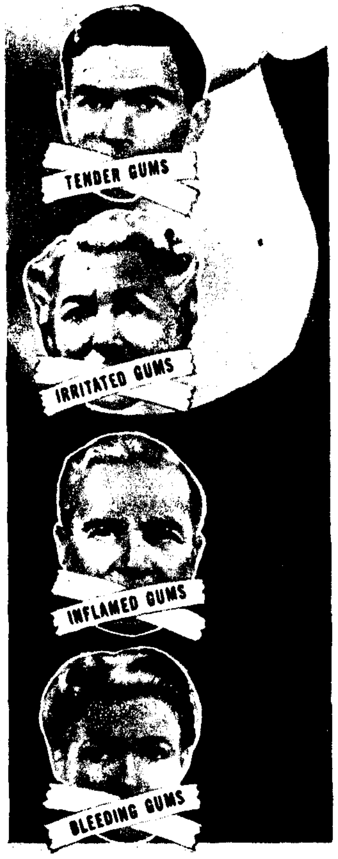
Forhan's Toothpaste—that remarkable formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—is made *especially* for BOTH massaging gums to be firmer—more able to ward off infection—and to keep teeth *naturally* lustrous. Notice how stimulated your gums feel—how your teeth fairly *gleam* with radiant cleanliness. You'll like the tangy, refreshing taste, too! Buy a tube at any drug, dept. or 10¢ store



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FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

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PASTEURIZED

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DELICIOUS CHEESE FOOD

KRAFT
DINNER
7 minutes

Kraft
SALAD
Mustard

SPINACH TIMBALES. Chop fine 3 cups of thoroughly drained cooked spinach. Season with salt and pepper and pack in 6 greased custard cups. For the rich cheese sauce melt ½ lb. of Velveeta in the top of a double boiler. Gradually add ¼ cup of milk stirring constantly until sauce is smooth. Unmold timbales on a round chop plate; pour a generous amount of Velveeta sauce over each; garnish with pimiento rounds. Here's just one of *many* Velveeta tricks!

KRAFT DINNER LOAF is a real "quickie." Using 2 packages of Kraft Dinner, make macaroni-and-cheese as directed on the package. (It takes just *7 minutes* to cook the special Kraft Dinner macaroni; a few seconds to sprinkle in the cheese flavor with Kraft Grated!) Pack the hot *macaroni-and-cheese* into a well-greased loaf pan. Unmold on a platter, garnish with green pepper rings. Surround with sauce made by heating one can of condensed tomato soup, undiluted.

MEAT PATTIES WITH MUSTARD. Split four round bun toast, and spread four halves with Kraft Salad Mustar Arrange all on a round chop plate, alternating the plai and mustard-spread bun halves. Grind ¾ lb. luncheo meat, shape into four patties and brown them on both side in butter or margarine. Place a patty on each of the plai bun halves. Garnish the plate with pickle fans and parsle

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE BY THE MEN AND WOMEN OF KRAFT

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thing nasty about him, subservient, groveling.

"Who sent you?" Ritch asked.

"Nobody. I came of my own accord. Mr. Steele didn't send me, if that's what you mean."

"You're sure?" Ritch was suspicious.

"I just came because—"

"Is Mrs. Steele all right?" Somehow he had to ask.

"All right? Yes, she's all right. It's about that night. I wouldn't want Mr. Steele to know I came here—but I found something, cleaning up the barbecue place the next morning." The old man drew a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket. Ritch recognized it at once; his name was printed on it; it was the note he had written on his memo pad to Lizbeth. Until now he had completely forgotten it.

"Most of the things that fell out of your pocket I put back while we were picking you up. I didn't see this till morning."

"It's just a note; it's not important," Ritch said quickly.

"Maybe not; maybe so. That's what I didn't know. I wasn't even sure who it was to, except Mrs. Jerry says Mrs. Steele's name was Faulkner."

"Why didn't you give it to Mrs. Steele then?"

THE man's expression was impatient, as though Ritch must know why he hadn't given it to Mrs. Steele. "Mr. Alvin, Mr. Steele finds everything in that house—little scraps of paper even. I wouldn't want Mrs. Steele to have any more trouble than she has now. I like Mrs. Steele."

Ritch believed him; he sounded sincere about that anyway.

"And then it's sort of difficult, my going against my arrangement with Mr. Steele." Jerry paused, embarrassed. "You see, he pays me a little extra to sort of keep an eye on her. What time she comes in and out—checking her mileage, how far she's been, things like that."

"That's a nice kind of job," Ritch said sarcastically.

"I know." The old man's eyes avoided Ritch. "I feel that way about it myself sometimes. But I'm getting old for ranch work. I take what I can get. Mrs. Jerry and I have hopes of a little home of our own someday."

"Don't make me cry," Ritch said, though he did feel a little sorry.

"You see, I didn't know; I thought maybe you and Mr. Steele had had a fight that night, words about something."

"No words. I turned up where I wasn't expected. It was dark. It was late: I deserved what I got. Why didn't you just destroy that note, Jerry?" He asked it flatly, hard; he already guessed the answer in the smirk that skipped over the old man's face.

"I thought you'd like to have it, destroy it yourself, Mr. Alvin."

"I see." Ritch took out his billfold, extracted a bill, flung it angrily on a table. "For that little love nest for you and Mrs. Jerry. Now you're getting it from both sides."

The old man moved to the table, placed the note on it, picked up the twenty-dollar bill. He was trembling. "It's a very old and pitiful time when you're sixty." He turned toward the door.

Poor old guy; damn this world, Ritch thought. "Wait a minute," he said.

"It's my day off, but I usually get back about nine. I got a heavy day tomorrow. We're rounding up some heifers." He looked at his watch.

"You've got a few minutes." Ritch wanted to hear more about the Steeles. He felt that he had bought the man, and he was entitled to more. It was a disgusting feeling and new to him—the power which all men feel when they buy.

"Look, I want you to understand one thing, Jerry. I don't know the Steeles. Whether you believe me or not doesn't matter, but I want you to tell me more about them. Let me give you a drink; it'll do you good. Come on, sit down."

"Well, maybe for a minute. I don't know if there's much I can tell."

That was better. The drink relaxed the old man. "I can't tell you anything but what I see," he began. "I admit Mrs. Jerry and I often talk about them. About her mainly; if she's so lonely and unhappy, why does she put up with it?"

"*Is* she lonely and unhappy?" Ritch felt hope quickening. That arm through her husband's so contentedly that night at the gate was a lie then; he was glad.

"Oh, when there are people there I don't suppose you'd notice it. Other times she hasn't anything to do with herself. It's terrible. You'd think the little girl would take up her time, but he hardly lets her get near the child. Not that it's him really who stops her. It's that nurse. But Mr. Steele approves of the nurse and gives her orders. I've heard them fight about it a lot. If Mrs. Steele wants to eat with Carol, the nurse says it upsets the kid. If Mrs. Steele wants to take Carol for a walk, Miss Dearborn says it's too hot or too cold, and then when Mrs. Steele turns her back, Miss Dearborn takes the child out and God knows where they disappear in those hills. It's like they got hiding places—honest. I pity her. I raised a boy myself and I know how it is, and I wouldn't have no hatchet-faced nurse interfering."

"Why doesn't she fire the nurse?"

"He won't let her, I suppose. I don't know why. Mr. Alvin, I really do have to go—and it makes me nervous talking to you. You're sure—"

"You're not going to get into any trouble. Go on."

"Well, as you know, Mrs. Steele's always around when there're people there and she's just as nice and attentive—even to him—but when they're alone it seems she tries to avoid him. Oh, they eat together at night, but my wife and I get the feeling the whole thing is like a stage piece. There's that table all set up and those darky girls waiting on them. Candles, and all the trimmings, and just a couple of actors, only speaking when they feel somebody ought to speak a part or something. And then later, while they're having coffee in the living room, Miss Dearborn brings the kiddy in, and they play for a minute and then the little girl kisses each of them, and goes to bed. And days when Mr. Steele's working, Mrs. Steele doesn't even eat with him at all if she can help it. The girls usually serve lunch in his piano room."

"And Mrs. Steele?"

"SHE takes a picnic basket and rides that Morgan we've got, or just walks. I used to think she gets out of the house on account of his banging that piano, hour after hour, sometimes the same notes over and over. But it's more than that. Once I was coming through the upper pasture. She was sitting with her back up against the fence eating her lunch, and about half a dozen cows were standing around looking at her, and chewing too. She was talking to them like they were other ladies, and this was a tea party—about what they were wearing and all. It was comical if it wasn't so pathetic, because then suddenly she was lying flat on the ground crying. A girl like that eating with cows for her only company." The old man shook his head.

"What do you think it is, Jerry?"

"Jealous of her, I suppose. Trying to keep her to himself; that's all I can think of."

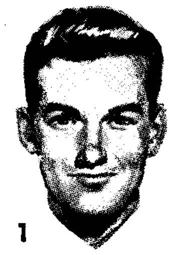
"Has it always been like this?"

"I'm not sure. They moved out to the ranch about two years ago. They're from the East, you know. I didn't notice it anyway till about six months ago, after the preview of that first big hit movie of

can you put

the right shirt

on the right man?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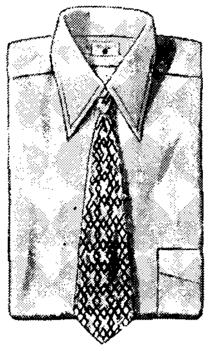
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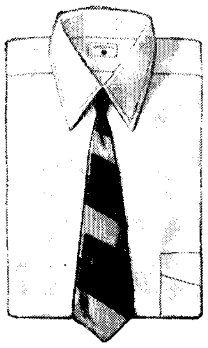
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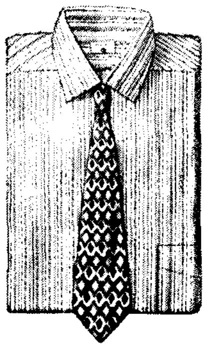
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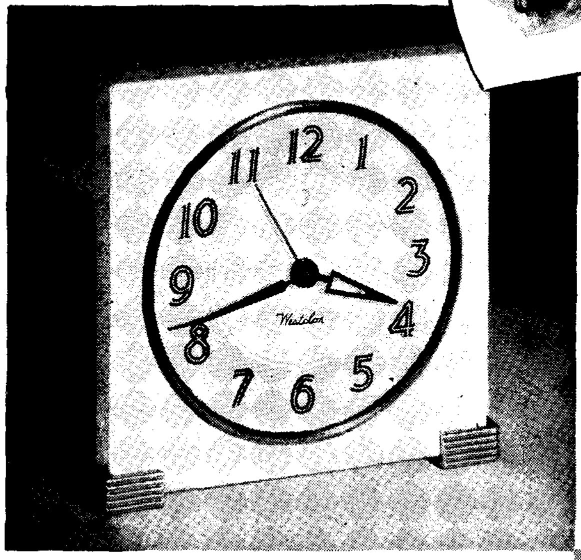

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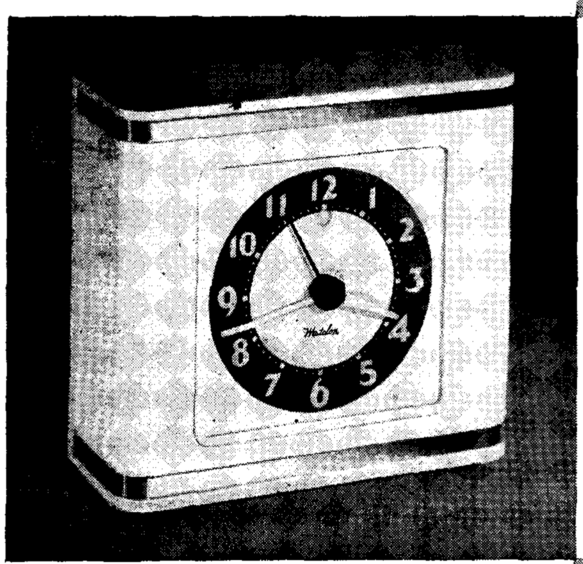
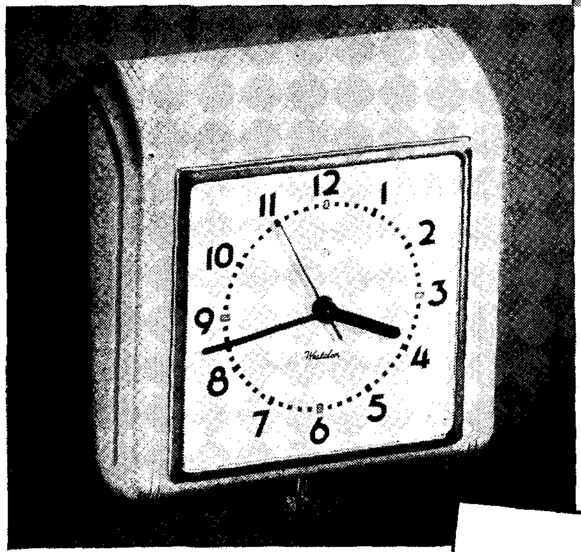


BACHELOR is a debonair fellow—a handsome self-starting electric alarm. So smart you'll probably use him on the mantel as a time clock. Ivory finish. Luminous dial.



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his. The next day I noticed she'd been crying—and it was then he asked me to keep an eye on her. Maybe she told him she was going to walk out on him, is the only way I figure it."

"Do you think he has any reason to be jealous of her? Is there anyone who comes out there?"

"No, sir—and you can see for yourself the kind of people he invites. He never has any good-looking young men there. They're all his friends, people he does business with—except when you popped up."

"Is there anyone that she goes to meet anywhere?"

"Not that Mr. Steele or I have been able to find out." It was a slip. The old man quickly looked away, got up. "I mean sometimes he gets me to phone the beauty parlor or places like that to see if she's there, or been there. He checks on the time pretty closely. Not so much lately however, because she doesn't go out so much." He watched Ritch anxiously. "Don't think too badly of me—please."

"I don't think badly of you," Ritch said. He meant it. "I'm prying as much as you are." He felt suddenly sad. "I just thought you should be warned, Mr. Alvin, that's all."

"Yes, and I do thank you."

They walked to the door together. "Just so you won't write any more notes or things like that."

"But I intend to."

The old fellow whitened around the eyes. "Mr. Alvin, you promised—anyway you can't write her. Mr. Steele's got the key to the mailbox; he goes down for it every day."

"How about the phones?"

"There's only one up at the house, in the kitchen. Mr. Steele has me phone from Northfield. He wouldn't want me to phone from the kitchen for fear the girls might hear."

"Do the girls live in the house?"

"No— They sleep in a cottage up back."

"Then, Jerry, I'm afraid you've got to take a message for me."

"I won't have anything more to do with it. I feel ashamed for the money I took now."

"Jerry, I'm afraid there's no other way. You wouldn't want something to happen to Mrs. Steele?"

"Nothing's going to happen if you keep out of this."

"What you don't know, Jerry, is that Mr. Steele would have been quite pleased if I'd been killed the other night."

"I don't believe that."

"You don't have to. But I've done some figuring too. I think he intended to drop me in the pool. The bump on my head would have been very easily explained." It was only guesswork, but as he said it, it sounded pretty right. "Then you came along, or Mrs. Steele stopped him; something did." Ritch knew he was scaring the old man and that was what he wanted. "So you see I've been doing a lot of thinking about it, Jerry; I've been considering going to the police. That'd mean questioning; I'd have to say you came to see me."

"What do you want me to do?" the old man asked hollowly.

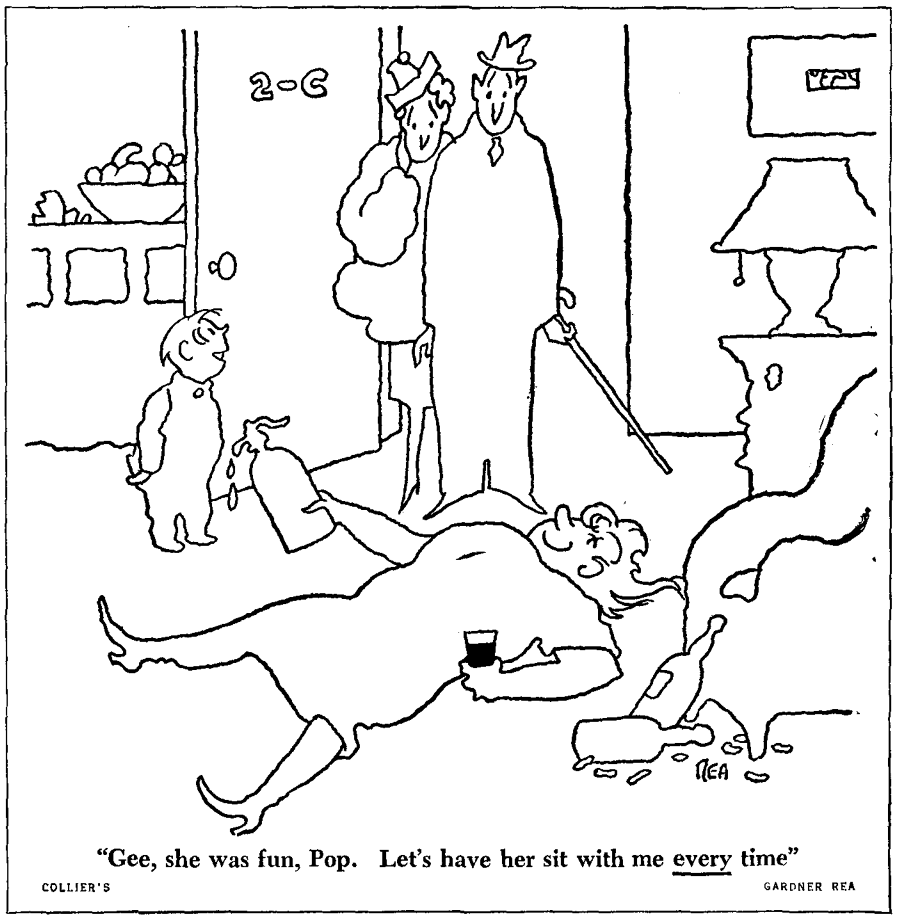
"When you get a chance, I want you to tell Mrs. Steele what I've just said—that I'm considering going to the police, and that I want to see her."

The old man nodded wordlessly and left. Ritch thought about it a long time. He was quite certain that the scare would work with Lizbeth too.

THE next day Ritch planned to wait in the office all day if necessary for her call. He canceled a deposition which had been on his books for weeks, and which had already been postponed twice by the defendant. Jim Parker, his partner, knowing how anxious Ritch had been for the appointment, couldn't understand it.

"It's just my turn to postpone," Ritch shrugged. "I'll set it up for next week. I'll take care of it." His tone was impatient.

Jim Parker was older than Ritch; he was married, had children. He handled contracts, wills, estates, their steady retaining-fee business. Six years before, he had doubted his good sense when he had formed a partnership with an upstart bachelor from New York. But at the end of the first year Jim Parker knew that he had made the best move of his life. Ritch Alvin was not only a smart lawyer, he was a smart fellow. He took care of himself. He drank, but never had any trouble with it. He was social, but only to advantage. And in some miraculous way not even his love affairs



"Gee, she was fun, Pop. Let's have her sit with me every time"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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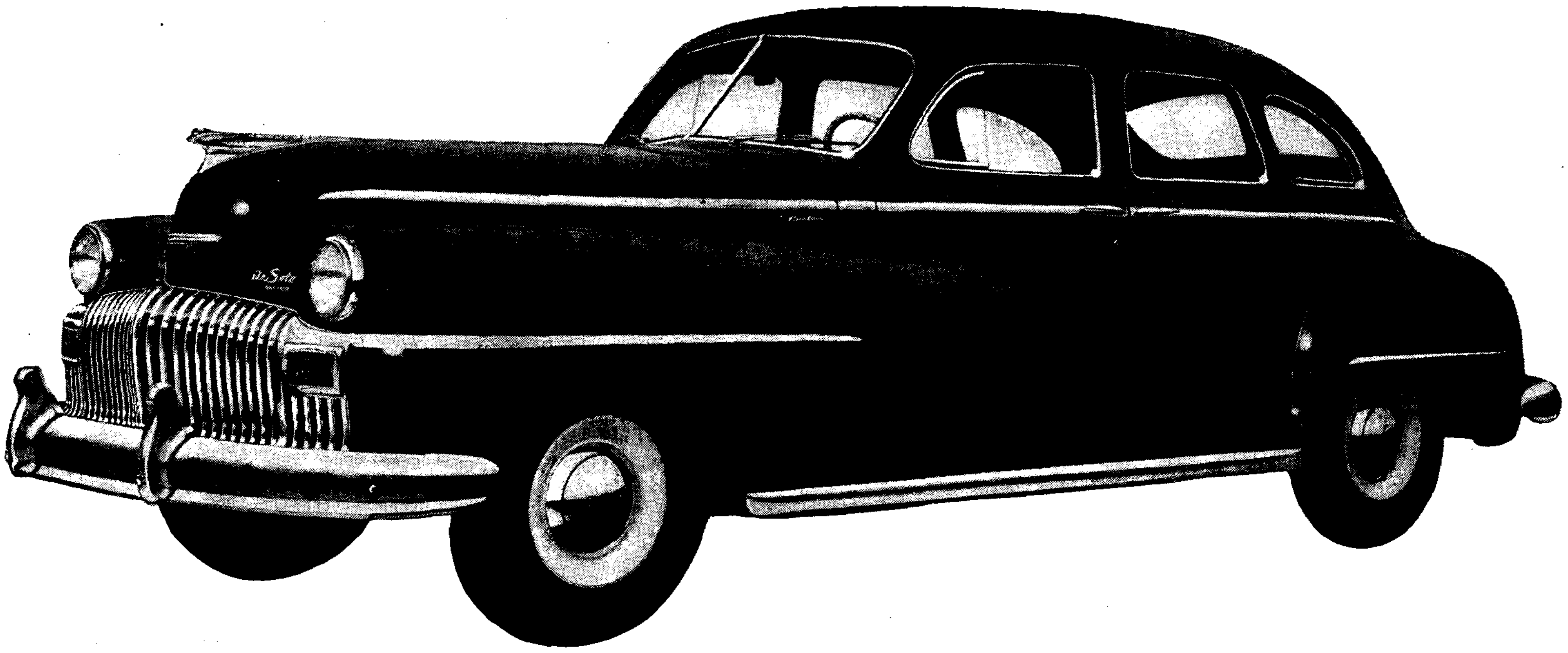

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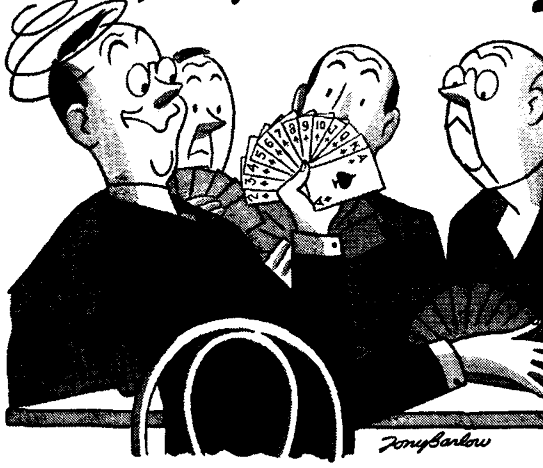

FROM "YOU BET YOUR LIFE" by LEO GUILD
Courtesy Marcel Rodd, Inc., Publishers

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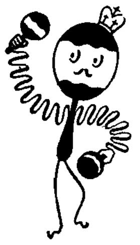

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MARACA
RUM
WHITE LABEL
PUERTO RICAN RUM
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Puerto Rican Rum
White Label—Gold Label
86 proof

disturbed the steady upswing of their business. A young woman in Pasadena had lasted for a while, but then she married, and Ritch was an usher at the wedding, so Jim doubted that there had been anything very intimate about that. After Ritch had played usher and best man at three such functions, Jim stopped worrying about him.

Five years had passed since then. Ritch had been in the Navy two of those years. He had come back exactly as he had gone away: steady, dependable, assured—brilliant in court.

Most of the last year he had been seeing Marta Thorne. Ritch didn't seem to be particularly in love with her—Ritch put so much emotion into his work that there seemed to be little left over for love, but somehow this thing with Marta looked like a marriage. That would suit Jim fine. Ritch would continue distinguishing himself as a lawyer; his married life would be orderly, ideal. Ritch and Marta would raise some fine orderly children. Jim saw a glowing future for Alvin and Parker, not only as partners, but as associated families. Ritch would build himself a home out Bel-Air way, where the Parkers had theirs. Once or twice a month the partners and their wives would have dinner together. Eloise, Jim's wife, and Marta Thorne Alvin would get along, even though Marta was an actress; Jim and Eloise didn't think much of actresses as a rule, but Marta was better bred and mannered than most. Jim didn't think much of Ritch's big movie clientele either. Oh, it had served its purpose, but there was more in southern California than movies. All that big New York money coming out. Fifth Avenue stores were mushrooming all over the place. They would need protection, and Alvin and Parker were the people to do it.

But now suddenly something was happening to Ritch. He was postponing important appointments. For several days now Jim had been aware that his young partner wasn't himself. He seemed cross, troubled. And, during the last couple of weeks, he had skipped out more often than usual to his boat. Jim had always tried not to resent the boat. He had figured that it was a safety valve in Ritch's work. But lately Ritch had come back from an afternoon on the Cybele looking impatient and tired. Jim, just that morning, had asked Doris about it: "Doesn't Ritch feel well? I'm worried about him."

"I hadn't noticed particularly," Doris answered.

Perhaps Jim had been imagining things. That's why he looked at Ritch so intently now. But no, definitely there were hollows under Ritch's eyes, and he looked thinner. Jim decided to be blunt about it. "Anything troubling you, Ritch?"

"Not at all."

Doris' voice, from the outer office, announced on the interoffice speaker, "There's a Mr. Jerry on two."

Ritch started to pick up the phone, hesitated, his hand on the receiver: "Would you mind, Jim?"

Jim started for the door. That was the first time Ritch had ever asked him to step out during a phone call.

"Oh and, Jim, ask Doris to drop down and get me some cigarettes." It'd take her five minutes, keep her from listening in.

AFTER the door had closed, Ritch picked up the phone. "Hello, Jerry?" He tried to keep the eagerness out of his voice.

"Mr. Alvin, I'm calling from Northfield. Mrs. Steele says she'll see you, but she doesn't want to come to your office."

"When can she get away?" He kept his voice low.

"This afternoon. Mr. Steele's gone to the studio."

"Tell her to come to Newport Beach and ask for my boat. Just tell her Burl's Landing, Highway 101, and ask for Ritch Alvin's boat. Or I'll wait for her on the landing, that's better. Got the name of the landing?"

"Burl's."

Ritch glanced at his gold desk clock: it was half past eleven now. "I'll be there from one on. Tell her—"

With annoyance Ritch saw Doris come in, opening a package of cigarettes. "You owe me for these; they're mine," she said. She opened the cigarette box; it was half full. "Goof!" she smiled at Ritch.

Jerry was wondering at the pause. "Mr. Alvin? Is that all, Mr. Alvin?"

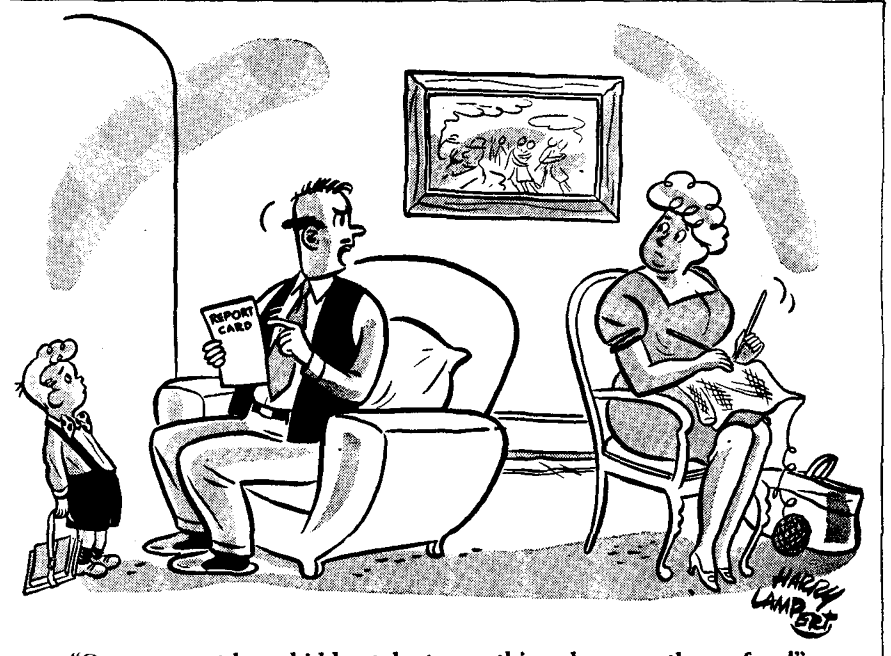
Doris began looking around for the fluid to fill Ritch's desk lighter.

"That's all," Ritch said as matter-of-factly as he could. "Thanks for calling," and he hung up.

It hadn't been all at all.

"You *are* off beat this morning," Doris observed affectionately.

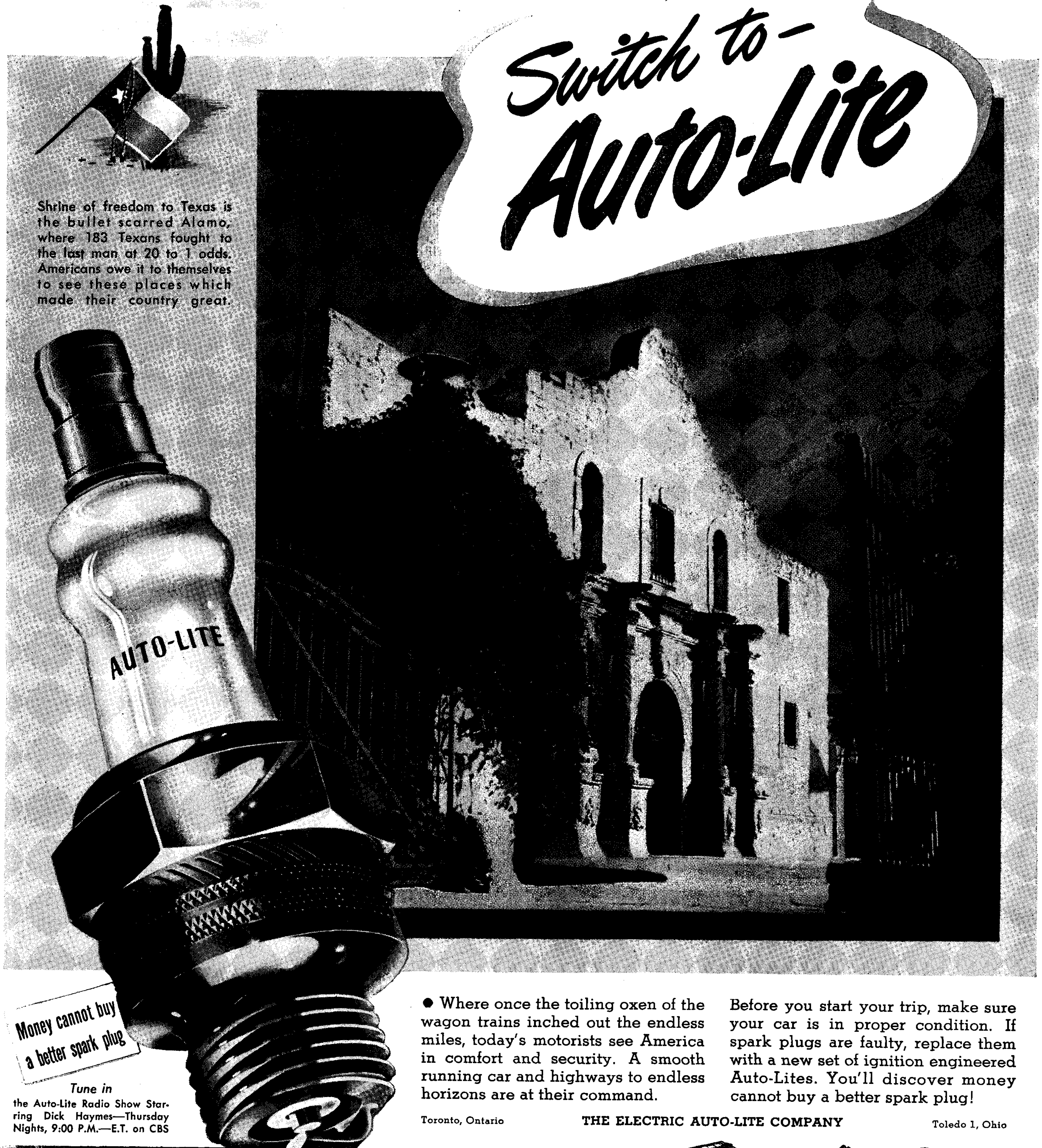
Ritch had just realized, as he was talking to Jerry, that the Cybele was the worst place in the world to meet Lizbeth Steele. That Sunday at the Steeles', as usual, he had talked quite a bit about his boat and the bay. In case Steele found out that his wife had gone to Newport Beach, he'd be sure to put things together. But why should Steele find out? And why should I feel guilty? he won-



"Our son must have hidden talents—nothing shows on the surface!"

COLLIER'S HARRY LAMPERT

ALONG THE PIONEER TRAIL . . .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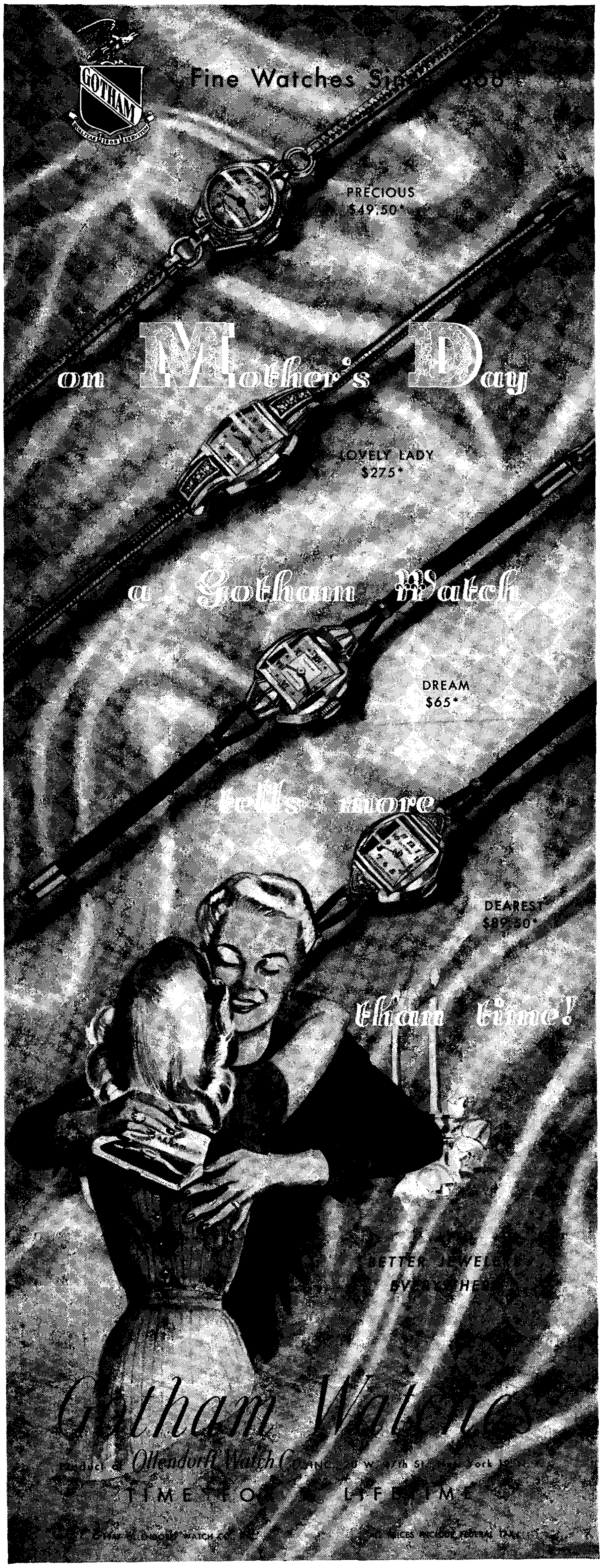

dered. I'm not doing anything wrong; I'm only trying to help someone.

He saw Doris watching him quizzically. "What are you gaping at, sweetheart?"

"You. You're so nervous this morning."

"You annoy me." Ritch lighted a cigarette and swung around in his swivel chair, his back to her.

Doris went out, slamming the door.

RITCH hung about the landing until a little after two-thirty. Maybe Lizbeth had decided that it would be unwise to come. They'd have to make it another day, someplace safer. Damn it, I won't! Ritch determined fiercely. If she doesn't come now, right this minute, I'll give up the whole thing, forget about her. . . .

The next instant he was telling Burl, "I'm going out to the boat. If somebody asks for me, will you bring her out?"

"Sure. Say, what happened to Cullie? Haven't seen him around. Drinking again?"

Ritch nodded. To hell with Cullie. He got his oars from the oar rack, untied the Cybele's dinghy.

"I heard he was hanging around the Orion—they're pulling out tomorrow for Acapulco. Don't suppose he signed on, do you?"

"He'll be back."

"They were looking for deck hands."

"To hell with Cullie." This time Ritch said it aloud and pushed off.

"Better get somebody to look after that tub of yours in the meantime," Burl called after him. "You've got some nice brass on her you wouldn't want to get lifted off."

"I'll get somebody." Ritch had other things on his mind. He rowed steadily.

Once aboard, he decided to keep busy. He unbattened the hatches, placed the blue canvas pads around. It was a nice day. The Cybele smelled sweet and clean. He went below and straightened up the mess Cullie had made of the galley. He made a list of stores he needed. He looked around to see what Cullie had lifted. Cullie'd just gone off with that big duffel bag, which could hide a multitude of sins. A small ship's clock was missing, and the gun Ritch kept for sharks. Sure, things Cullie could hock, damn him. He found some of Cullie's whisky and had a drink.

Ten . . . fifteen minutes . . . through the porthole he saw Burl's rowboat pulling alongside. Burl and a slim, white-clad figure. Ritch waited a minute, to let her get aboard. He had to compose himself.

"Mr. Alvin—your company!" Burl called.

"Be right up."

"Will you want me to take her back?"

"I don't know; I'll signal you if I do."

"Okay."

He heard the slop of oars as Burl rowed off. Then he went up. He wondered how she'd look. Would she be herself today? But then, which was herself? L. Faulkner of the troubled eyes, or the cool, casual Mrs. Steele? He wanted L. Faulkner. He wanted to be necessary to her again.

It was the cool, casual Mrs. Steele who greeted him. "Hello," she said.

"I didn't think you'd come."

But it didn't matter who she was. In the strong sunlight against the blue water she was more startlingly beautiful than he had believed possible. She was all in white, with the same red handbag slung from her shoulder—the only jaunty thing about her. Her hair was still worn loose but was carefully brushed, and hung severely down to her shoulders. It gave her more dignity. He remembered the full skirt and the slightly hoydenish look about her that first morning. Now she was crisp, refined, impersonal.

"Did you have trouble finding it?"

"Not at all. Do we have to talk here?" she asked.

"I thought of that too late. I suppose it wasn't very wise."

Damn—how long did they have to stand there like two people meeting for the first time in some office? He suddenly realized that that was the way she wanted it. They were starting over, as though it were again that first morning, but this time Ritch had kept the appointment.

"Are you really going to the police?" she asked.

"Does it worry you so much then?"

"It wouldn't help matters." She held his eyes for an instant, looking straight into them, then she glanced toward the dock, squinting in the sunlight. "Have you any glasses? Binoculars? My eyes aren't the best in the world."

Ritch reached under the seat near the tiller and handed her his field glasses. She looked through them at the landing. "I don't know whether he follows me; it's just a feeling I have."

"If he saw the station wagon there—" Ritch was thinking what a giveaway it would be.

"I didn't know where else to put it. Is that your car?"

"To the left of it."

She returned the glasses. "Thanks. I'd just as soon sit where we can keep an eye on it. If we see him, I *could* swim to some other boat." There was wryness in her voice when there should have been humor. Ritch felt sorry for her, because there had been humor in her face once; there were still faint signs of it.

"Don't worry about me in this."

"I'm not. I didn't really mean that. He's on stage eleven, bossing a hundred musicians right now. He's feeling fine, I imagine; very important. We're safe. I'll talk fast though."

She had stepped down into the circular seat, near the tiller. She looked up at him, waiting. Ritch sat down across from her. She fished in her handbag for a cigarette. Ritch noticed that she was not so controlled as she looked. Her hand was shaking. And he had thought for these first few moments that she wasn't human! Perhaps he hadn't given her a chance to be, he realized. He wasn't helping her any; too tense, both of them. Where were his lawyer manners? Once a new client had confided, "I didn't know you from Adam when I came into your office. Ten minutes later I was telling you my problems as though you were my grandmother."

"I'm sorry we don't have any deck chairs," he began. "We don't have much space for things like that. The Cybele is built for speed. The fellow who had her before I bought her came in second in the Honolulu race." He waited.

"Yes, she's very lovely." Lizbeth spoke with a start, realizing that she should say something.

Ritch couldn't go on with it. "I know you're not interested," he apologized, "but I'm trying to let you get your bearings."

IT WAS the first real warmth between them. Her eyes softened. "You're very nice; it bears out everything I've heard about you. All I can do is tell you what I came to see you about that morning. Then you can decide whether you want to help or not. It's rather an unusual case. I'll understand, if you don't."

"I told you I don't handle divorce cases. I don't usually, but—"

"But this isn't a divorce case."

A few minutes later Ritch realized that this statement was the turning point in her behavior. As if it had set off the alarm in her system. As Ritch stared, she became a different woman. Ritch wasn't conscious at first of what she was saying—he was struggling with his own shock and surprise over her statement, and watching her, fascinated. He vaguely heard her saying, "That would be very simple—" He also heard her say, "Nothing to do with Fred at all. From what

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It was not the words which tipped him off, but the jerky way she talked, the unnatural breathing, her hand shaking, her voice moving steadily up the scale. He recognized the kind of hysteria, starting low, rolling up and up, which he had seen so often on the witness stand when a witness was covering up some deep-seated terror. In a moment she'd be in tears. You wanted them like that on the witness stand, if they were not your witnesses, but he didn't want it now. Ritch put out his hand, touched her arm gently; if you startle them too much, the tears come anyway. But she didn't notice. Her voice got higher, louder. Ritch knew how voices carry over water. On the Cameron, near by, two girls were looking over toward the Cybele. Ritch increased his pressure; he dug into Lizbeth's arm.

She broke off, looked down. "You're hurting me!" But she glanced toward the girls.

"Better come below. You're talking too loud."

There was no resistance. "Whatever you say."

He helped her down into the cabin. She had gone completely limp. She sat at the dining table, and Ritch went to the galley and got her a glass of water.

"Why do you bother with me?" she asked dully.

"That's my business."

"It *is* just a business deal—strictly business, isn't it?"

The question annoyed him. "Don't sound like a virgin ingenue." He closed the portholes and sat down opposite her.

"You don't understand what I meant. I suppose you do get interested in people, or you wouldn't take their cases. But any special interest in me—what I'm trying to say is—there can't even be any friendship like there is usually between lawyers and the people they help. You'll draw up the papers; I'll sign them. That'll be all. I wish we could do it now, so I wouldn't have to see you again."

His annoyance increased; he had thought about her for weeks to hear her say now, "I don't want to see you again. . . ."

"What kind of papers?" he asked.

"Give me a minute, please. It's just that I've never talked about any of this before; I can't go around telling it to one lawyer after another either."

"I'll help you. Don't worry about that." He would, he knew—no matter what. "If it'll help you to start," he said, "is your husband insane—is that it?"

"No. I knew you'd ask that. If I could get him locked up, I would have done that. But he's too keen mentally. This is something else."

"Do you know that jealousy *is* sometimes a form of insanity?—especially if a man has no reason to be jealous?"

"But Fred does have a reason to be jealous." Her deep brown eyes did not flinch or look embarrassed.

ONLY Ritch felt embarrassed; he was sick inside. Damn, what was he mixing up in this for? A woman and her lover and a jealous husband. Naturally there was trouble. "Street-corner trouble," Ritch often called it. It was as common as street corners, found on every block in the world.

She seemed to read his thoughts. "But not what you think," she corrected him. "I've behaved myself. There's never been anybody since I got married but there was before. I have a little girl, Carol. She's not Fred's child."

"Oh—I'm sorry. . . ." It was a stupid thing to say, but in his great relief, they were the words which came out.

"I'm not." For the first time emotion showed on her face. It flickered there only faintly but it thrilled Ritch, because it was a warm emotion, tender and deep. "It's the only thing I *am* thankful for. Carol's father was a very wonderful boy. I think of him as a boy; I think of myself as a girl then, though we were both in our early twenties, old enough to know better, I suppose. We excused ourselves because we were engaged to be married—then he was killed." She paused. "Anyway, he had all the qualities you like to see carried on in a child. So I'm not sorry about Carol."

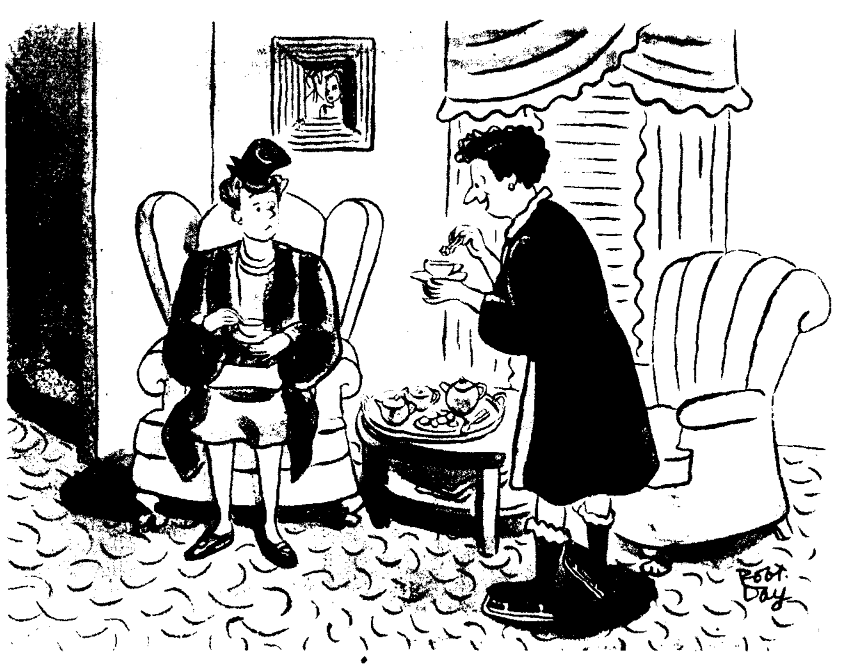
"You don't have to apologize."

She looked at him a long instant, seemed about to say something warm and grateful, but decided against it.

"Fred knew I was going to have Carol. He married me anyway. He forgave me. I only found out later that he hadn't forgiven me, had never forgotten it. And he never will. That's why he treats me the way he does. He thinks it's something chronic in me. Anyway, the point is, I feel I'm going to die soon. I want to arrange to have Carol adopted."

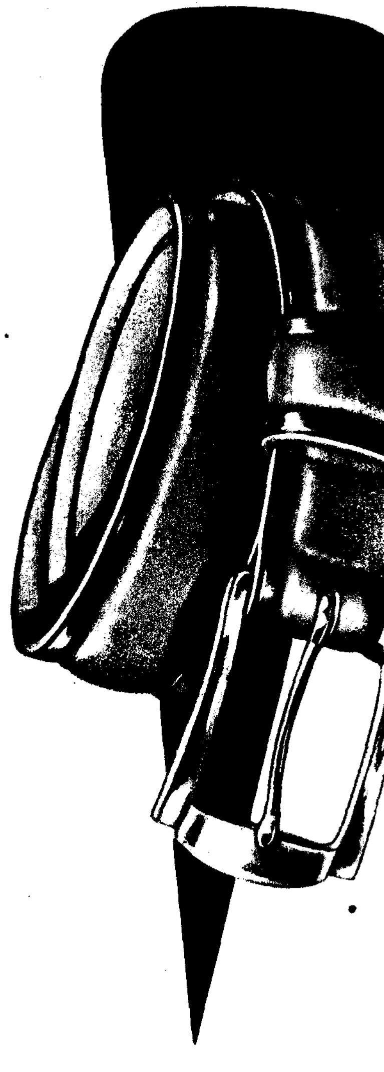
She drew a bulky envelope from her handbag and laid it on the table.

(To be continued next week)



"They're the most comfortable pair of shoes I ever owned"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY



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The Mexican market is a city of itself. Here everyone comes to haggle and bargain and maybe to buy. Insults and compliments fly and everyone has a good time

CUISINE BY CANDIDA

BY RUTH MOORE MORRISS

Candida was proud of being pure Mexican, but her recipes were international. And always with that little variation that's pure Candida

HER name was Candida. We called her the Candid Cocktail, because she was always taking some combination in cooking—or in life—shaking up the accepted with complete candor, and adding something new. The result never failed to be stimulating.

She was our cook in Mexico City. She came with the apartment on a three-month lease. The canny widow who owned the flat had leased it on these short terms before. As a result Candida had cooked for an Englishman, who had to have Yorkshire pudding with his roast beef; a chic Frenchwoman, whose cuisine must have been incomparable; a member of the Swiss Consulate. There had been other tenants, German, Italian refugees, a Rumanian baron who liked paprika. Candida had learned from them all.

She herself was *pura Mexicana,* as she explained as she went around dusting, and singing the popular tune, Yo Soy Puro Mexicano. She had the lustrous black braids, the large black eyes of one of the sixty-five, or more, Indian tribes who still live in Mexico.

Her theory about seasoning was that it was international and could be translated into any kitchen with national touches of one's own. Out of her experience she had evolved a system that was pure Candida and could be found nowhere else. Never again, I am sure, shall I smell (or taste) anything as delicious as her chicken with apricot stuffing, roasting in the oven while she basted it with sherry, nor taste anything like her leek stew.

The tops and roots were pared off a large bunch of leeks. Then Candida took three bunches of baby carrots, halved the carrots lengthwise and browned them in butter or cooking oil. At the same time she browned a pound of lean beef, which had been cut into two-inch squares. Then she took the kitchen scissors and snipped a great bunch of parsley until it was feather thin—the largest bunch she could find in the market place. All this was put into a huge covered kettle filled about two thirds with salted water, and left to simmer until the meat was almost tender. Then six medium-sized potatoes, quartered, were added, one bay leaf, peppercorns, or ground black pepper. This is a leek stew, not white, as the French peasant stew is, but brown and succulent.

Candida, like most of her countrymen, was partial to the onion family, sweet Bermuda onions, purple-skinned ones, plain onions, leeks, chives. She served them in some surprising, and always exciting fashion. When she made creamed eggs for Sunday-night supper, she would hard-boil them, slice them from end to end, so the oblong of yellow yolk showed, place them carefully on a hot platter. She would blanket them with a piping-hot white sauce into which a handful of fine-chopped green chives had been added.

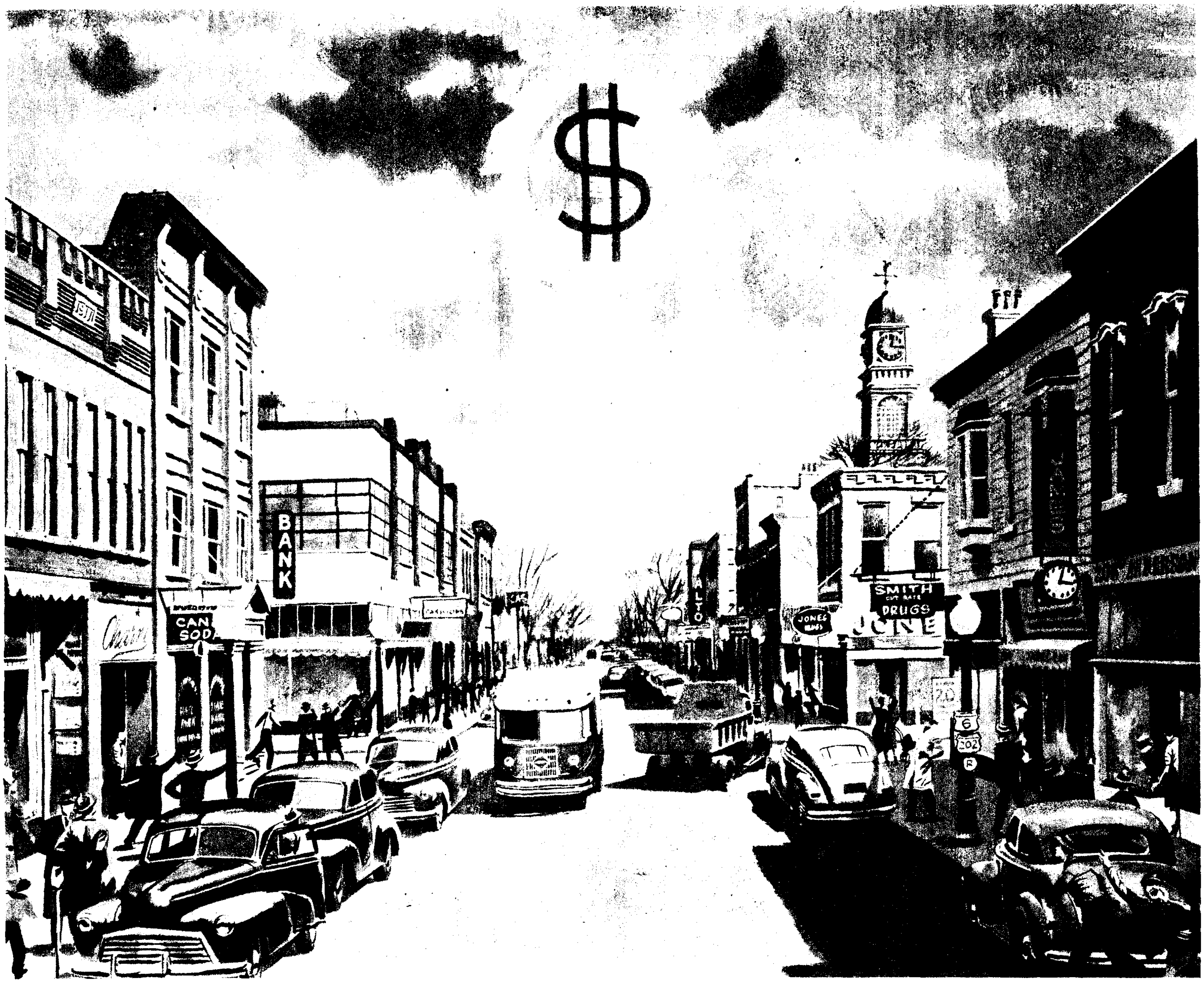
Candida's way of making white, or cream sauce, was her own. She poured a cup of cold milk, slowly, over four tablespoons of flour, stirring until the mixture was smooth. This she let thicken in a double boiler. If it got too thick she added more milk, then salt, ground black pepper, and a lump of butter.

As an appetizer, she usually served *guacamole* (avocado, mashed), seasoned with salt, pepper, finely chopped green pepper to give it piquancy, a bit of grated onion or onion juice, the juice of half a lemon—and, of course, olive oil was beaten in for taste and consistency, about one tablespoon to each avocado. Candida did not insult our taste by adding tomato, which is one of the usual ways of making this recipe.

Sometimes she varied the *guacamole* by mashing into it an equal part of thick cream cheese (Philadelphia type), and stuffing

(Continued on page 84)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF



Mirage on Main Street

● A recent survey of public opinion indicated that lots of folks have been "seeing" a mirage of railroad profits that weren't there.

Most people thought that 10% would be a fair profit for railroads—nine out of ten were of the opinion that 6% *or more* would be fair. But the fact is that the railroads don't come out anywhere near that well.

In the years since 1938—four of them war years of tremendous traffic—the railroads earned an average of only 4% per year on their net investment in tracks, cars, engines, shops, stations and all the things it takes to produce the rail service which the nation needs.

In 1946—with wages and prices of material and fuel up more than 50% above prewar levels—railroads still hauled freight at prewar rates. Even with a slight increase in rates during the latter half of the year, their earnings on net investment dropped to an average of only 2¾%. Some railroads earned more, but others showed no profit at all—were, indeed, in the red for the year of the heaviest peacetime traffic in history.

At the end of 1946, the Interstate Commerce Commission authorized higher freight rates to become effective in 1947. These increases will help the railroads to meet their rising costs, and will give them a better chance to improve their equipment, roadways, and other facilities—improvements necessary for continually better service to the public.

But even with these increases, in 1947 railroads as a whole will probably average little more than 3% on their investments—just about half the 6% which is as little as anyone would consider a fair profit.

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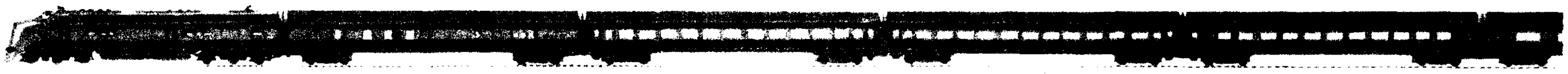

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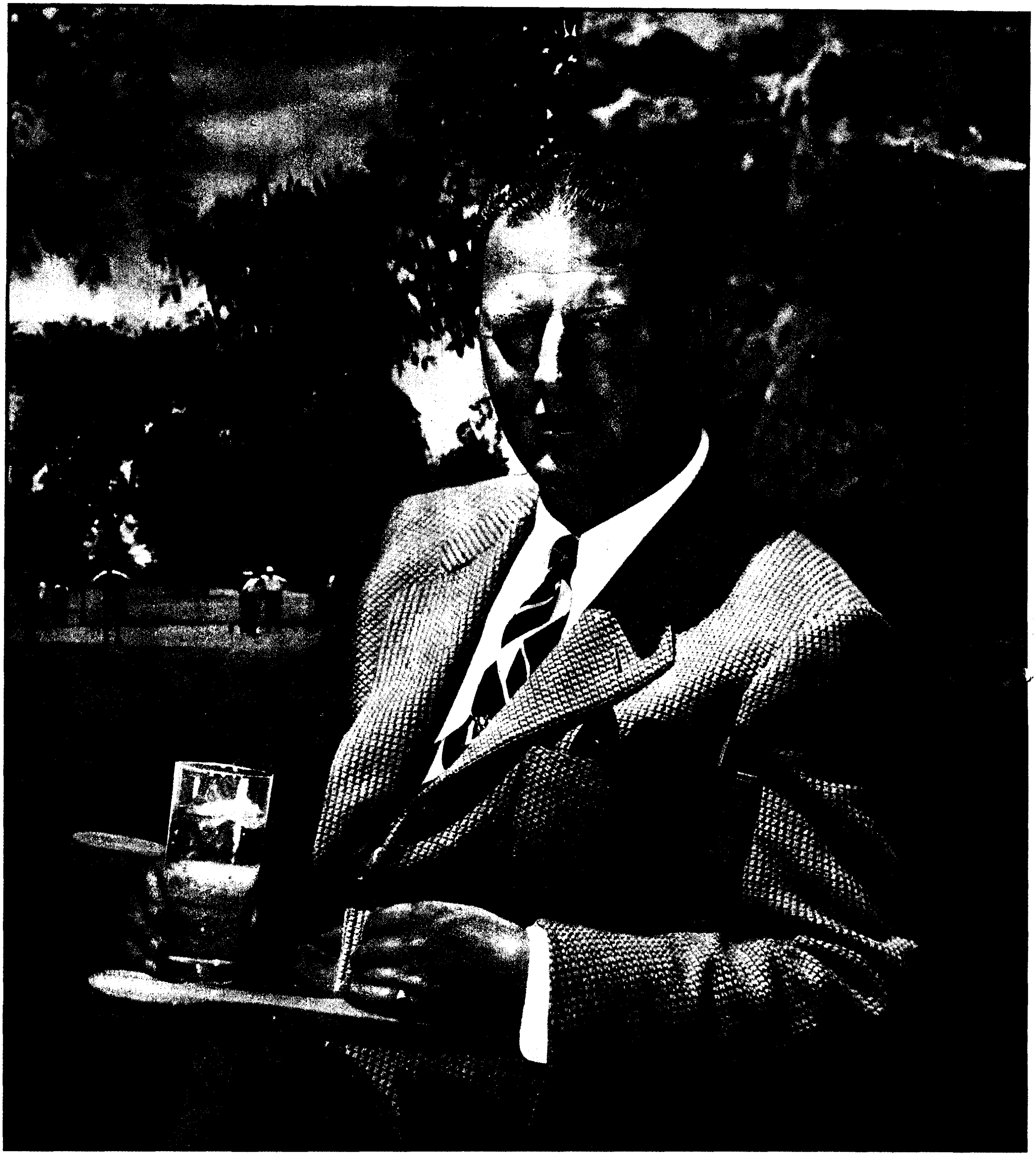

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WRITE TO ME OF THE BLACK GLASS MOUNTAINS

Continued from page 19

sleepy mountains, three in a row like some sort of enormous animals bedded down. If the light's just right, sometimes you can see them shine. If you take a stone from those mountains and cut into it, it shows up shiny black inside, so bright you think you should be able to see right through it, like glass. It's satin smooth and when you see it, you just have to touch it.

"The mountains aren't glass, really, but a stone they call obsidian. That's what your hair is like, Nita. Obsidian. Sometime," Charlie had said, "I'll show you the Glass Mountains."

Braiding her hair, Anita remembered and looked at the empty room and wished nevertheless that it might have been blond hair. She put on her shoes with the very high heels.

Pushing aside the hanging bamboo curtain which served as a door, she stepped into the living room, and from its coolness into the bright kitchen. As she did so, her father's soft voice called from the hallway to her younger brother.

"Time to get up, son. Time for school." Presently, he came into the kitchen, shuffling his feet in grass slippers, smiling. A thin, soft-looking man, perhaps, but underneath hard and unbreakable, this Louis Yuan, this Attorney Yuan.

How was it that time at the beach before the war? Oh, yes. The tourist was polite, except in being curious. He looked at the toddling boy and the half-grown girl, called his wife's attention and finally came over to them, treading unsurely on the soft sand. "I know I shouldn't ask," he had said, "but would you mind telling me the race of these beautiful children?"

"We are of the Pacific," Louis Yuan had said, after a moment. Perhaps it was because of the loss of his wife, so recent, or perhaps he felt the youngsters were still too young to know what they would have to know soon enough. "We are of the Pacific."

Then, because he was Louis, he had said, "Thank you for the compliment to the children. Your question is difficult to answer. My own father was from Canton; my mother, Okinawa. The children's late mother came of a laughing people—who can say? Some Hawaiian, perhaps some from Spain, even Scotland. But all of the Pacific now."

NOW in the bright early sun, he smiled and said, "Good morning, daughter," and it was like a caress.

Not long ago, he often teased. The same smile, but more teasing. "Good morning, Mrs. Jackson," he would say.

He never called her Mrs. Jackson now.

She set a bowl of cereal in front of her father and poured his coffee as her brother, wordless and still tousled, joined them at the breakfast table. It was a long time ago that Louis Yuan had said to his wife, "If we would be like them, we must dress like them, think like them, even eat like them. Especially the children. Coffee, cereal, eggs fried in butter. You and I, when we cannot stand any more, will have a little rice, perhaps some poi, just ourselves." A long time ago. Now Anita's mother was a wide smile, never forgotten, warm to remember.

At the door, Anita was stopped by her father's questioning glance toward the clock, a look which said it was not yet time to go to the store. "I will just go by the post office. Maybe . . ."

Myna birds strutted stiff-legged in the street, like sailors coming in from a fight, feeling good, feeling ready. Anita pushed aside a coconut which had fallen from the line of tall palms to the sidewalk and stepped over a frond fallen half across it. A scented breath of coolness, a remnant of the night breeze, touched the hedges, fluttered the laundry hanging beside the cottage of the Kawalos next door. Mrs. Nakamura, kneeling in an early morning assault on the pests in her flower bed, was a quick and formal bow; Mrs. Kawalo an easy wave of a fat dark arm; Mrs. Johnny Ching a full-moon face behind the smoke of a cigarette. From all of them there emanated an inclusiveness, something which had never reached her while she was in school or just working in the store downtown. She had been included for the first time one day when her father, taking Charlie by the arm, had walked down the street stopping religiously at each house, telling each of the neighbors, "This is Charles."

The inclusiveness started then. Then, suddenly, she was no longer merely Anita, Attorney Yuan's daughter. Then she became Anita, who married that haole soldier. Then the look of many who were married suddenly included her as one married, too.

This morning, the smiles were inclusive but there was a tentative, flickering quality to them, as if the women were waiting for something, and wondering.

The palms above her clashed their drying fronds as she walked, rattled their dead leaves; and a chesty dove pattered out of her path.

Walking alone, it is easier to remember than to think, or to plan. Always before the war there had been the two kinds. There had been the girls from the shops at which sailors dealt, pitiful little girls, not knowing how to dress, going with the sailors when they were asked, learning too fast, crying sometimes. Mrs. Johnny Ching did not wave to them, and for them Mrs. Nakamura had no bow. When they passed, Mrs. Kawalo looked and spat on the ground.

THERE were those on the one hand, carrying tawdry tragedy in their faces for all to see; on the other hand there were proud people like the Chen sisters. They had been the brightest in school, and had gone to the mainland to college. When they had come home again they had had no time for Mrs. Ching's young Thomas, who worked on the Island boats, nor for anyone like Thomas.

Oh, they were married, the Chen sisters. Married to skinny white boys—the haoles—for whom the Chens arranged big parties. They did not come home much after they were married, and when they did drive their wedding-present cars down the street, they came alone, and only for a little while.

The street noticed the changes that came to the Chen sisters, very soon. They knew without being told that the sisters waged a steady and desperate battle against the flesh, specifically against the flesh which would make them look entirely too much like their mother. The street looked at the broad shoulders and efficient muscles of Thomas Ching and looked again at the thin, pale husbands of the Chens, who did not come to the street, but did not refuse the money which paid for the roadsters, money from Chen's Oriental Bazaar.

Anita thought of when the war had come. There were men in uniform whistling on the corners downtown, men saying things it was better not to hear when you passed. When someone said, "You should go with the other girls to the dances," you declined. You did not say why but it was not necessary.

You still declined as more and more

COLLIER'S "If you weren't so stingy about that one teeny-weeny kiss we could all get to sleep" BARNEY TOBEY

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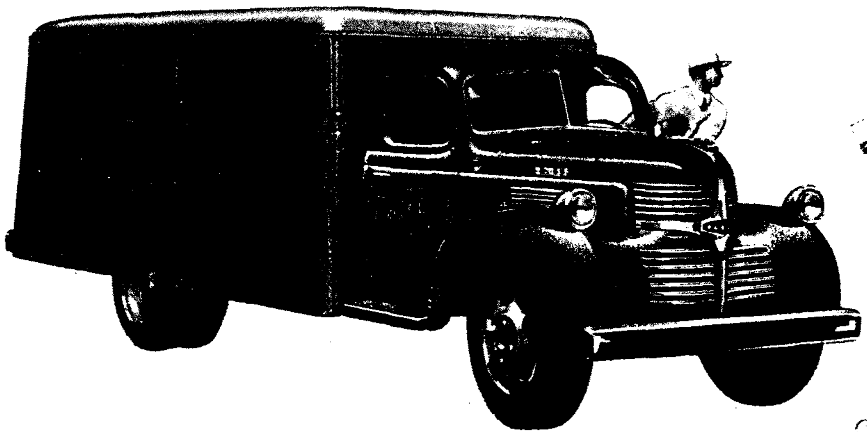

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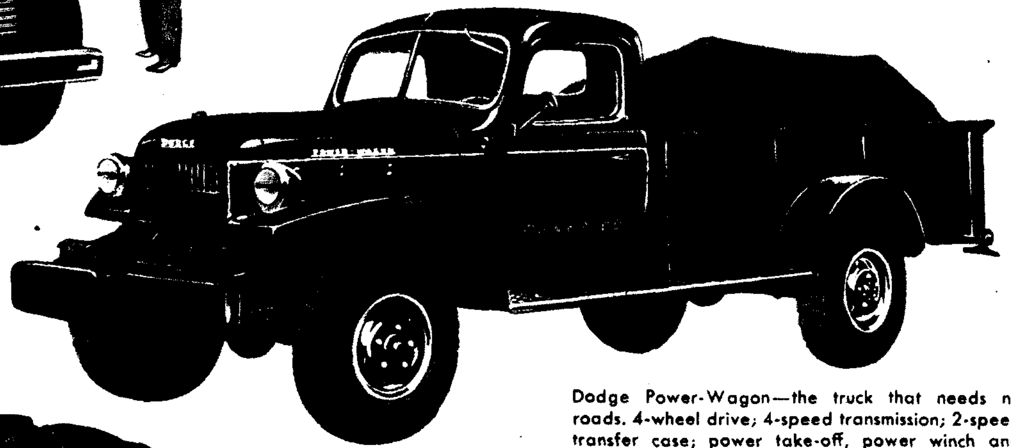

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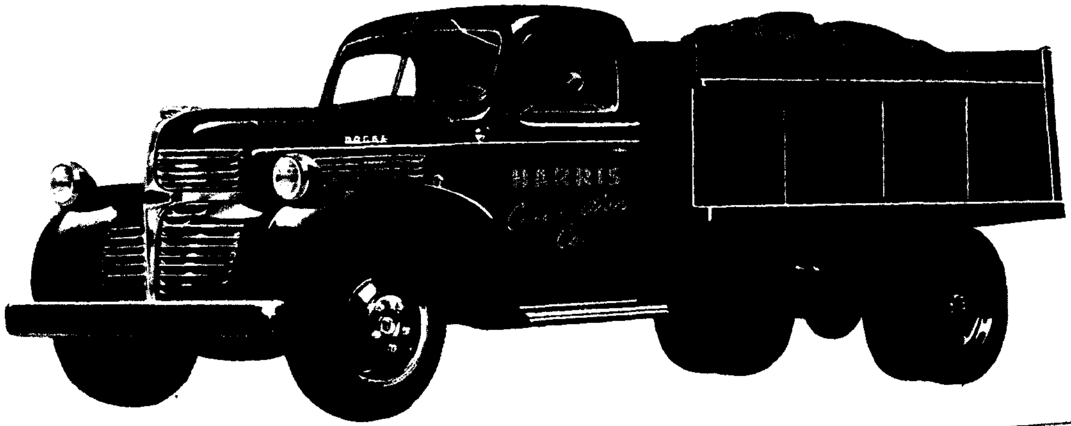

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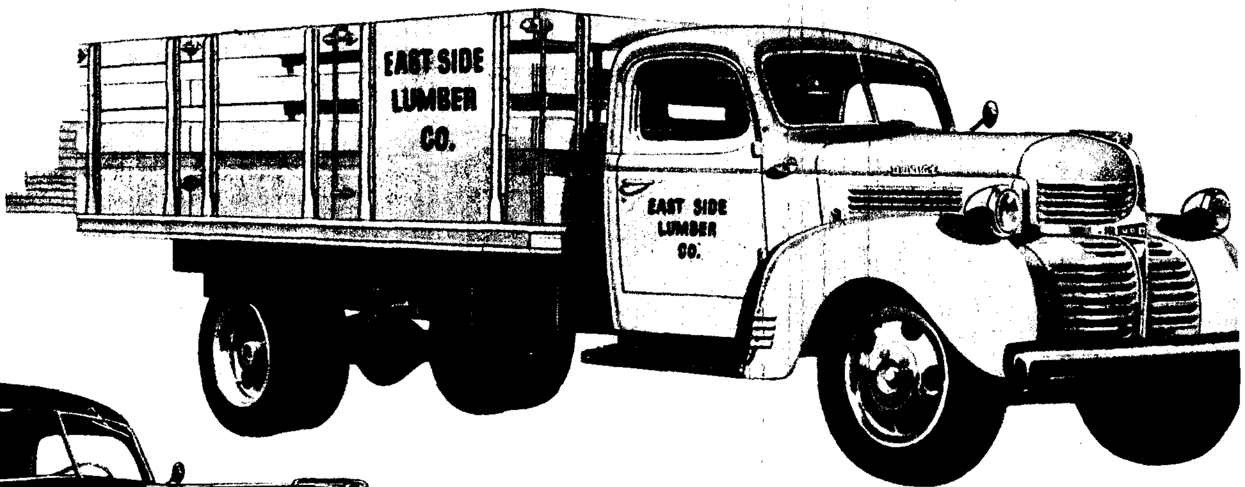

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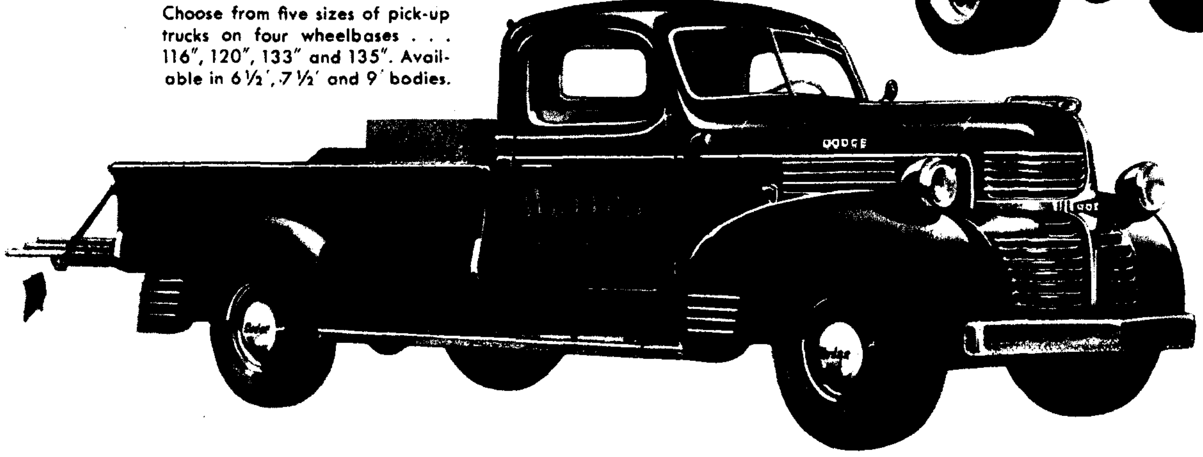

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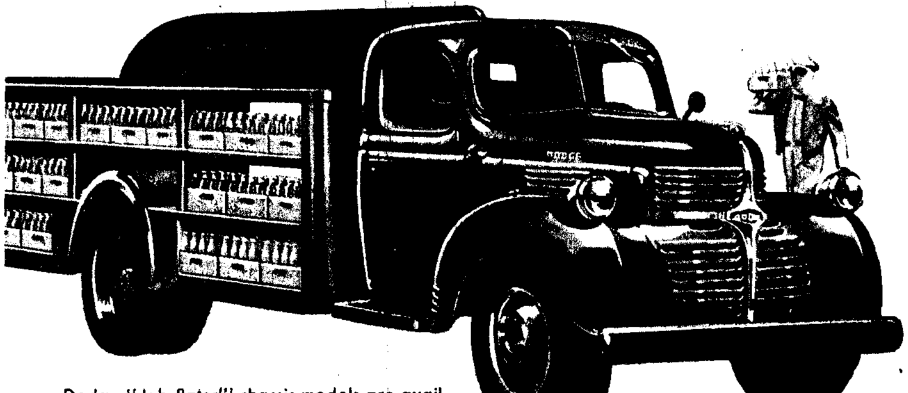
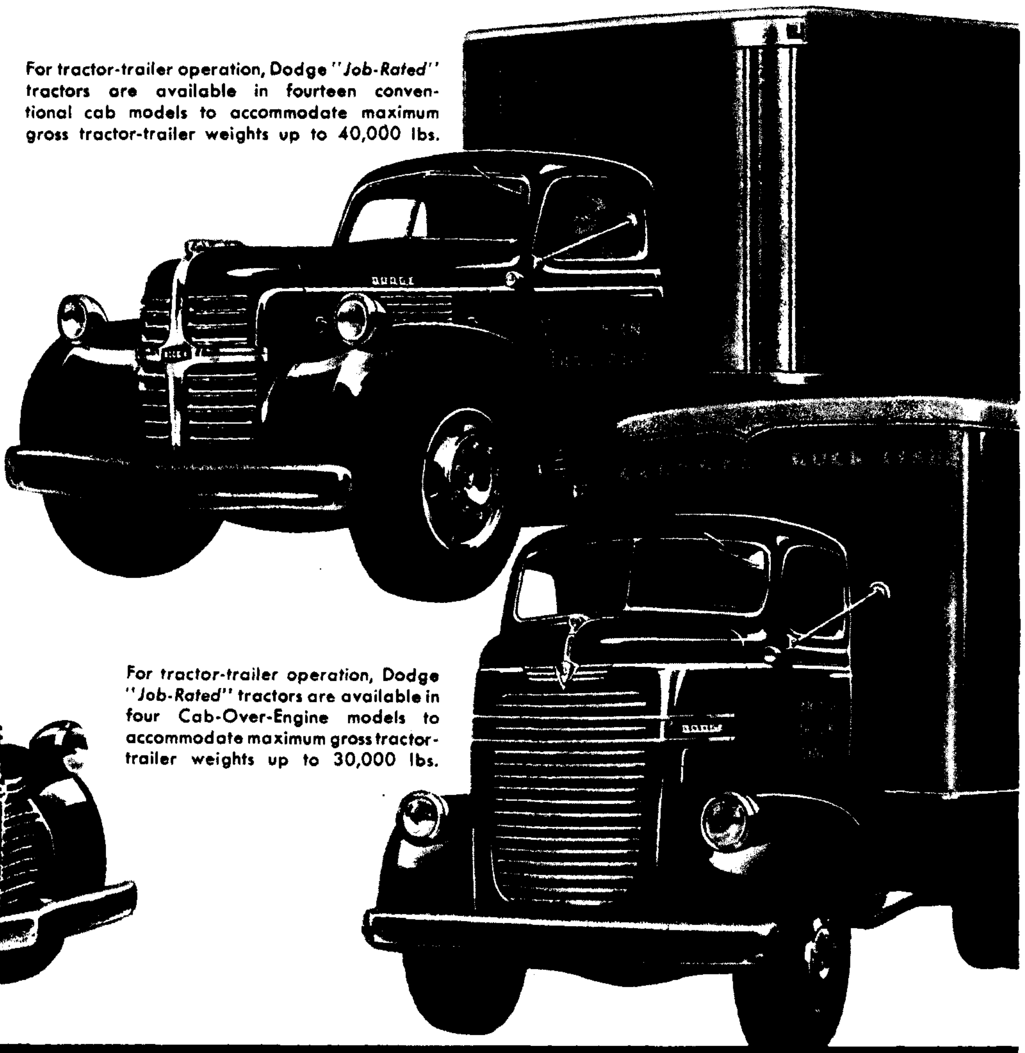
For maximum economy of operation—for long-lasting dependability—get the one truck that best fits your job . . . the *right* Dodge *"Job-Rated"* truck!

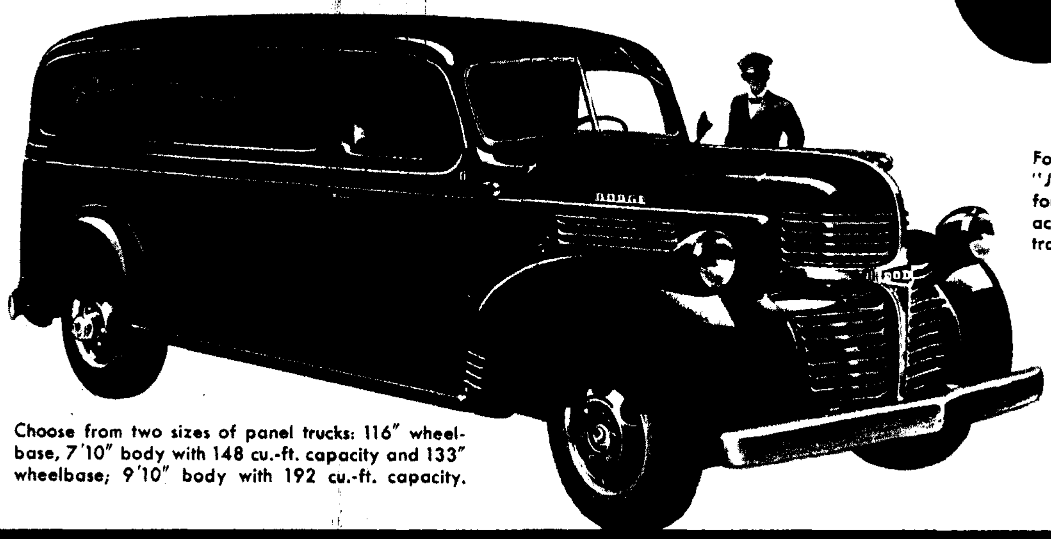


Dodge *"Job-Rated"* chassis models are available for all types and sizes of special bodies . . . vans, school buses, special racks, stakes, panels and "stop and go" delivery units.



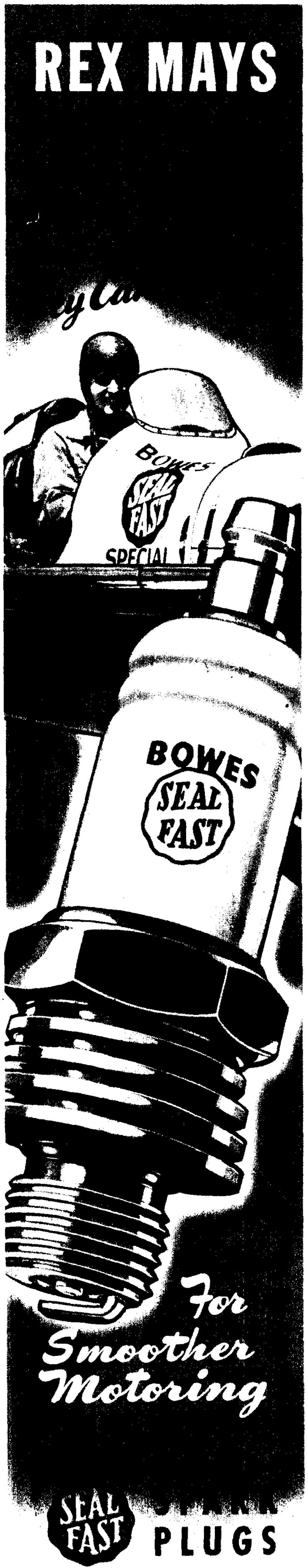
For tractor-trailer operation, Dodge *"Job-Rated"* tractors are available in fourteen conventional cab models to accommodate maximum gross tractor-trailer weights up to 40,000 lbs.

For tractor-trailer operation, Dodge *"Job-Rated"* tractors are available in four Cab-Over-Engine models to accommodate maximum gross tractor-trailer weights up to 30,000 lbs.



Choose from two sizes of panel trucks: 116" wheelbase, 7'10" body with 148 cu.-ft. capacity and 133" wheelbase; 9'10" body with 192 cu.-ft. capacity.

Job-Rated **TRUCKS** **FIT THE JOB! LAST LONGER!**



BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORP.
INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA

came in the cotton uniforms, came and went on westward, only to be replaced with still more, fresh from the California camps, while the guns and great engines filled every vacant lot, lumber piled up wherever you looked and hospitals mushroomed far up in the cool hills.

"But this is different," someone said. "There's nothing to worry about at these dances. This is what you must do, because they will not be here long and they are just youngsters. Some will not come back"—Oh, yes, they even said that, over and over—"It is only to have someone to dance with. The bus will pick you up and bring you home again well before the curfew."

So, in the end, you went with the others. There was something about the bus filled with girls, something crowded and compelling, for all that anybody said, and you shivered. You felt a little soiled. They were nice girls and although you knew many of them, you noticed that there were few among them from the big houses up in the hills—not many who were haoles beyond any doubt, not many blondes. The only blondes you saw with soldiers seemed always to go inside the clubs marked "Officers Only" or "Off Limits to EM."

At the dance there were too many cigarettes around the bus. A circle of tiny lights closing in relentlessly as you got off. The girls giggled, patted their dresses, felt their hair to be sure it was still combed. In a large room for ladies, a woman waited. She was from one of the big houses up in the hills, a blond haole accustomed to numerous servants before the war. There was something in her manner, something that made you shiver once more as if the night were very cool. She said, "Remember, no dates are allowed. It is against the rules to have any of the soldiers take you home or to leave the hall with them."

SO YOU danced with a dark boy who did not say anything much but was offhandedly expert on the floor. Around you there was a sea of faces; and presently, when the dance ended, three together were very close. The dark boy opened his mouth; but one of the three faces—remember he was blond, remember that his hair stood straight up and his cap was tucked neatly under his belt, that his shirt fit close around a solid chest, that he was tall but there was a fine squareness about him, too—spoke to him. The face said, "On your way, jitterbug. You've had it." The dark boy faded away and the three congratulated themselves. The square blond said, "Nice going, Jackson." The second, smaller, not so blond, said, "All for one, Jackson." And the third, sandy, with big ears, said, "And don't forget the deal, Jackson."

For a while they teased you with it, the three Jacksons, none of whom danced very well. They said, "Now it's Jackson's turn," "After you, Jackson," "Jackson, skip the sweet talk. We're waiting." Three Jacksons bought you a soda, and three were always there to keep anyone else from getting close. The Jacksons wanted to take you home but settled for the address—this was the largest talking, the one with the hair which might have been curly if it had not been cut like a brush. This was Charlie. He wanted to come and see her.

"All three?"

He grinned. "The Jacksons," he said, "own the car. A limousine, Anita, the real plush. But those other jokers don't count, really. They'll just be along."

You thought of something then. You said, "I will want you to meet my father."

Then you knew he was not quite so young or as completely playful as he had seemed, for he said, "Of course, Anita. I wouldn't want to come unless I could. Tell your dad I'm Charlie Williams, from Bend, Oregon," he said. "I'll introduce the other Jacksons so you won't have to remember all the names. Besides, they don't count, really."

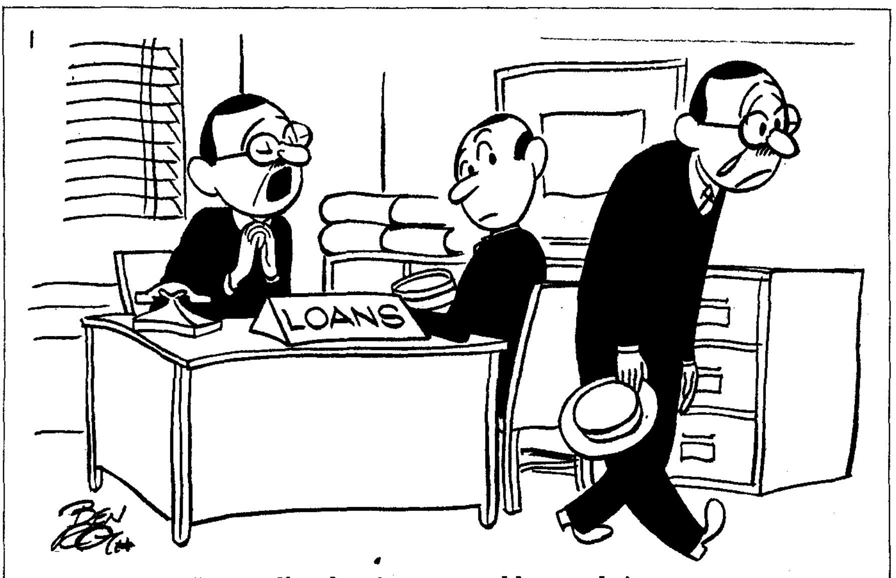
Nor did they, ever. They had names, but Louis Yuan could not remember Rasmussen and Kirkpatrick, so like Anita, he called two of them Jackson and one Charlie. Louis Yuan welcomed them to his house and kept well hidden any doubts he may have had. . . .

It is easy to remember while walking alone and even easier standing on a corner waiting for a bus which is always a little late.

You remember the limousine, ancient and protesting. Sometimes all the Jacksons had to push to get it started, and they argued endlessly over which could drive the farthest on a gallon of the gasoline which was so hard to get. You remember the arguments and protests when Charlie took more than his share of turns with you dancing to the music of the ancient phonograph they brought to the house with them in a fine contempt for the stringed Hawaiian music available on the radio.

This was at first. On a later night, while two Jacksons argued over a new record, Charlie steered you through the door to the tiny porch behind the hedge. There he kissed you in the light of a fantastic moon.

In the kitchen, Louis Yuan rustled his evening paper and did not know anything was different—or perhaps he had known it for a long time. The sandy-haired Jackson came to the living-room door but turned back to the phonograph without saying anything. The record he put on the machine was something about dreaming of a white Christmas, very beautiful at the time and very sad.



COLLIER'S "Naturally there's a resemblance—he's my twin brother. Now what can I do for you?" BEN ROTH

Afterwards, the Jacksons never argued about who should sit next to Anita in the limousine, and often Charlie came down the street under the palm trees alone. . . .

The busses are different now, not so crowded with uniforms. The few left in uniform are family men, mostly, living somewhere in town with their wives, riding the busses to prosaic jobs at the harbor or the Army bases. There is no longer need to pretend you are deaf in order to avoid hearing unprintable language or the details of sordid adventure. There are seats now, and the busses seem cooler.

Riding the busses, it is easy to remember. You remember that Charlie said, "I can't give you any high-powered sales talk about marrying me before I go off to die, Nita. I don't tell the other guys why, but I'm not going anywhere to fight. I'll be right here. My feet got frozen while we were up North with the division. Now they've got me listed for limited duty. I'll be right in headquarters punching a typewriter until it's all over."

He said, "It was kind of rough up North, but going to the hospital at least gave me a chance to see the mainland instead of just those damn' islands. There were even stores in the towns. I couldn't buy much but a little piece of ivory, part of a walrus tusk with some etching on it."

Every day she wore the brooch, every day finding some place for it, no matter what her dress.

The little porch where he first kissed her was their own. There he told her about the town he came from and the high desert. "It's a little town," he said, "but people are friendly and they don't monkey in your business much. It's cold in winter, and you'd have to wear a coat heavier than any you've ever had"—he touched the lapel of her light cotton suit—"but you'd like the summers, and after a while the winters, too. We could go skiing in the mountains. The desert—the desert is sort of like the sea, always the same but so different that you want to look at it every day to see how it is, the colors of the blue and the mountains way off and hazy."

She said, "Charlie"—the word came hard now—"I don't know. Being dark—I'm part a lot of things. Maybe in a little town it would not work. I don't know."

They had been sitting together on the step but now Charlie rose, his silhouette enormous in the moonlight. "Nita, I wish I had something to give you," he said. "I wish I was somebody. For the first time in the Army, I wish I had a lot of brass on my shoulders so that when we walked down the street, we'd be catching salutes all the way. . . . "I love you, Anita. Marry me." . . .

On the streets now, many things have changed. The traffic policeman who does a little hula every time he changes the flow of traffic does it more leisurely, now that there are so few to whistle or applaud. Civilian automobiles are parked in the zones which used to have signs reserving them for military vehicles; and in the stream of traffic, there are fewer roadsters with the bright blond girls in them. The bright blondes came with the Army—clerks, secretaries, switchboard girls—riding the ships on which space was so hard to get. They came and moved into the best hotels and from somewhere acquired the roadsters. Perhaps the colonels had the roadsters already and just let the blondes use them. Some of the blondes married the colonels, and some just went back where they came from, suddenly renewing their interest in the jobs that had brought them overseas, the jobs which were also good for transportation home.

There is not much in the traffic now to divert the attention, to stop the flow of memory.

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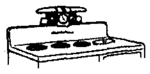
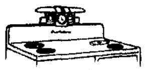
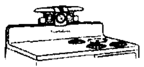
You'll favor this new SAFETY TOP  if you have a little helper in your kitchen. Keeps hot things out of kiddies' reach. Provides immense front work-space. . . . Or perhaps you prefer this DIVIDED TOP  the balanced design with convenient center work-space. Utensil handles don't get hot, not being over an adjacent surface unit. . . . Or maybe you'll choose this conventional CLUSTER TOP  with its compact grouping of elements and Deepwell Cooker. . . . Whichever you select, you're sure of wonderful cooking with Presteline's new accurate 7-speed cooking units!

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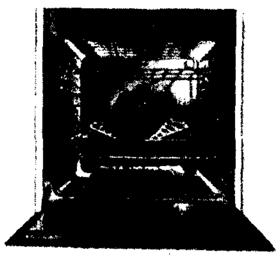

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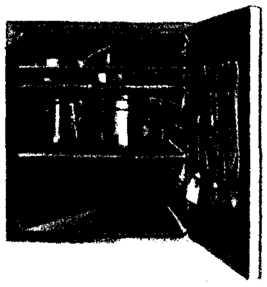

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the kitchen, when Louis Yuan gave his consent, or such as those of the endorsements.

Louis and Charlie understood each other from the first; and in the kitchen, they concealed nothing. Charlie said, "I know how it is out here. Sometimes the guys already have wives. Sometimes they talk a lot about marriage but mean something else. It must be hard to tell the difference between that and something real. You're entitled to be doubtful, but I have to convince you this is different. This—well, Mr. Yuan, this is love."

Louis said, "I know you've thought of the difference in races, Charlie. Even here, that is something to think about. I do not know the mainland, but I have heard—"

"It's a quiet little country town, sir," Charlie said, "where people have known me all my life. They're good people, and if they heard now I'd married a—a Pacific girl—"

"You see," Louis said, "it is very difficult. Anita and I are not Chinese nor Hawaiian nor even Japanese. It would be very hard to tell them."

Charlie admitted that just the telling would be hard. "What I'm sure of, though," he said, "is that when they see and know her—well, if they can't see it then, I'm big enough to beat some sense into the heads that have to learn it that way."

Louis was thoughtful. "Perhaps they would see it—those who troubled to look. I cannot tell you. Do what you both think best. If you marry now, this will be your home while the war lasts."

"If anything went wrong at home—on the mainland—I could come back here after the war. We could live in the Islands. We will go wherever we have to go. It won't matter, with us together."

Louis did not seem to be looking at them at all. "I hope," he said, "you and Anita will be as happy as I was with her mother. You and Mrs. Jackson."

It has been a long time since Louis smiled like that, a long time since he seemed always gay underneath, always struggling to be as dignified as an attorney should.

The endorsements were another matter. "This is going to be rugged," Charlie said. "They're trying to prevent marriages without coming right out and telling us we can't get married. The captain says they're afraid of stirring up a lot of mothers at home, either way. So I have to get permission all the way up to the top—about eight endorsements. Then—this is the part I hate—the chaplain will come to see you. It wouldn't be so bad if it were any other chaplain but this one guy—can you take it, Nita?"

She said, "I love you, Charlie."

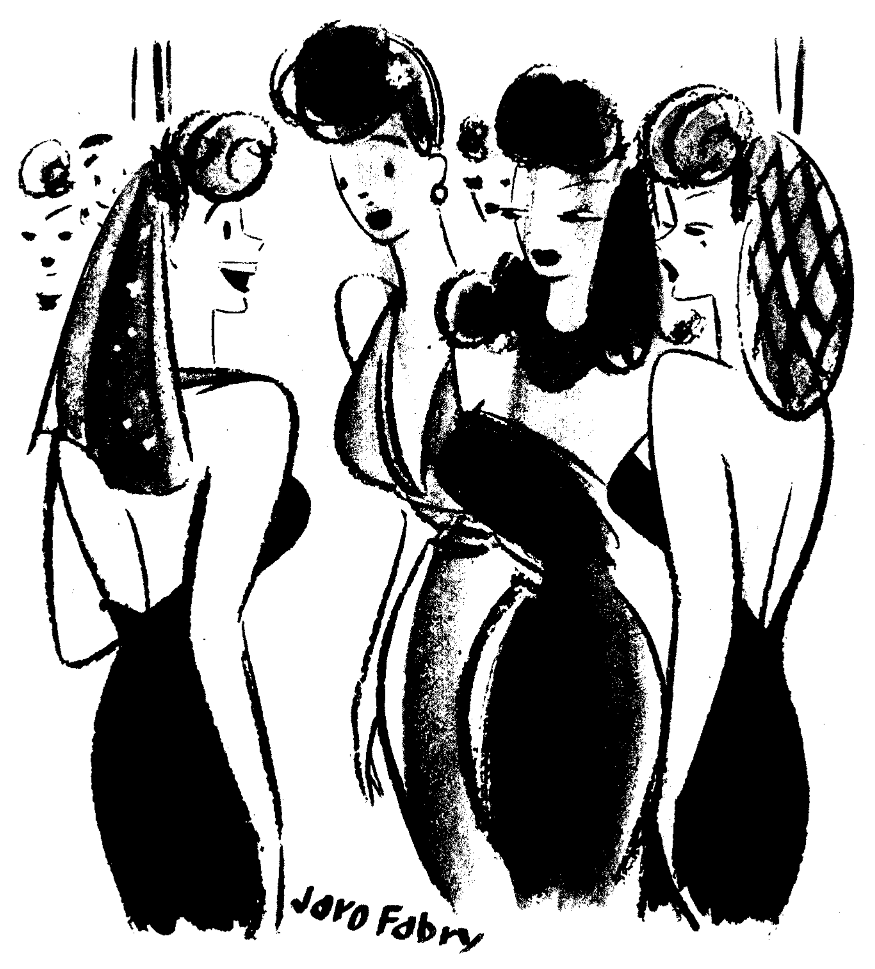
IT WAS a long time. It seemed as if some officers deliberately delayed the papers on their desks, but finally the chaplain came. Mrs. Nakamura came all the way down to the store to tell her he was waiting at the house. Since the war began, Mrs. Nakamura had had much experience with officers coming to the neighborhood to ask questions. She had reason to be thankful that all the neighbors had told the officers of two sons fighting in Europe, of the bandages wrapped and the War Bonds purchased, rather than making up stories of mysterious signal lights, unexplained comings and goings or fictitious activities on that day in December when the bombers appeared in the skies.

"There is an officer at your house, Anita," said Mrs. Nakamura. "A fat man, scowling."

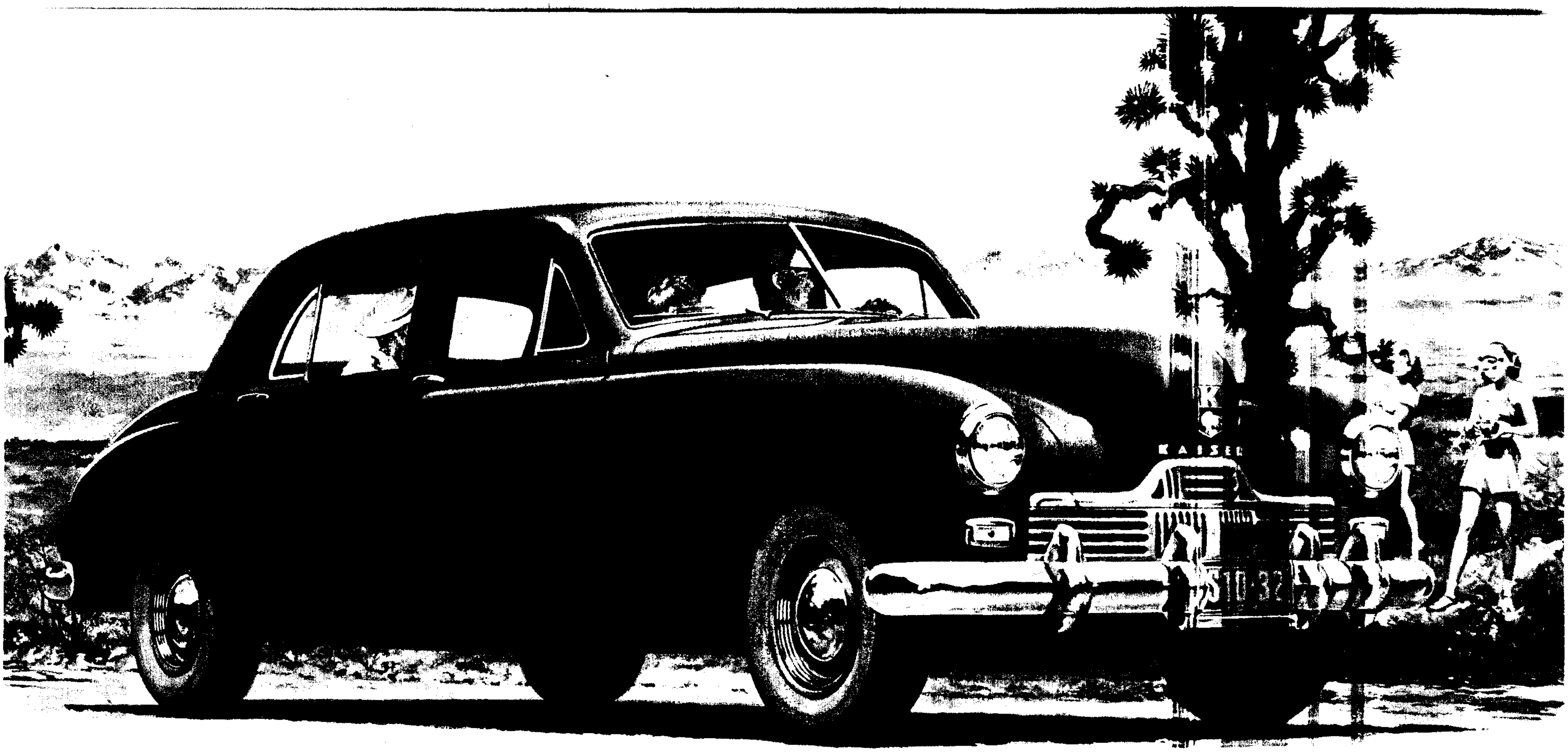
So Anita was prepared for Major Roraback, who Charlie had said was from the South. The major kept his cap on when he followed her into the house and brushed a table clean to make a place for his report writing. "You're trying to marry one of our boys," he said. "I gotta investigate. How many times you been married before?"

She was glad Louis was not at home. When she told the major she had never been married, he wanted to know if she was sure.

"You know," he said, "this kid's gonna



COLLIER'S "He's waiting for the luxury tax to be eliminated before he starts taking me around" JARO FABRY



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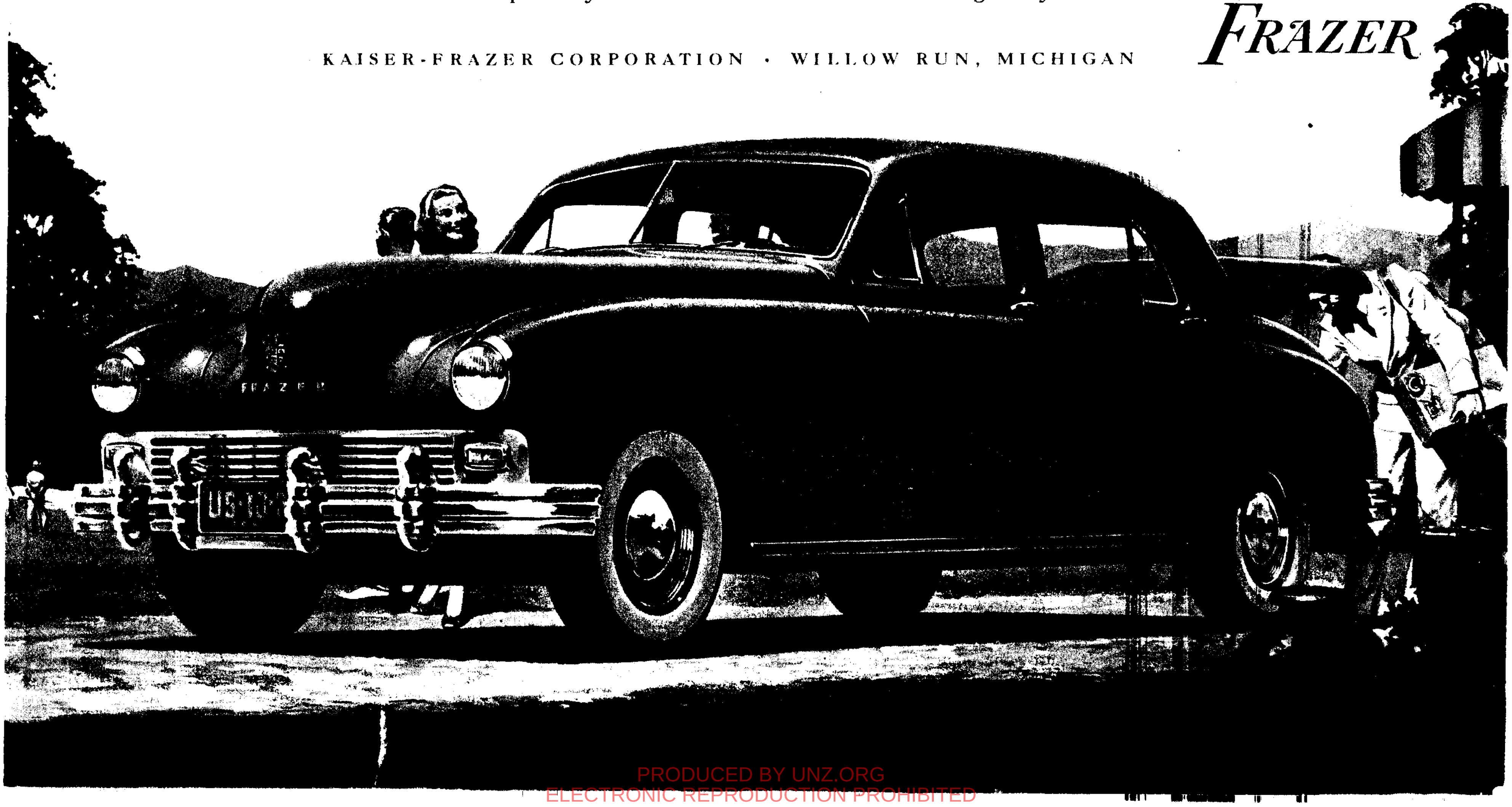
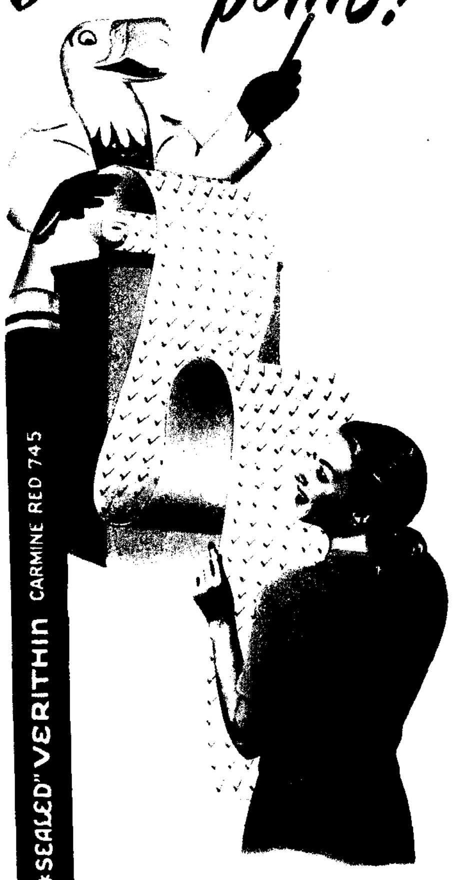


How many checks from one Verithin point?



MAIDEN: It must be thousands ... my VERITHIN writes and *writes* without resharpening!

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go off and leave you. They're all gonna go off and leave you native wimmen."

The major was perspiring. Perspiration stained his shirt front all the way down to the line of his considerable belt, and a trickle of it came out from under the heavy billed cap. He wanted to know when Anita had been arrested last, how many illegitimate children she had. It went on and on until her mouth was dry and she could only say, "Charlie, Charlie, Charlie" over and over to herself to keep from screaming. Finally, the major was ready to leave.

"Well," he said, "I got no authority to stop it unless I find you been lying, but all I can say is I'm glad it ain't one of our Southern boys marrying a nig—a native woman."

It helped, a little, to remember that there must be hundreds of chaplains who were different. It helped more to think carefully of Mr. Kamai, although you could not remember the denomination of the small church he served across the street from the school, and of Father O'Malley, a block farther away, no less gentle. . . .

In the square, the statue of the old king looks lonely now, with so few people taking pictures of him. The wooden huts are gone from the park and grass is beginning to grow there again. Barbed wire no longer blocks the streets beside the water front.

Well, remember the ceremony and the quiet voice in which Mr. Kamai said the old words. Remember the other Jacksons, uniforms pressed and hair slicked down; Mrs. Ching in a dress saved from before the war; Louis smiling and proud, standing, it seemed, behind them both.

Remember no honeymoon, because there was none. Remember instead an evening, hours sitting on the little porch behind the hedge, an evening so like the ones that had gone before, so very different.

Mrs. Charles Williams. Mrs. Jackson.

In the morning, Charlie sat on the edge of the bed, wiggling his toes. "Since they were frozen," he said, "I get a kick out of seeing that they will still wiggle.

"Your hair is like obsidian, Nita," he said. "So black and shiny I can't keep my hands away from it."

THERE were other mornings, mornings which ran all together now and seemed like one. There were nights when no passes could be had, and those were snails, forever passing, never ended. There was, at the end, a great uncertainty.

Charlie said, "The captain says we'll have to go back to the States to get out of the Army, Nita. Well, that's not a bad idea. I'll go on up to Oregon as soon as I'm rid of the monkey suit and see Ma and my sister. Maybe I can find a house or anyway see about a job. As soon as I get squared away, and you can get passage on a ship—it won't be long, Nita. Just a little while."

Getting off the busses is easier now, without the huge jams. You can cross the little green park toward the post office and not worry so much about the traffic on the streets. Only civilian trucks run on them now; and the massive equipment—bulldozers and cranes, armored cars and prime movers—rusts silently in the storage yards.

He said, "You've got to quit worrying, Nita. You've got to believe in me. I'll write every time I get a chance. My letters are lousy, but I'll write, and I'll send for you as soon as I can. I'll let you know everything that happens. I'll write—"

The post office is quiet now. More soft shoes and slippers cross its marble floors than military boots. The clerks have relaxed, now that there is so much less arguing with soldiers and sailors who think they should be able to mail letters there like anyone else. The extra guards are gone; so are the sandbags.

At first the letters came nearly every day, two on the days after there had been none. When the mail was late, Louis always stopped at the store to give her what letters arrived too late for her to pick up on the way to work. Once, he asked a strange girl there to call "Mrs. Jackson," and the whole department picked up the nickname. The other girls were interested in what she heard from Oregon and wondered what it could be like there. "Bend?" they said. "What a funny name!"

"Charlie says it isn't any funnier than Punaluu," Anita told them.

THE lock on the box this morning was stubborn. The box was stuffed full, but until it was opened, there was no way to tell what the contents were. Opened, it was easy. There was a legal envelope for Louis, a bill, a newspaper from Bend, Oregon.

(Why did you subscribe for the newspaper, using the name Yuan? Why do you read it now, standing in the lobby and clutching your handbag under an arm, *waiting for the name Jackson to* stand out as if in bold type? Of course, it is not there; neither is Charles Williams.)

Anita walked to the window and waited until a clerk approached the other side. She said, "Hello, Mike. Anything?"

Mike was in school with her before the war. Mike was with a battalion in Italy until he lost an arm. Mike's last name was Hidiyasha. He went now to look and was gone a long time. "The last mail's in and sorted," he said when he returned. "Not another thing, Anita." He looked at his own right hand, examined those five remaining fingers curiously. "It's the same way," he said, "with my sister. She don't ever hear no more. Not a word."

Anita answered. It was difficult, but she answered. She said, "Oh, I am sorry, Mike. That must be awful."

"Yeah," Mike said, staring at his hand. "I could have told her. If I'd been here, I could have told her—not that he was lying. I don't think they were lying, those guys. They thought they meant what they said. It's just that when they get home, things haven't changed. They thought they had, but they haven't. A Gook's still a Gook there, and so's a Jap or a Chink."

Mike looked so old and tired.

"The way I figure," he said, "my sister's guy hates himself now. He didn't ever plan to be thinking of her as just a Jap babe, to be ashamed of her, but he can't help it now. Nothing can help it. I feel sorry for him because he doesn't know what to do or what to write to her. Not a thing. I don't think he could write to her if he tried."

The sleeve where Mike's left arm had been was neatly pinned against itself. Anita forced her hynotized eyes to stop staring at that terribly bright pin. "That must be awful," she said again. "It must be awful for her. Of course"—if you worked certain muscles, the words could be forced to come—"of course, I haven't anything to complain about, really. It hasn't been long. It could be just a strike or something. You can't depend on the mails any more."

Mike looked at his hand; he flexed the fingers. "Yeah," he said.

She crossed the street and rounded a corner. A dark youth leaned against a building there, barefooted, his trousers filthy, his shirt a tattered wreck. As she passed, he made a sucking sound through his yellow teeth. He said something it was better not to hear.

Anita kept walking fast until she reached the employees' entrance to the store. It was early, but already she could feel the clean blouse sticking to her shoulders. She was conscious of dots of perspiration on her upper lip.

It would be a brutally hot day.

THE END

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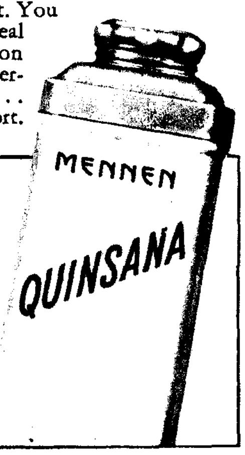

Most chiropodists
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to comfort,
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ANCO RAIN-MASTER "Dead-Locker"
WINDSHIELD WIPER
ARMS and BLADES

BLADE SNAPS ON...
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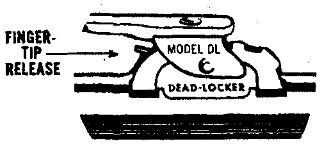

CAN'T FALL OFF
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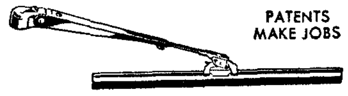
(A war-born invention—by ANCO—first for military aircraft—now for your car.)

DON'T SHOOT YOUR GAS-PUMP MAN!

He's doing the best he can. Sure, he knows how dangerous it is for you to drive your car... in stormy weather... with your dull old windshield wipers that smear and smear. He'd gladly put on for you quickly a pair of keen new ANCO RAIN-MASTER Wiper Blades and Arms. He has them — Newest Models! But he forgets to remind you? Too busy? You can't shoot him for that!



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After all, it's *your* car to protect. So *you* remind *him*. Get RAIN-MASTERS . . . patented features...original equipment on many makes of high grade cars and trucks...used in war—on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too...because ANCO RAIN-MASTERS clean quicker, clean cleaner . . . last longer. May save you a costly smashup.

Ask for RAIN-MASTER Windshield Wiper Arms and Blades next time you buy gas.

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
Established 1918
GARY, INDIANA

THE DAY THEY ROBBED FATHER'S BANK

Continued from page 24

changed the subject from bank robbing, as I knew they would. The number of subjects a 14-year-old should not hear is without ceiling. I hear everything anyway, but always at a distance and I don't think it is healthful for me to have to strain.

"That Donald!" Mother was sniffing. "Will, I don't trust that man."

"I'm thinking of giving Donald a raise," Father said, stubborn and griped that Mother questioned his business decision. "The boy's square as they come."

"I doubt it, the way he's been carrying on."

"What now?" Father asked, lifting his eyes upward.

"The snip stood up Ellen last night."

"You're right, Catherine," Father said solemnly, "the boy's an embezzler."

"After Ellen waited three whole hours for him he called and told her his leg hurt him." Mother had the table set now. "His leg! He was probably at the poolroom drunk and playing bones!"

"One *rolls* dice," Father said. "One *plays* with women."

AUNT ELLEN came in and sat down at the table without saying a word. She is 23, with hair as black and shining as hard coal and enormous brown eyes. She isn't very tall, though what there is of her is distributed in a noticeable way. She is beautiful and smart, but somewhat sassy and she has a temper that leads to colorful conversations at our house. All in all, she is classier than Betty Bjornson, who is my mouse, and if I were a few years older it would be a sad thing that we are related.

"I hear," I said to her, "that Donald gave you the old air last night."

Aunt Ellen turned to Father. "Have I your permission to hit your child over the head?"

"As soon as I help myself you may pound him with this," Father said, handing her the gravy boat. He winked at me. "Button the loose lip you inherited from your lovely mother, son; women don't seem to understand that a man's leg is a sensitive thing, often a vessel of pain."

Aunt Ellen slapped down her napkin and looked at Mother like she was suffering a good deal. "I'll eat my lunch later," she said, "when the clowns have gone."

"Finish your pork chop, beautiful," Father said. He smiled and patted her hand. "James and I are full of shame and we apologize."

For a few minutes we ate in silence, then Aunt Ellen mentioned softly, "Randy has asked me to fly to Fargo with him on Sunday in his new plane. Should I go, do you think?"

"If you don't," I put in, "I'll go in your place, though of course I don't neck."

Aunt Ellen told Father that the only thing left was to have me drugged before letting me in to eat with people who had been domesticated.

Mother hadn't heard us. She was concentrating happily on this romantic development. "Of course, Ellen. Randy's a fine boy and a wonderful pilot. He flew during the war, you know."

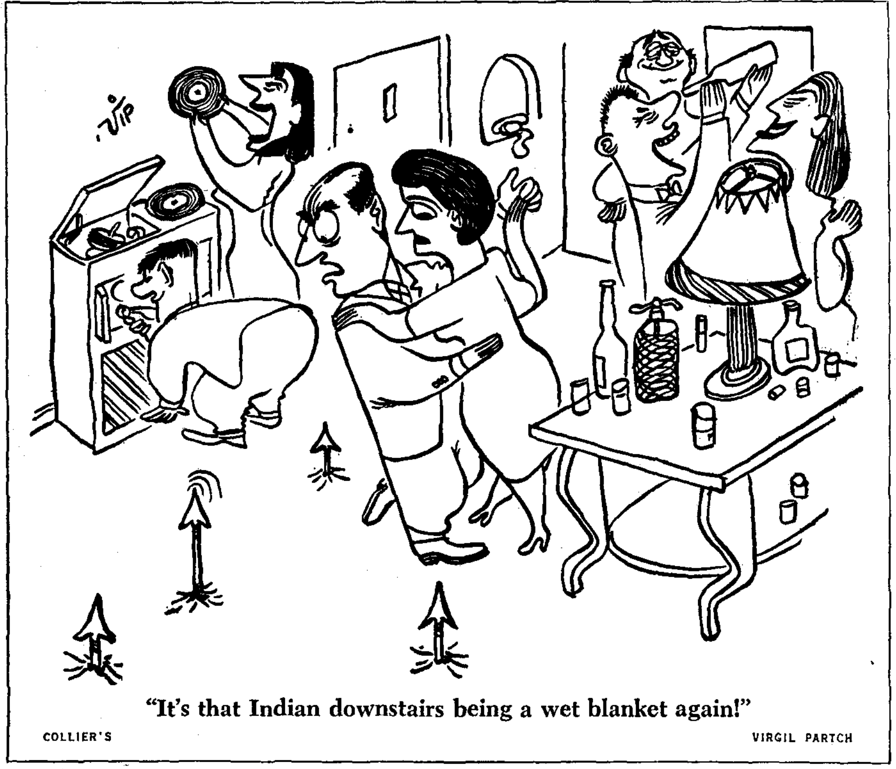
"Yes, Mother, we all know," Father said. "Seven hundred missions over Kelly Field."

"The only thing is," Aunt Ellen said, "I promised Donald I'd go fishing with him on Sunday. He says the walleyes in Ottertail Lake are biting in a fine, maniacal way, whatever that is."

"Pooh!" Mother cried. "All that lazy thing wants to do is fish. Fine husband he would be! After the way he behaved last night your promise doesn't mean a thing, Ellen. A plane trip would be marvelous. Randy is going to be a big man in this town."

Randy Martin is the guy that has been pushing Donald out as head man in Aunt Ellen's league. Randy's about 26, a couple inches under six feet tall, good-looking and sort of high-strung. When he came back from instructing at Kelly he took over and streamlined his father's hardware store across the street from Father's bank. With his terminal leave pay he bought a light plane. Now and then he wears his Army flying clothes, looking so sharp that even Betty Bjornson, my own chick, was whistling at him until I told her that one more whistle and I'd shut off her Cokes at the nub. Randy's a little cocky, all right, but likable. I buy all my .22 ammunition from him and keep my rifle at his store a lot of the time. In a town full of crack shots, Randy doesn't rate much with a rifle; he can hit a beer bottle in the air once in a while, but he can't hit a spinning half dollar like I can. But then I practice almost every day.

After lunch Father took his double-barrel and the box of goose-load with him to the bank. And about 2:30 I biked down there to gouge him for



"It's that Indian downstairs being a wet blanket again!"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

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The high capillary attraction of *RISLONE*, The Oil Alloy, leads the regular oil into tight fitting places where oil alone cannot flow, assuring immediate and adequate lubrication of all moving parts. You can "break-in" engines with *RISLONE* safely and enjoy normal operating speeds immediately.

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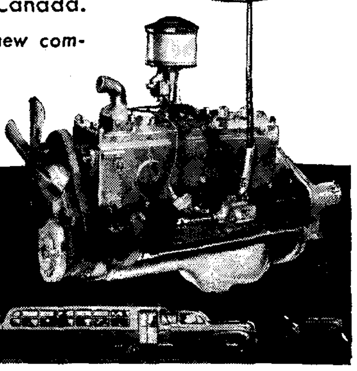

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—without the slightest trace of sweetness!

Yes, Fleischmann's Gin is "dry" dry . . . 100% dry! That's one of *four big reasons* why Fleischmann's makes America's most delicious gin drinks. Reason Two: Fleischmann's has a superbly delicate, light *taste!* Reason Three: Fleischmann's is so very, very *smooth!* Reason Four: Fleischmann's priceless *mixability* provides the perfect base for Martinis, Tom Collins, *all* gin drinks!

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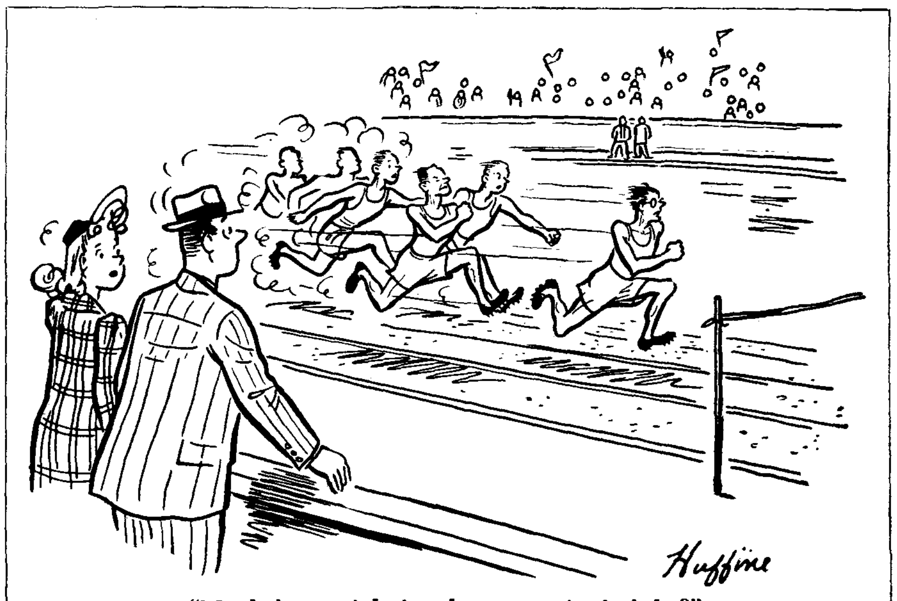
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN—90 PROOF



COLLIER'S "My, he's certainly in a hurry to win, isn't he?" DAVID HUFFINE

enough coin to buy a box of .22s. He was busy in the back room making a loan to a farmer, so I stopped to bat the breeze with the hired hands. Ellen was running statements through the posting machine and Donald lounged at the window; there weren't any customers.

"Hi, Red," he said to me. Donald's tall, but he's so relaxed he doesn't look it. His black hair is cropped, and under his black brows he has blue eyes. He's a lean, handsome man, with a square jaw and a nice loose grin.

"Hi," I said. "Getting the chill from the female help?"

"I speak to her," Donald said clearly, "with the honest throb of love and devotion in my voice, but she pummels me with hard looks. I hanker sorely to be your uncle, Red, but your aunt, beauteous babe, refuses even to listen. I may do away with myself, if I find time."

"You might find time to do some work around here, Honest Throb," Aunt Ellen said, not looking up.

"Work," Donald declared, "is a woman's trick to keep Nature's aristocrats from bed."

"Jimmy," Aunt Ellen snapped, "come away from Mr. Harrigan. You may catch something from his sick leg."

I was getting caught in a cross fire. As I left, Donald was staring at Aunt Ellen with a strange look in his face.

Father and the farmer still dickered over a feed loan in the back room so I went on through it into the basement, where the furnace is. I decided it would be intelligent to haul out the ashes that hadn't been touched since the fire died last spring. Father is a sucker for gestures like that and they make touches more businesslike. I lugged out a couple basketfuls, or forty cents' worth in these inflated times, then I went back upstairs and into the back room.

Father wasn't there—no one was. Right ahead, mostly turned away from me, was a short fat man with a pistol. A handkerchief covered his face. In front of him, lying on their stomachs were Father, Aunt Ellen, the farmer, Mrs. Tibalt from the restaurant, and Donald.

"By golly, Sergeant Harrigan," the pistol-packer was saying, "it's fine to see you in the old position."

Donald turned his head to look, but the fat guy said, "Keep your beak on the boards, Sarge, you look more natural."

That was enough for me. My heart beating like a woodpecker billing his way out of a bass drum, I crept back down the basement stairs. The gun-bearing character heard me and let fly. He missed, but it helped my speed and I hurtled through the basement door into the alley before he could shoot again. I felt uncommonly important having been shot at—also so scared I thought I might have to stop to throw up.

There are two buildings between the bank and the corner. I sprinted around them and crossed the main street bellowing, "The bank's being robbed!" When I got to Randy's hardware store I yelled: "They're sticking up the bank and they got Father and Aunt Ellen on their stomachs!" I grabbed my .22 rifle and a box of cartridges.

"Give me that!" Randy roared. He jerked the rifle from me and started for the door.

In front of the bank was a green sedan with a man at the wheel. I yelled at Randy to wait, but he leveled at the man in the car and pulled the trigger. It clicked. "Damn it, she's jammed!" he cried.

"She's not either jammed," I said. "She's not loaded. We've got to load her."

My rifle is an automatic; to load it you take a rod out of the stock, drop in ten cartridges and put the rod back. It takes time. While we were at it, two masked men came running down the steps of the bank, dragging Aunt Ellen and Mrs. Tibalt with them. One man threw a satchel in the back seat of the sedan and got in, closing the door. Once in, he made Aunt Ellen stand on the running board and put her arms around the window post. Mrs. Tibalt was howling like a hog under a gate, but the other man made her do the same thing on the other side. With a woman on each side for protection, they headed south down the main drag.

THEY were about 75 yards away when we got the rifle loaded. Randy took it and ran out into the street and was taking a bead when Donald batted the gun up. "You might shoot somebody I like," he said calmly. He had Father's shotgun and the box of gooseload. "We'll follow them in my car."

He had his palsied crate parked near by. As we started out I looked back and saw Father, his red hair all messed up, rush out of the bank and wave his arms at me to come back. I acted like I didn't recognize him in his condition.

When we got in front of Mrs. Nelson's house, where Donald rents a room, he stopped. "Only be a minute," he said, not at all excited. "I'm going after a strong friend."

"Are you nuts, Harrigan?" Randy cried. "Those guys are almost out of sight now!"

Donald just loped up Mrs. Nelson's sidewalk and into the house. In about thirty seconds he came out carrying an Army Springfield rifle and three clips of .30 cartridges. "We may need The Great Commoner," he said.

Ahead of us the car had turned west at the end of the main street, onto a graveled road. When we turned we saw it about a mile away, dragging a big ball of yellow dust.

"We couldn't catch a disabled manure spreader in this clunker," Randy said. "I wish to God I had my plane."

"Up in the wild blue yonder with machine guns, Lieutenant?" Donald asked, smiling.

When I heard him say lieutenant, it reminded me. "I overheard that fat guy call you Sergeant Harrigan," I told him. "What cooks?"

Donald was thoughtful. "Obviously, he is from my old outfit, and his voice is familiar, but still I don't place him—none of the boys registered as bank robbers on their form 20s."

"Sounds like a nice outfit, Harrigan," Randy said. "What was it, an MP company?"

"Stuff it, Lieutenant," Donald said amiably. He was squinting hard at the car ahead of us. "They're turning north onto a side road. Must be afraid of a road block, now the alarm's out."

When you turn north off the gravel, you go about four miles across the prairie before you dip into what is called the Big Coulee, a two-mile-wide gash carpeted with scrub oak, poplar and cottonwood trees and brush. A few French-Indians live there, clearing just enough land to raise hay, corn and barley for their stock.

When we hit the Big Coulee we couldn't see the other car; we couldn't even see any dust.

"Nice," Randy said sarcastically, "very nice. You've lost them beautifully, Harrigan." He was jumpy; his voice was high. "First you keep me from shooting out a tire, then you stop for a gun and to top it off you get me into a car with the speed of an elderly Percheron. No wonder they got away. What's the game, Harrigan, trying to give a start in life to somebody from your old outfit?"

We were down in the coulee now and Donald didn't reply. He scanned the sides of the road. On our right was a meadow with four long haystacks. Donald stopped suddenly and backed up a few feet, eying a pair of faint tracks in the grass. Without a word, he swung the old machine through the small ditch and followed the tracks. Behind the third stack we found the sedan. Mrs. Tibalt was in it, tied up and bawling powerfully.

"Where's Ellen?" Donald asked, untying her.

"I thought they were going to kill me," Mrs. Tibalt cried. "Oh, you just don't *know* how terrible it was!"

"Mrs. Tibalt," Donald repeated soothingly, "where is Ellen?"

"They took her with them. Walking fast. I was too fat to keep up, they said. Those horrible, horrible men!"

"Which way?"

She pointed east to the timber.

"You'll be all right now, Mrs. Tibalt," Donald said. "Nothing to worry about. I wonder if you noticed: Did they have a rifle—a gun like this—with them?" He showed her The Great Commoner.

She said yes, they did. Donald gave her the keys to his car. "Take my car, and drive back to Winton as fast as you can and tell the sheriff where we are and that the bandits are switching cars and probably doubling back."

THERE was a path through the timber; we followed it at a run for a quarter of a mile until we came to the edge of an abandoned farmyard. We halted not far from the rear, or west end of the barn. The exact position of the buildings is vital to understanding what happened later, so I'll explain them as well as I can.

The beat-up old barn faced east. If you came out the front end of the barn, turned right and walked straight south for about 20 yards you'd come to a battered, doorless privy that had a list, like it was standing on a short leg. Turning left then and going east again for about another 20 yards you'd come to the cement foundation of the burned-down farmhouse. Lines connecting the two buildings and the foundation would make a right triangle, with the privy at the right angle.

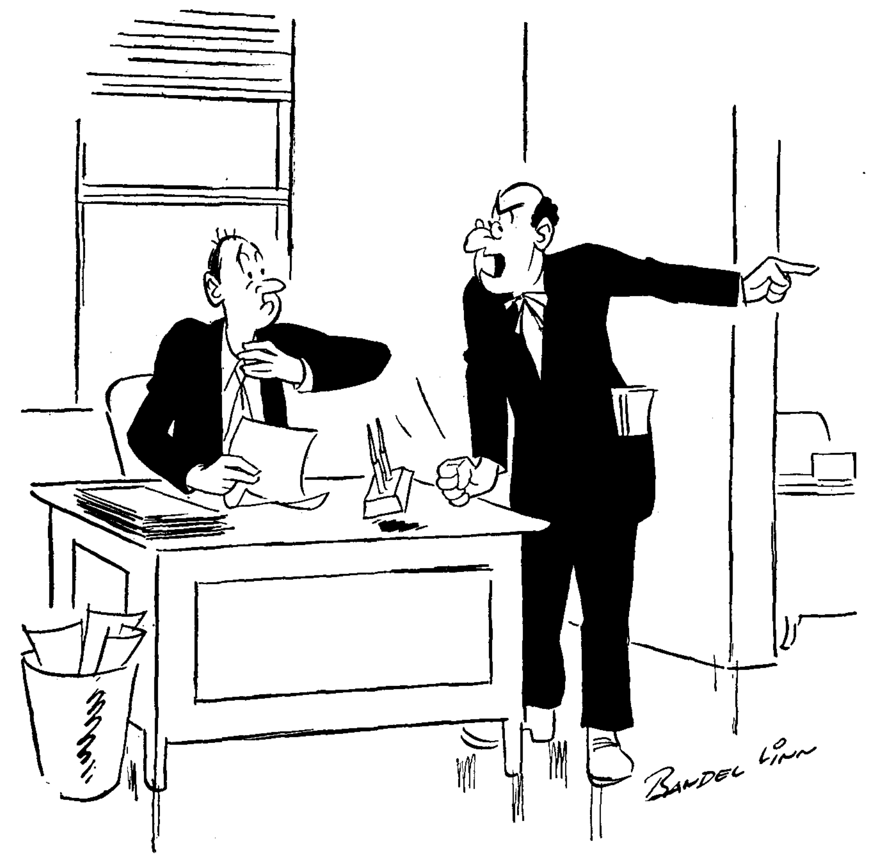
"They must be in the barn," Randy said, excited. "Let's get 'em!" He hefted Father's shotgun.

"Use your head, Lieutenant," Donald said, "before you stumble over it."

Randy got sore then. "It's plain you don't give a hoot what happens to Ellen, but I've got a bellyful of your pussy-footing. They've got Ellen in there and I'm going in after her."

He'd run about 15 feet when somebody with a nice shooting eye chipped bark off a tree beside him.

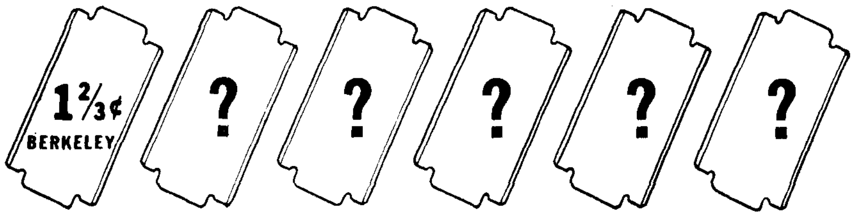
"Better regroup yourself, Lieutenant,



"Koplitz, stop frittering away your time in the office! Get out on the golf course and bring in some business!" BANDEL LINN

COLLIER'S

WHAT PRICE BLADES GIVE THE BEST SHAVES?



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No distinct difference
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Only true test of a razor blade is: *Shave with it.* America's highest authorities on standards know of no other way to compare blades for sharpness.

So, before you pay high prices for blades, do this: Take two razors exactly alike. In one, place the brand of blade you now use. In the other, place a 15-for-25c Berkeley Blade. Now—so that you won't know which blade is which—have someone else hand you first one razor, then the other. Shave with one blade, next with the other—and so on, until you finish your shave. See if you can detect any difference.

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We've watched men make these "hidden blade" tests again and again. And no blade had a real edge on others. In other words, there seems to be no mysterious, magic formula for making one blade better than others.

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United States Testing Co., Inc.'s* impartial chemical, metallurgical and microscopic tests of Berkeley Blades and 5 other leading brands disclose:

1. SAME TYPE STEEL
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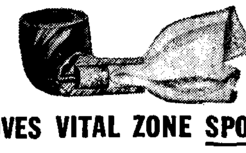

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MILANO
WITH HESSON GUARD

and charge them later," Donald said. He was lying on his face; so was I.

"All right, General," Randy said, "you think of something better." He was scared almost as much as I was, but it griped him to let Donald take command.

Donald started off through the woods, running in a wide arc around the clearing. When we stopped we were in the woods behind the foundation of the old house, and the front end of the barn was in view. While we were getting our wind the barn door slid open and a dark blue sedan nosed its way out. Donald steadied The Great Commoner against a tree and shot a hole in the front tire. About 50 feet out from the barn the car stopped, slewed around and hobbled back into the barn.

"Now!" Donald said. "Keep low and run for the foundation before they get a chance to spot us."

We lay on our bellies in the tall grass behind cement walls two feet high. "What do we do now, Sergeant Eisenhower?" Randy asked. "Starve them out?"

"They've got to change that tire," Donald said, serene as if he chased bandits every afternoon. "That gives us about ten minutes to work out something invincible."

THE barn had four little square windows on each side, about head high. Suddenly the one nearest us was smashed out and when the dust had settled there was Aunt Ellen's face, white and agitated, staring out.

Randy jerked. "It's Ellen!" he said. "She's making a getaway!"

About that time a man's face, a fat jovial one, appeared in the window beside Aunt Ellen's. "That you, Sergeant Harrigan, out there shootin' at me?" the man called.

"Semper!" said Donald, astonished. "By heaven, it's Bridey Semper!"

"Come on now, Sarge, speak up. I know you're out there. I saw you gittin' in a car, and that tire-shootin', that was you, Sarge. Talk to your old mud-buddy."

"Your dear friend is calling you," Randy said.

"Semper was in my platoon," Donald explained. "I was platoon leader. Semper gave me trouble, goofing off, bucking for my stripes. He's fat and comical to look at, but he's shrewd and as unscrupulous as a widowed weasel. We got pinned down one night in a little orchard on the Roer River. I ordered Semper back to the CP with a message asking for support. He refused to go and while we argued we were cut off. The Jerries really chewed us that night. I owe Semper for these—he hauled up his left trouser leg and showed us four big blue-white scars.

"Now, Sarge, don't you pout out there," Semper called. The sun glinted on his round, sweating face. "Don't pretend you ain't behind them *ce*-ment walls."

"Okay, Semper," Donald yelled. "What's the deal?"

When Aunt Ellen heard Donald's voice she cried: "Oh, Donald! *Do* something. *Please,* Donald!"

I could hear Randy gnashing his teeth.

"She *ain't damaged none,* Sarge," Semper said, "just the normal squawkin' of a riled female." He laughed loudly. "I wanted you to know, Sarge, I ain't sore you turned me in for disobeyin' orders. They gimme ten years, but when the war was done they lemme out. Wasn't that neighborly?"

Donald appeared to be thinking and didn't answer.

Randy was disgusted. "Go ahead, beat your gums with your buddy, Harrigan, I'm going back around through the woods and come in the rear."

"It might work now," Donald said, absent-mindedly. "Keep your belly on the ground between here and the trees."

With the shotgun loaded and extra shells in his pocket, Randy started crawling from the foundation to the trees.

Semper was jawing again. "Swell-lookin' doll I got here, Sarge—lippy as all hell, but cute. Handiest thing I ever saw too, better'n armor plate."

Randy was halfway to the trees.

"We've got you snookered, Semper," Donald called. "Throw out those guns before somebody gets hurt and the rap gets tougher."

Semper didn't say anything, but a rifle went off. On his hands and knees in the grass behind us Randy sort of bucked, like he'd been spanked, then scrambled back to us, yowling.

Semper like to kill himself laughing. "That boy don't crawl good, Sarge. Can't be no doughfoot. Must be an Air Corps *re*-cruit, the way he keeps that tail of his'n up."

Randy was white as pike belly. "I've been shot," he gasped. "I'm losing a lot of blood."

After loosening Randy's belt, Donald examined the wound. "Semper always did have a sense of humor in shooting a man," he said. He patted Randy on the back above the wound. "Difficult place to apply a tourniquet, Lieutenant, but you'll be all right if you don't try sitting down."

"Creased his *be*-hind, didn't I, Sarge?" Semper yelled.

"It was a fine shot, Semper," Donald replied. "but you missed a great opportunity."

"How's that?"

"He used to be a lieutenant."

Semper swore. "*This is a helluva time* to be tellin' a man a vital thing like that. I could have dug him a little deeper if I'd a knowed that."

Aunt Ellen's face was strained and, except for her big brown eyes, colorless. When she heard that Randy had been shot and that Donald was joking with Semper about it, you could see she thought it was hopeless. "Donald!" she cried. "Can't *you* do anything?"

Donald looked more serious when he heard that, but he didn't say anything, except to me: "How good can you shoot, Red?"

"Well, I can hit a half dollar in the air."

"You'll do. Here's the way I have it doped out: That tire will be changed in two or three minutes, then they're coming out. If I know Semper, he's going to threaten to shoot your aunt if we blow another tire. Maybe we can beat that if you can shoot, Red."

"I'll shoot anything you say."

"Scared?" he asked, calm and smiling.

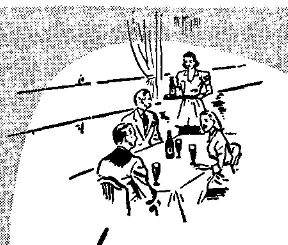
"Dang' right, but I'm not shaking."

"All right, now here's what you'll have to do . . ." Semper had stopped complaining about missing a shot at a lieutenant while Donald gave me his plan. Finally Semper called and you could tell he was nervous. "Don't start actin' like you was leadin' a platoon again, Sarge. I know every fast one you ever pulled. And I'd sure feel bad if I had to shoot this elegant female."

"Ready, Red?" Donald whispered. He was crouched low, The Great Commoner in both hands.

I NODDED and began to shoot. My target was the upper sill of the window where Semper and Ellen were standing. After the first shot, Donald took off on a run for the privy. It worked as he said it would. Those old barns are full of dust and chaff and each shot jarred the stuff loose, filling the window. Even if Semper hadn't ducked when I started shooting, I doubt if he could have seen Donald make the run to the little decayed outhouse.

It was quiet for a half minute after I'd put the fifth bullet into the sill. Then Semper fired a shot that powdered cement right over my head. "Quit grandstandin', Sarge," he yelled. "It don't



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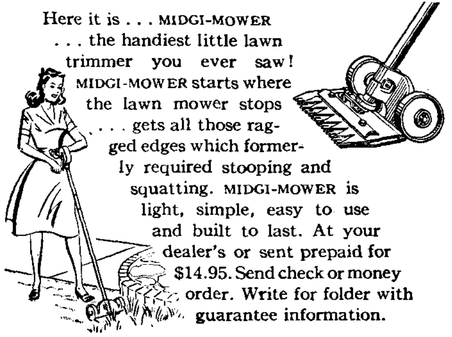

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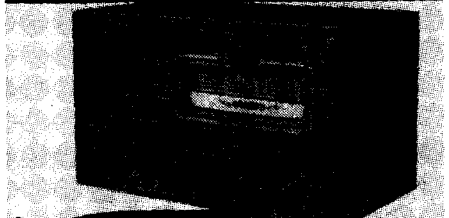

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change things none. We're comin' out."

So far fine. Semper didn't know Donald was behind the privy that was at a full right angle to any car coming out of the barn.

The barn door slid open again and Aunt Ellen, with Semper right behind her, stepped out. Aunt Ellen faced the foundation, covering Semper.

"We're leavin' you now, Sarge," Semper called. "And I don't want none of your tricks. You try drillin' a tire and I wing this chick. I mean that serious, Sarge. You hear me?"

We didn't say anything; all I could hear was Randy moaning over his wound.

Semper and Aunt Ellen stood about ten feet out from the barn door. Semper nodded and the car backed out slowly and stopped. There was the driver, of course, and a man in the rear seat, leaning out the window with a rifle pointed in my direction.

If Semper hadn't stopped to yell, "So long, Sarge, this sure beats hell outta soldierin', don't it?" he might have made it. But those few seconds when everyone was exposed gave Donald the shot he anticipated. From his position behind the privy, he could see Semper standing clear and unprotected and he shot him in the wrist. Semper bellowed and the pistol jumped out of his hand to the ground. Now it was my turn.

"Hit the dirt, Ellen!" Donald was roaring.

Very carefully I shot the left hand of the man with the rifle. He had swung the rifle to bear on Donald behind the privy and that exposed his left arm and hand. A four-inch target at less than thirty yards really isn't much of a shot, but Donald had told me to shoot to disarm the man with the rifle and I did; the man dropped the rifle. A few seconds later, The Great Commoner drilled a hole in a front tire and it was all over.

THE man behind the wheel crawled out with hands up; the man in the back seat got out wrapping his handkerchief around his hand; Semper sat on the ground holding his red, ruined wrist and cussing with style. He squinted up at Donald, who was watching him with that easy grin of his. "All right, Sarge, you win. If I'd used m'head I shoulda known you'd pull somethin' like this. Typical Harrigan stunt. But what beats the hell outta me is all this shootin' guns outta people's hands—it's fancy, but kinda silly, ain't it?"

"Might be a bit on the Tom Saywer side," Donald admitted, "but I figured it like this: It's hard killing people you know, even jerks like you, unless there's no other way. On the other hand, you may remember I owed you a little blood and bone for that night in the orchard on the Roer." Donald stooped and gave Aunt Ellen a hand up from the ground. He looked at Aunt Ellen, but he talked to Semper. "The main reason, Bridey, was that I had to show off a little for the girl I'm campaigning to marry. Lately, I've had a dark feeling that she thought I wasn't man enough to handle the care and feeding of a wife. It wouldn't have looked good for me to be outshot and outgeneraled by a second-rate bandit, now would it?"

Semper grunted and glanced up at Aunt Ellen, who was staring at Donald with her mouth open. "Lady," Semper said, "you are gapin' at the damnedest platoon sergeant and rifle shot in the whole chewed-up, man-eatin' 104th Division—until the Krauts danged near shot off his leg."

"His leg?" Aunt Ellen repeated, her eyes widening. "Oh!" She looked pretty embarrassed for a minute, then she turned the blast on Semper. "I'm not sure what a platoon sergeant is, you disgusting man, but by Judas Priest I'm sure he's the best one, whatever it is."

Donald grinned. "You see, Semper, how valuable you are to me alive?" He handed The Great Commoner to me. "If they budge, Red, shoot out their bicuspids one by one."

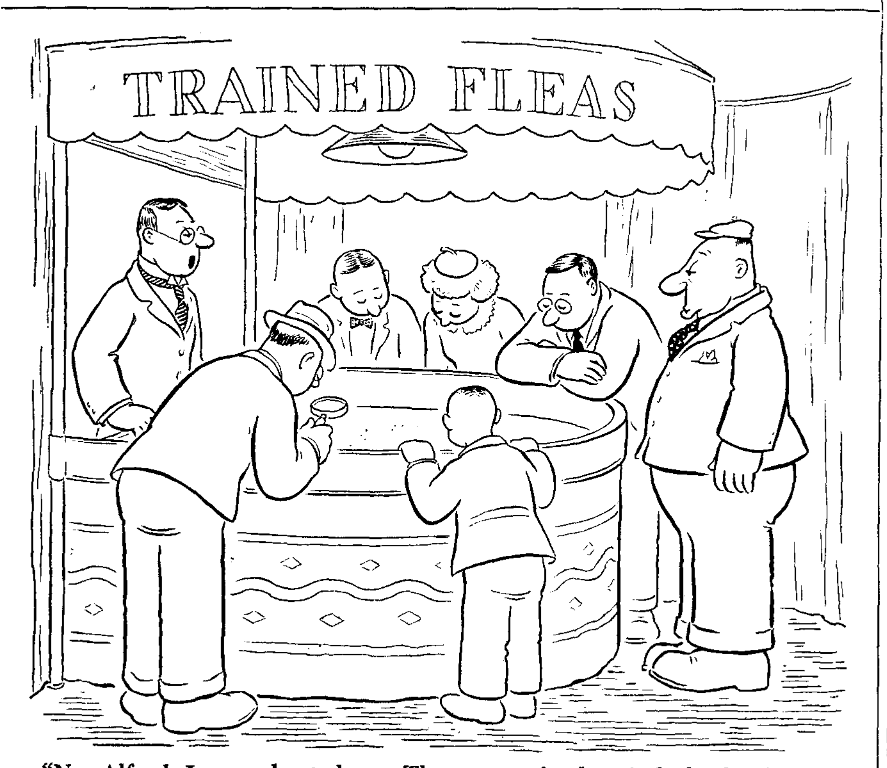
He put his arm around Aunt Ellen, who was looking a little beat and I'll be a clam's cousin if she didn't start blubbering right in front of everybody. She put her head on Donald's chest and pulled the plug something awful. Then Donald put his other arm around her and that worked; it shut off her water like it was out of faucet. "I'm terribly sorry I didn't know about your leg, darling," she said, blowing her nose in Donald's hanky. "Does it hurt often?"

Donald said no, not often, only before bank robberies.

There was some kissing and that stuff afterward, but I've given you the *important* facts of how Donald Harrigan got to be my uncle and the vice-president of Father's bank.

THE END

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"No, Alfred, I never beat them. They are trained entirely by kindness"

COLLIER'S

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TALLULAH TO YOU

Continued from page 23

twenty-one, a few weeks after Tallulah was born.

Tallulah's father was a penniless lawyer when he married the lovely and wealthy Miss Sledge. Later he became Speaker of the House. Her grandfather was senator from Alabama for years, and now her Uncle John Brockman Bankhead is senior senator from that state.

Brought up by her maternal grandma, Tallulah was carefully spoiled. "I was brought up to believe parties were more important than algebra," she says. She had a tyrant's temper, and no school or convent could be found to hold her long. She attended ten of them but never graduated from grammar grades.

In Washington she hobnobbed with and recited poems for corn-belt and cotton senators, and gave hoydenish impersonations of them to her family in private. One day in her teens she was taking a Coke in a Washington hellhole of a drugstore, when she came upon herself in a movie magazine. She'd sent in her photograph, and they'd picked her as one of the ten most beautiful girls in the country.

"Well I guess that was the happiest moment in my life," she told a reporter in one breath, "although I suppose I shouldn't say that because happy is such a big word and we're never really happy anyway except maybe the day the Cardinals beat those Yankees in the World Series that was really wonderful I stole the magazine and didn't pay for the Coke I didn't know what I was doing and rushed out of the place to the hotel Daddy was staying at the Willard it was a very elegant old place knocking over three old women I rushed upstairs screaming Daddy Daddy I won I won and everyone said oh my God Tallulah is having one of her spells but I showed them the picture and they said well now I guess we'll have to let her be an actress because she's no damn' good for anything else anyway!"

Flanked by a guardian aunt, Tallulah invaded New York and took up residence at the Algonquin Hotel, a celebrity trap and front door into the theater. Before you could say, "Oh, Mistuh Shoo-butt!" she had a minor part in The Squab Farm.

Her Success Was Chiefly Social

In eight plays between 1918 and 1922, Tallulah gained little theatrical but much social success. Her style of walk inspired the Tallulah wobble—a hip-throwing, slinky dance, accompanied by spoken poisonous gags about New York café society of the day.

But being witty, beautiful and talked about didn't make Tallulah happy. A numerologist advised her to change her name, and change her luck. This she confided to Joseph Hergesheimer in the Algonquin dining room. "If you change your name," the great author said, "I'll never write a line again." Tallulah remained Tallulah and Hergesheimer was saved for literature. The name Tallulah, incidentally, attributed by scholars to ancient Irish queens, and by others to the guy who names Pullman cars, actually was Tallulah's maternal grandma's name. Grandma got it from some falls so named by the Alabama Indians.

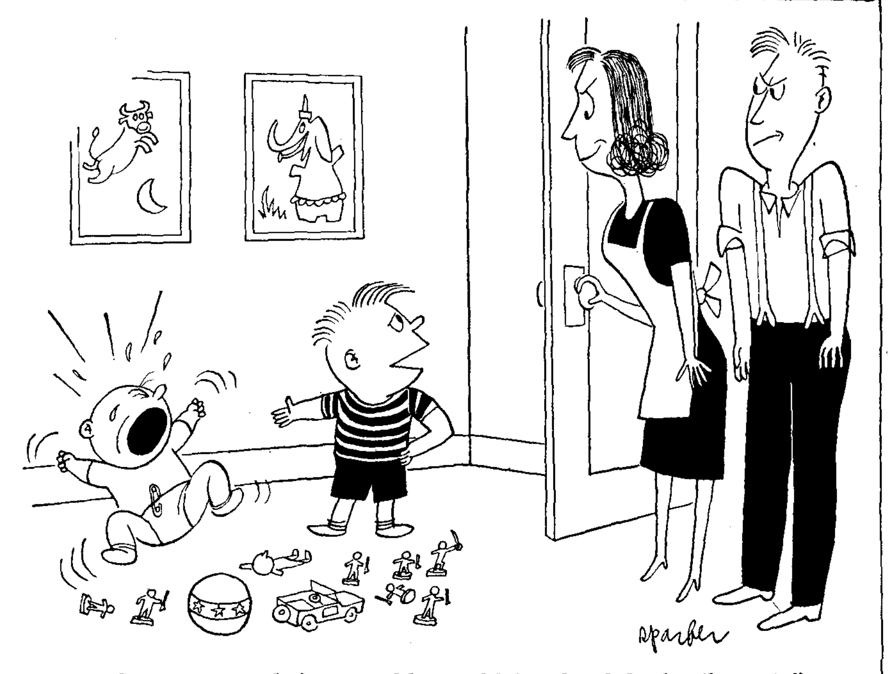
Some years ago when Noel Coward heard the story of Tallulah Falls, he is said to have murmured: "She does? How often?" Tallulah firmly denies this. "Noel never said that. I did. I said, 'When they named me, they made a prophecy, too!' "

In the fall of 1922, Tallulah got a part by cable in a London show of Sir Gerald du Maurier's. On the eve of departure, another cable arrived: "Deal is off!" She wept bitterly, borrowed $1,000, and went anyway.

In London she went right to the Ritz—"It's the only hotel name I know, darling!"—and then she dropped in on Sir Gerald and made out she'd never got his message. Just as the thousand ran out, Sir Gerald took pity on her and put her in The Dancers with him, at Wyndham's (Wimms). It ran 44 times more than Tallulah's total previous performances, and when it closed Sir Gerald was calling her Swanface, London was raving about her, and Tallulah was a British household term like "God save the King," and "Pip pip, old fruit!"

For eight solid years Tallulah wowed our British cousins. Ticket queues stretched for blocks 48 hours before her openings. Coward whipped out Fallen Angels for her. Michael Arlen rode down Piccadilly in a charabanc with her and a group of attendant lords, watched her gaily toss their silk hats from the vehicle to the passers-by, and incorporated the incident into The Green Hat, which she played in London while Kitty Cornell did it in New York.

TIMMY by **HOWARD SPARBER**



"Look, Mom—Hanky's acting like Daddy's side of the family again"

COLLIER'S

She flashed through London streets in her green open Bentley (for sunshine and publicity—or in her white Rolls Royce (for fog and elegance). She always followed a cab which she hired to blaze the trail through the confusing London streets. Everyone waved "Cheerio, Tallulah!"

She did little to discourage the press. The Lords Birkenhead & Beaverbrook, two dear, close friends in the newspaper business, began exploiting her. Once Birkenhead offered her £1,000 if she'd let him announce her engagement in one edition, deny it in the next. London newshawks advertise their wares with large signs bearing the current headlines. These soon displayed items like "Tallulah Goes to a Party," "Tallulah Buys a Fur Coat," or just plain "Tallulah."

In fact, when Tallulah made a brief visit to the U.S. in 1925 (for a quick shudder and quicker return), the news was advertised: "She's Gone!" and on her return: "She's Back!"

In the midst of this turmoil, Tallulah found time to become engaged to one Count Anthony de Bosdari, of the London Bourse, and the international polo set. She would quit the stage, do a Lady Astor.

One day Bosdari was quoted as saying, "I am the master and I will do the talking!" This was followed by a loud phffffft! and a new Tallulah opening.

Visiting American firemen remained cool. The late Sidney Howard, arrived in London for the opening of his They Knew What They Wanted, was prejudiced by hearsay against her in the lead. Howard, however, suffered a change of opinion, made a glowing curtain speech of gratitude to her after the *première*.

Not only lords appreciated Tallulah. Opening night of Coward's Fallen Angels found her jittery. She was playing an inebriated ex-lover. When it came time to say, "Saunders, serve coffee!" she was so nervous she said, "Coffee, serve Saunders!"

It broke up the show; she says she heard Coward guffaw through the darkness out front; and in the show it stayed.

In March, 1931, Tallulah abandoned her beloved lords and returned to the U.S.A., probably lured not so much by homesickness as by a substantial Hollywood contract.

Nobody put out flags, and nothing happened thereafter to make folks regret not doing so. Her mazda tan and sultry eyes (she was more the indoor type those years) made her look on film like the poor man's Theda Bara. The producers did the rest. After five foul balls in a row, Tallulah confided in print to Ward Morehouse, "I'm not here to pan Hollywood, but to praise it. Hollywood's all right, so are the people, but the sunshine is lousy." Saying which she fled back to the stage.

But London is a long way from Broadway, and until early in 1939, Tallulah thudded constantly in flops. Prime stinker of the batch, according to the critics, was her Cleopatra in Antony and Same by the well-known Bard. It persisted for five performances.

On February 15, 1939, Tallulah opened as Regina Giddens in Lillian Hellman's The Little Foxes, Herman Shumlin producing. The next day Tallulah was in—it was a perfect performance in a perfect part. There was no looking down on the play by the dazzling star—it was a natural, in which her energies and talents were finally harnessed. Tallulah, nearing forty, was pleased, especially with herself. She'd finally proved herself with her countrymen.

Since The Foxes, Tallulah's had an-

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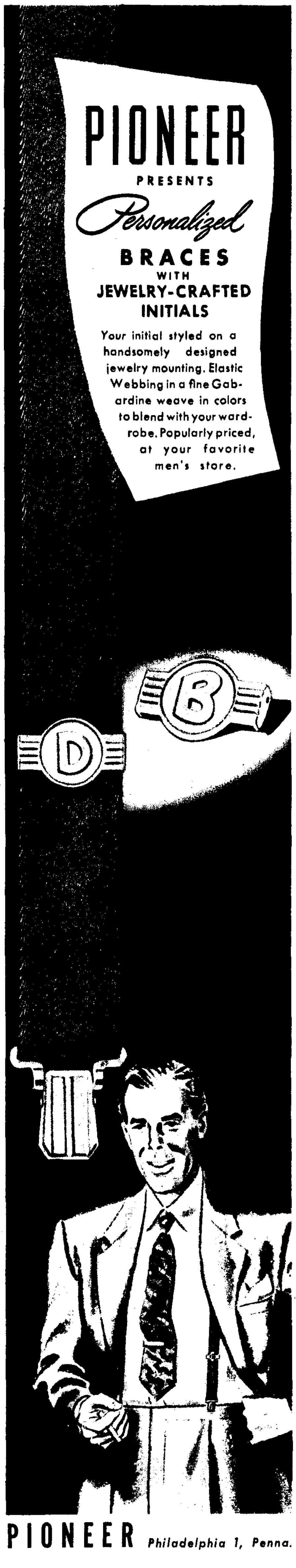

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other hit, Thornton Wilder's be-Pulitzered The Skin of Our Teeth. She did everything the critics once complained about, swamped the Frederic Marches, nice homebody folks co-starring with her in it, and when she walked out of the show, ill, during the eighth month of its run ("Darling, I had holes that big in my stomach, darling, gastric ulcers!") business fell off about $15,000 a week.

In 1944—after turning down the Theater Guild three times, she opened in Philip Barry's Foolish Notion, in a Boston blizzard to a jammed audience; in New York, it had a $200,000 advance sale, got what Barry called a "solid press" —of critical razzberries—and was kept going for a substantial run only because of Tallulah. The play cleaned up in the provinces, however.

That same year she made her peace with Hollywood, did Lifeboat, made by her fat friend Alfred Hitchcock. Then a bit of fluff called A Royal Scandal, made for Lubitsch, which proved that Catherine of Russia had a deep bass voice.

The long struggle with America has finally paid off. Even though the critics gave the Eagle a large bird when it flew into New York, March 19th, they did like Tallulah, who brought an $80,000 advance sale to the box office. This gives a rough idea of her personal prestige in her native land.

Though she averages around $2,500 a week when working, she pleads poverty. "When the season's over," she says, "I don't have $25 in my account. I don't know where it goes."

The only reason she works, she insists vehemently, is to stay out of the poorhouse. "Love the theater?" she thundered furiously at me as I cringed after asking that silly question, "I hate it—I hate it—I hate it. I hate the movies too —but at least they don't hold me down as much. I'd rather make a movie in ten weeks, than get trapped in a hit that runs for two years, then makes me go out on the road afterward."

Quite a Flair for Vaudeville

What would she rather do? Probably she'd like to put on the Tallulah Personal Vaudeville Act for anyone who'd hold still. Once at a Tallulah champagne party, Dorothy Parker watched quietly while Tallulah turned on the works, including a cartwheel on the Chinese rug. Dorothy had to leave the room for a minute, and when she returned, Tallulah had vanished, leaving a strange lull in her place.

"What," Mrs. Parker said, "has become of Whistler's Mother?"

She'd like, too, to haunt the New York bistros, such as Bleek's dungeon, hard by the Herald Tribune, and argue and cuss raucously with the newspaper boys, particularly with Richard A. Maney, the 52-year-old red-faced dean of Broadway press agents, who is always stipulated in Tallulah's contracts as her agent. Maney is probably the only living human who can outdrink Tallulah and give her advice, when he can get a word in edgewise.

Her only exercise besides elbow and ear bending is a bit of indifferent croquet. She once took tennis lessons from Bill Tilden. Even now she will get out an old warped racket and demonstrate her complete ignorance of the game with a few wild swings. "If I play tennis or golf or go horseback riding or do anything that's healthy and good for me, I get sick; but if I stay up all night smoking cigarettes and talking like mad, I feel simply great the next day."

So she confines her outdoor activities largely to sun-bathing, dyeing herself a rich sepia every summer.

She does her athletics vicariously. A few years ago she adopted the New York Giants en masse. ("Naturally I couldn't be for those damn' Yankees, could I?" she says.) Except on her matinee days, she sat in a field box at the Polo Grounds, right behind the dugout and co-starred with her darlings, cheering hits, and groaning at errors. As a climax to her fervor, she invited the entire team to the theater and a party. The Ottmen responded with an eight-game losing streak. Horrified, she was sure she'd hexed them, and avoided the Polo Grounds for weeks thereafter.

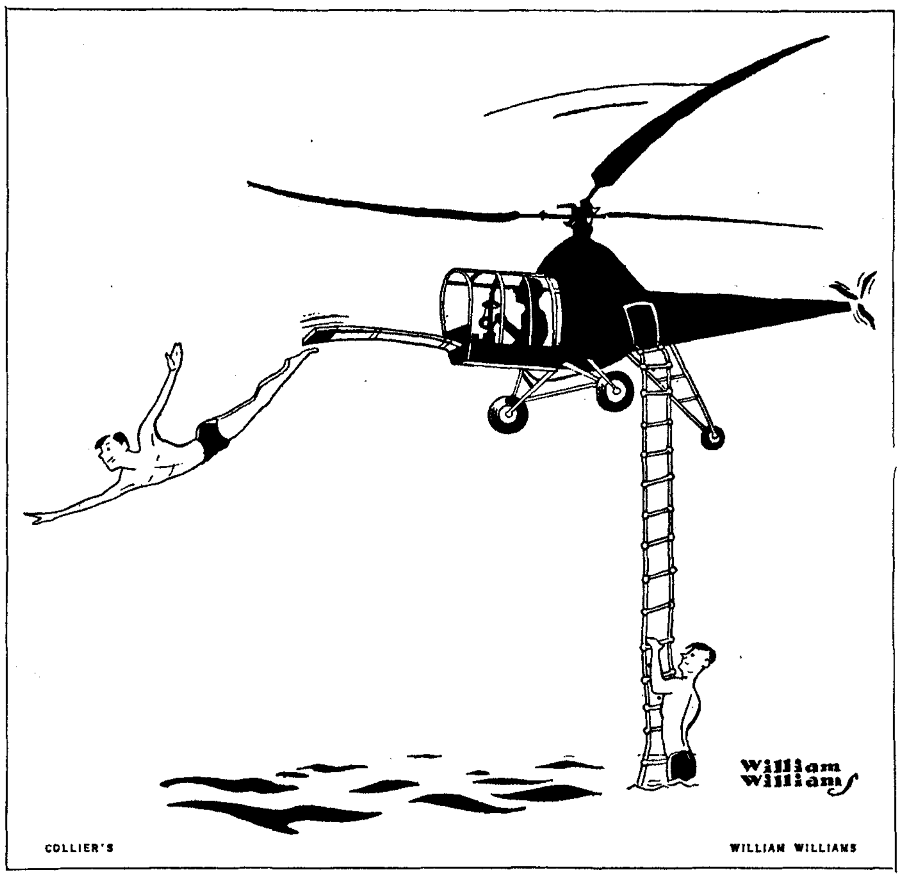
When Lou Chiozza, a weak-hitting Giant infielder from Tallulah, Louisiana, broke his ankle, Tallulah from Alabama banked his bed of pain with masses of flowers. She also spent much time with the dying Lou Gehrig.

Her passion for the national pastime may be more emotional than technical. It is said once on a visit to Ebbets Field, where those dreadful Dodgers were playing those darling Giants, she found herself rooting for Dolph Camilli under the impression that the "4" on the back of his white uniform made him Mel Ott. She did not realize that the Giants on the road wore gray. To atone, she wrote an article called "Mel Ott for Mayor of New York!"

Only once has she veered from her gallant knights. In 1941, she prayed for the Cards to beat the Dodgers in a crucial game, so they might play and beat those damned Yanks later in the World Series. "It wasn't so terrible, was it, darling?" she pleads, with those half-lidded brown eyes. "The Giants were stuck in third place."

One day at the Polo Grounds a woman came to her box with a couple of programs, asking that Tallulah autograph them for her two children. Tallulah shoved them aside and yelled: "My God, woman, can't you see who's coming to bat? It's Mel Ott, and he's going to hit a home run. For God's sake, go away!" The woman crawled away. She was Mrs. Mel Ott.

There is no accounting for Tallulah's paralyzing vitality. A typical working day will find her dashing from her hectic rooms at New York's Hotel Elysee to a matinee, without having been to bed the night before. After the matinee, she'll rush to some hall to make a speech for some sort of cause, sup off a bottle of champagne and a half grapefruit, give her evening show, toast the poets, priests and peasants that have dropped into her dressing room, play seven or eight rubbers of bridge till early morning, get two hours of sleep, then get off to a ball game Sometimes she can't sleep for days.



COLLIER'S WILLIAM WILLIAMS

The drinking, which she never conceals, sometimes gets her down. She gave it up when the British evacuated Dunkerque, said she wouldn't take another drink until they marched back in. She wanted to give blood, not alcohol, to the boys. She kept her word, too, consuming instead vats of Cokes. Dunkerque was one of the last places to be reoccupied, and she is extremely bitter against Maney, who she claimed double-crossed her by announcing a false reoccupation, thus causing her to fall off the wagon prematurely.

Cleopatra Marries Her Antony

In the matter of love, Tallulah still calls men "ginks," an antique designation, and she is said to have remarked once that it's a long time between ginks. She still grows misty-eyed about the "only man she ever loved," but doesn't want his name mentioned. Oddly, marriage has set in only once. During Antony and Cleopatra, she married Antony, who was John Emery. When asked why she married Emery, Tallulah would shake her golden locks and coo, "Because I love him." When she divorced him, and they again asked why, she said, "Because I love him."

Tallulah confessed that had the marriage gone on, it would have ended in a mass murder.

Her love for Churchill continues to flare fiercely. Her eyes star up when she dramatically quotes cables Winnie sends her for openings, like, "Congratulations hope long run." She claims the morning of his defeat, she rose to find a tiny statue of him in the house mysteriously overturned.

"I'd gladly murder Clementine, and marry him," she sighs, "with Clementine's consent, of course!" Clementine is Mrs. Churchill.

Not long ago Tallulah was being awfully coy about a young poet, who called her constantly and presumably made love in blank verse.

The rest of the Tallulah affections were being poured over Bill Sprouse and several wheezy Pekes, alley cats, servants and Sealyhams.

Tallulah denies emphatically that she forms odd attachments for the sake of sweet publicity. This may be so, for she never would consider endorsing a floor

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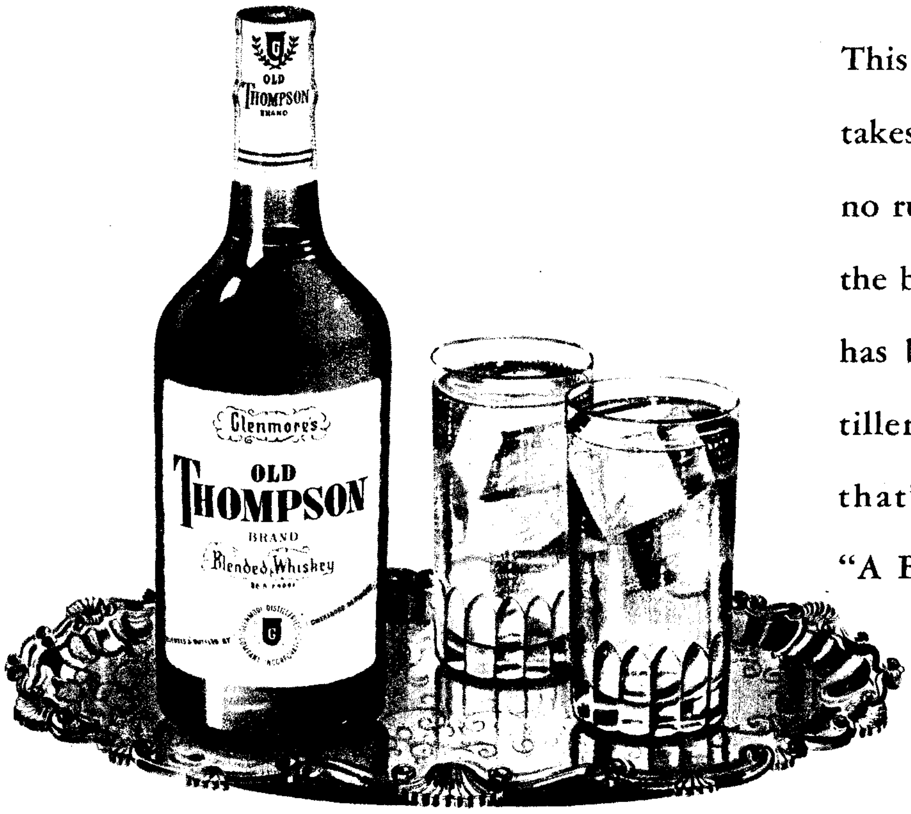

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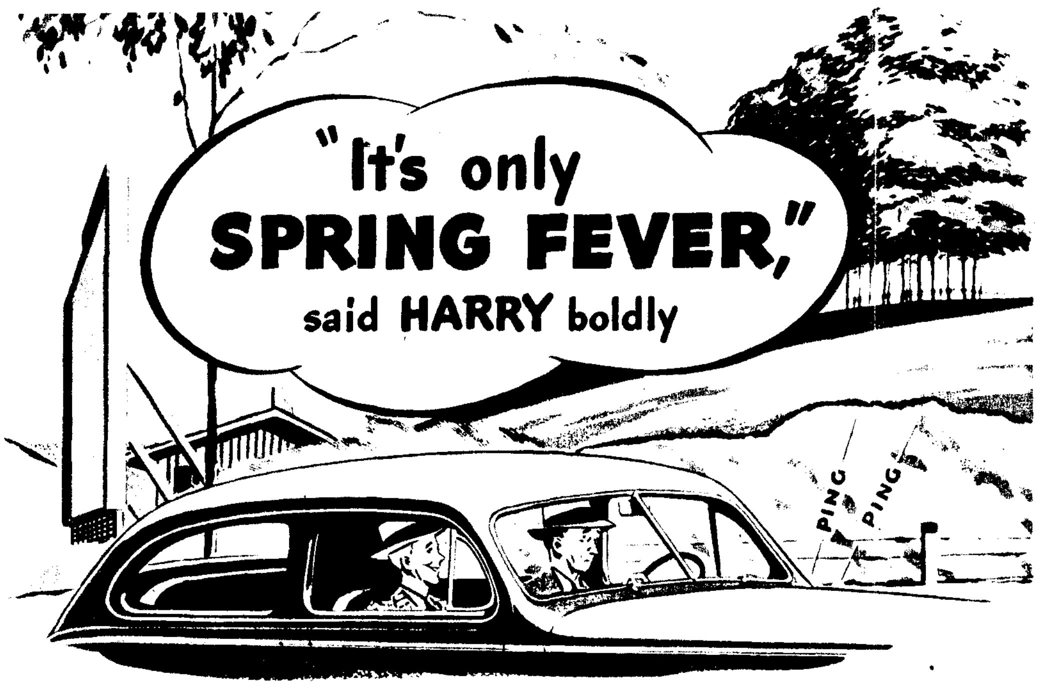
"It's only SPRING FEVER," said HARRY boldly
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"Darn it all," muttered the boss. "This car doesn't act right!"

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"He's right, sir," agreed the Ford Dealer a few minutes later. "It only needs a Spring Tune-Up—and he's certainly brought you to the right place. You see, for *any* service, only Ford Dealers can give you:

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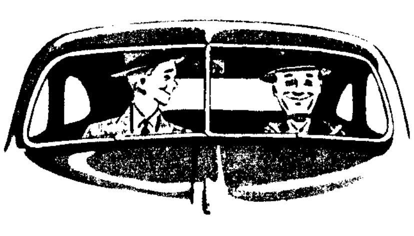
2 Factory-Approved Methods
3 Special Ford Equipment
4 Genuine Ford Parts

We'll tune the engine, make a Spring lubrication change-over, and you'll notice a delightful difference tonight!"

EVERYBODY WINS

"You and the Ford man were right, Harry!" cried Mr. Smith happily, when he picked the car up that evening. "This car runs as smooth and quiet as new! From now on, *it's Ford Service for me!*

"And you mentioned a raise," he added pleasantly. "I think it can be arranged."



Moral

There's no place like HOME for Ford Service
your Ford dealer knows your Ford best!

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

wax, or a cosmetic. "I might be tempted to endorse an opium pipe," she says, "but not a cigarette!"

The Tallulah prejudice is as violent as the Tallulah passion. If she likes you, she'll swamp you: if she gets into a pet with you, look out, bud! She's extremely devoted to Kitty Hepburn, to Estelle Winwood, to her own companion Dola Cavendish and she stutters over her affection for Ethel Barrymore. But she's feuded bitterly with some pretty important folks.

During The Little Foxes, Tallulah got very excited when Russia first moved on little Finland. She proposed a benefit performance for the Finns, which Producer Shumlin and Playwright Lillian Hellman, prominent Russophiles, promptly thumbs-downed. Tallulah went to war with this liberal axis. The war with Hellman is still on.

She can be kittenish, too, in getting off steam. While rehearsing Skin of Our Teeth, Tallulah complained she didn't have enough room to make love to Freddie March, or something of the nature. She demanded that Producer Meyerberg remove the first six rows of seats in the theater. Meyerberg refused. Six rows of seats at six bucks apiece—that mounted up. So Tallulah got a chisel, screw driver and hammer, invaded the orchestra pit, and started removing the seats herself. Meyerberg saw the light and all was serene again—for another 24 hours.

When Tallulah isn't unwittingly hurting people's feelings, she is impishly doing so. She'll deliberately single out a virginish-looking person and let loose with some masculine esoterica a Marine would think twice about using. Her stock of Elizabethan expletive is as complete as the Shakespeare she can freely quote. Not long ago, a celebrity-haunting dame spotted Tallulah in a public place, stepped up innocently and inquired, "Are you Tallulah Bankhead?"

Tallulah stiffened, fixed a terrifying eye on the poor woman, and barked: "I am not. How dare you confuse me with that soandsoandsoandso foul, repulsive toad of a person?"

Her tops in offending people came when she went on Mary Margaret McBride's program once and used the word "hell." Instantly she realized she'd committed the unpardonable sin of radio. "I've said hell I know," she ad-libbed hastily. "But I was quoting my Aunt Owen and I want you to know she's just as respectable as any of you. So there!"

This Epitaph Not for Posterity

She loves thinking up bons mots such as her epitaph, which is unprintable. She also enjoys telling yarns in which she is the heroine of her own cleverness. Years ago she attended an opening with Woollcott, and when he asked during the show what she thought of it, she whispered back: "There's less to this than meets the eye." It became a mot, and critics invited her to openings for months after. "I had to refuse. I couldn't take a chance," she says. "Those things don't come easily."

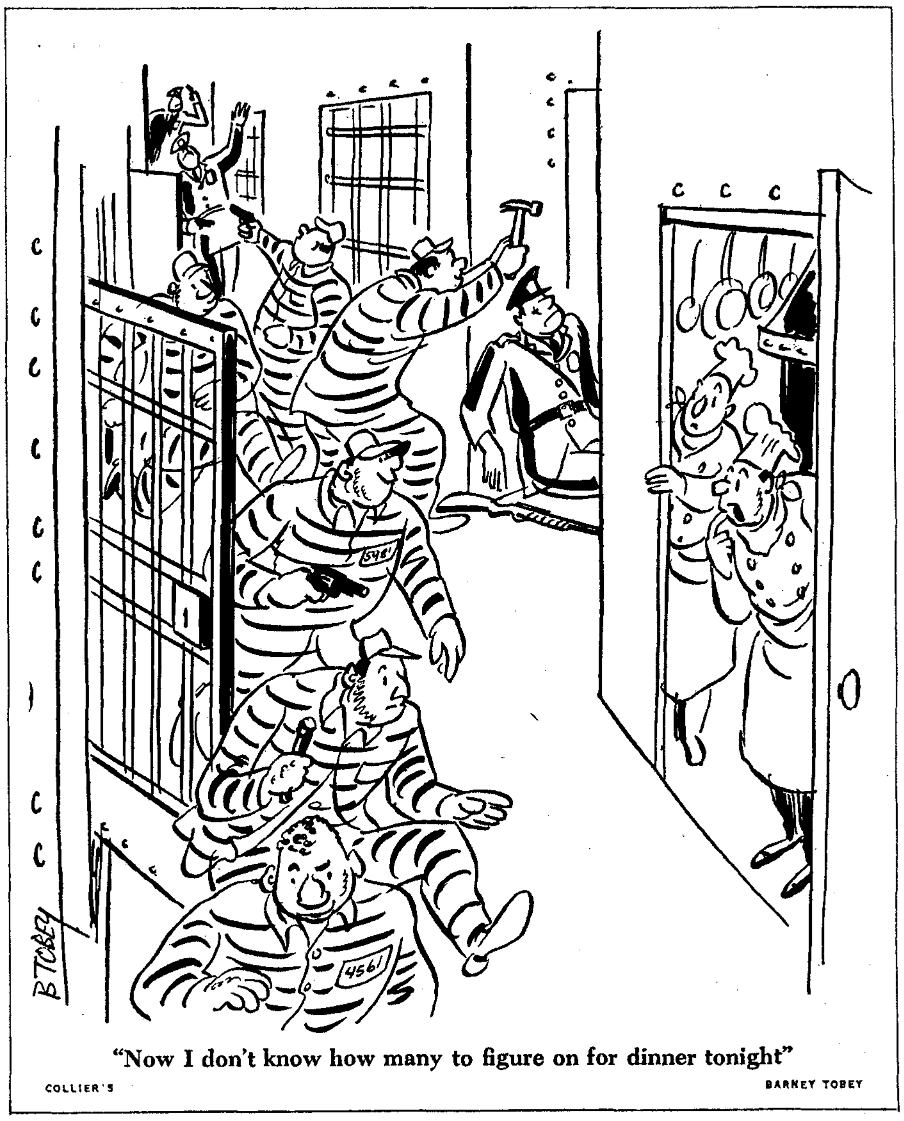
A few years ago she was invited to the White House by the Roosevelts, whom she adored. The day before her visit, the Roosevelts had entertained a group of delinquent gals, out on parole. Tallulah marched in, shook hands with F.D.R. and cooed blithely, "Thank you so much for asking me, Mr. President. I knew you'd ask me because you're so kind to wayward girls."

Incidentally, she is forever being asked over to talk to her lady neighbors who are interned at the near-by Bedford Women's clink. "I'd do you no good, Warden," she advises. "I'd only tell the girls to escape."

When, after many years, Tallulah finally met Walter Winchell, whom she had supplied with much material, he murmured, "Hello, Tallulah. I've heard an awful lot about you."

"Yes," she smiled bewitchingly, "and it's all true!"

THE END



"Now I don't know how many to figure on for dinner tonight"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

Stunning new ballet length theatre dress—its beautiful quality revealed in its rare pure silk fabric, its jet-studded Chantilly lace overskirt, its smooth, smooth Talon slide fastener.

Pure silk and sensational!...Wonderful, memorable...the kind of dress you own once in a lifetime. Right in every respect...quality even in details you don't see. Like the Talon slide fastener that flows so fluently in the bodice. A treasure in this $295 fashion...it is actually so inexpensive that a $2.65 house dress can afford it! And it adds extra value to each.

Talon
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THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER

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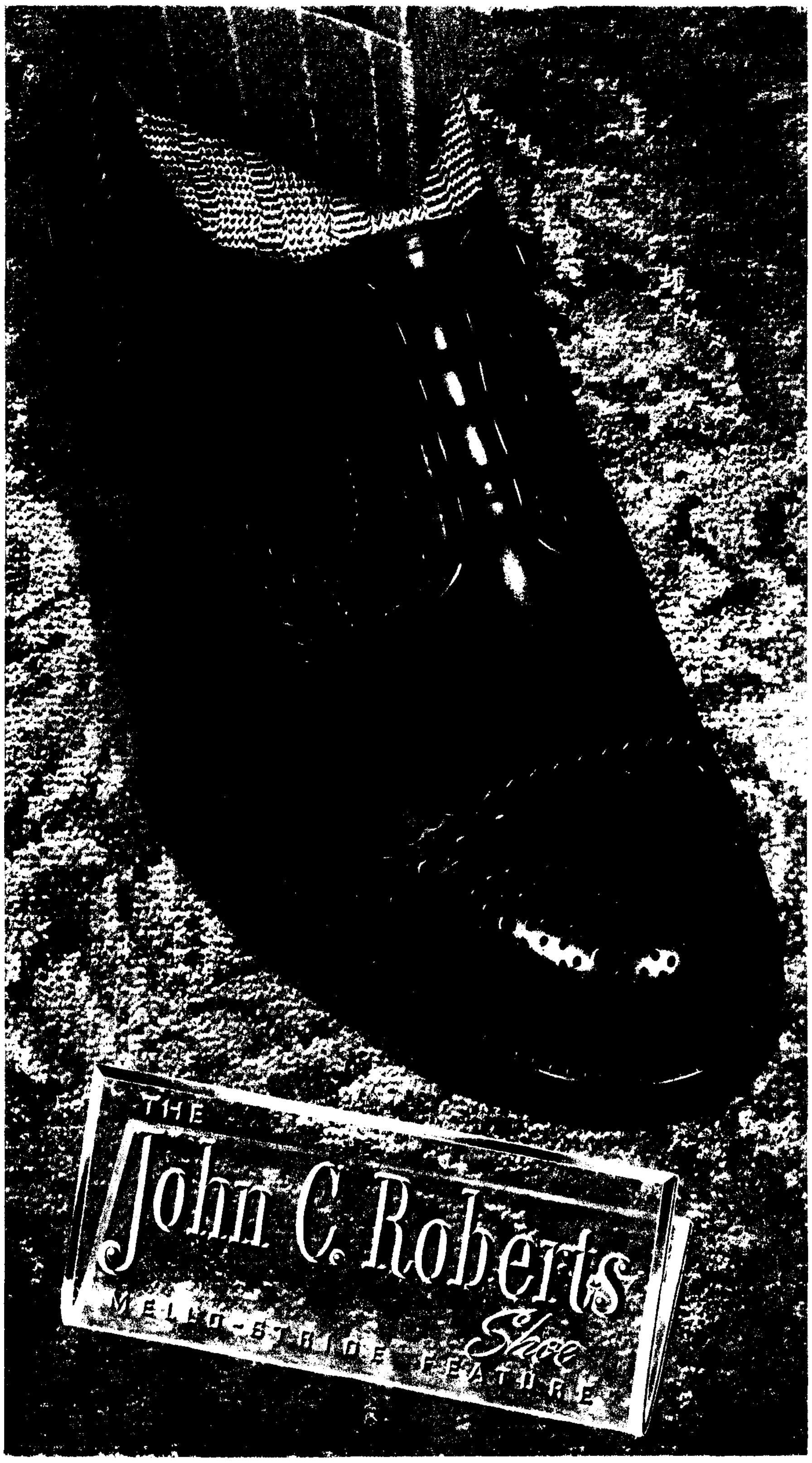

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this shoe is. Then you'll realize that this shoe was planned for you.
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World's Largest Shoemakers

FOR DISTINGUISHED CONGRESSIONAL SERVICE

Continued from page 13

La Follette is as notable an independent as the Senate has known since his fiery father, Wisconsin's famous Old Bob, struggled and slugged for 20 years for whatever cause seemed to him good for the common man. At times Young Bob has been the hero of the liberals, at other times conservatives have nodded approval as he went into action, and on occasions he has been a middle-of-the-road man. But always he has been free to do his stuff as he thought it should be done. Young Bob, now fifty-two, is married and has two sons. His home is the old La Follette house outside of Madison, Wisconsin. He has a residence in Washington, also.

He came to the Senate as a Republican in 1925, to succeed his father, whom he had served as secretary and campaign manager. The elder La Follette had died soon after making a last grim fight for his progressive principles in the Presidential race of 1924 when he ran as an independent against Calvin Coolidge, the conservative Republican, and John W. Davis, the conservative Democrat. He had deliberately overtaxed what was left of his stormy strength, despite the efforts of his son to take over speaking engagements and other campaign tasks. Young Bob was re-elected three times on Republican or Progressive tickets. In 1946, he tried unsuccessfully to move back into the Republican party and win its nomination.

But his defeat, in the opinion of Collier's Congressional Awards Committee, subtracted nothing from the great service he rendered our country last year, when he became the key figure in efforts to modernize Congressional rules and organization. The Congress had suffered in popular respect because it stumbled over its own feet as it attempted to operate in the 1940s with methods and organization developed in the 1890s.

It was the definite opinion of all those consulted by the Congressional Awards Committee that La Follette is entitled to credit for passage of the Congressional reorganization plan. "The executive branch of government had been taking over," said a Washington news writer consulted by the Committee, "and the Congress, rattled by criticism and confused by the rush of events, did not seem to realize fully where its legislation was leading. The Congressional Reorganization Act, which La Follette put through, is the first well-directed effort to enable the Congress to recapture and to exercise the powers reposed in it by our Constitution and our political system."

Chief Features of the Plan

The reorganization plan is too long to be presented in a few lines, but these are some of its features: It gives Congressional committees their own fact finders so that lawmakers will not be dependent, as they have been, on interested testimony and guesswork; it sets up a compact committee structure along lines corresponding with the present activities of government; it increases the responsibility of committees to watch what is happening in government; it brings the spending and the taxing committees into synchronized relationship; it requires that a Congressional ceiling be set on appropriations, in place of the old system of adding up all the appropriations near the end of a session and only then discovering what the total was; it raises the pay of all congressmen from $10,000 to $15,000 a year, and sets up a contributory retirement plan; it opens the doors and records of many committee deliberations heretofore held secretly.

Singularly, the Reorganization Act, generally recognized as a great service to the nation, is directly associated with La Follette's defeat. He and others working with him last spring and early summe were convinced that the act must be driven through in 1946, if ever. Conditions were nearer right for its passage than they had been, or were again likely to be But La Follette could not get the bill to the floor for debate until campaign time wa at hand in Wisconsin. He knew he wa in for a hard primary fight in that campaign. While the war had lasted he had been so busy in Washington he had no been able to spend much time in his home state, and meanwhile, groups opposed to him were assembling their strength.

What should he do? He recalled then as he had many times before, a principle his father had told him to live by.

"The thing that counts most in life," said Old Bob to Young Bob, "is to go straight ahead to the end of the furrow."

Young Bob decided to go straigh ahead to the end of the Congressional Reorganization furrow. The bill passed the Senate and he hurried home. But he had less than two weeks to catch up, and it was not enough.

Thus what may be the greatest service Young Bob La Follette has rendered his country contributed to his first politica defeat—and won him a Collier's Congressional Award!

Regular But Not Extremist

Jesse Paine Wolcott, the House winner has been a regular Republican all of his political days, but not an extremist; not one of those "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun" Republicans sometimes found in his native New England or his adopted Middle West. In the great OPA battles of 1946, he was shot at by both sides, a situation to which he has been accustomed since his first election to the House in 1930. He just is not an emotional political zealot who believes that all the right is on one side.

He won the admiration of Collier's Congressional Awards Committee by his remarkable sanity in a year of poisonous political fighting. He appeared unaffected by the fiercest of propaganda bombardments, as he pushed efforts to adapt wartime controls to the changing conditions of peace. "If his counsel had prevailed last summer," an able observer told the Awards Committee, "the transition to a free economy might have been made more gradually and with fewer jolts. He deserves recognition for wisdom and moderation not generally appreciated at the time he was making his OPA fight."

While the war lasted, Wolcott supported the economic stabilization program, but when the wage line broke after the war he turned from strict price control toward greater production as the surer way to avoid inflation. Stimulation of production, while letting off controls gradually, was the heart of his domestic line in 1946. In the international field he was a powerful influence in passing the British loan agreement through the House.

Passionate advocates of OPA say he cut its throat. Equally passionate opponents of that agency say he saved it from sudden dismemberment. Some of the former sought to explain his attitude by putting out reports that he was a vastly rich man, therefore unacquainted with the difficulties of little people.

But investigation shows that Wolcott’ worked as a laborer in a chair factory in Gardner, Massachusetts, his birthplace; that later he sent himself through high school by working as a trap drummer in a professional dance and concert orchestra (he says he was the hottest thing on drums in those days); that he almost owned one share of telephone stock when as a young man he worked by day for the Bell Telephone System and by night for the Detroit Edison Company, but that he had to cash his equity in the share before he got it paid for and since then has bought no other stock; that he is paying for a house he bought almost entirely on credit near Washington at the rate of $66.93 a month; that his home in Port Huron, Michigan, is assessed at $5,500; that he carries a $10,000 life-insurance policy and on the day he learned he was a Collier's Awards winner he had $612.13 in one bank account, and $365.03 in another.

Wolcott moved from Massachusetts to Michigan when he was nineteen because he thought he might do better out there. He studied law when he could, was admitted to the bar. When the first World War came he served as a sergeant and finally as a second lieutenant in a machine-gun company of the famous 1st Division. He saw action in the Argonne. After the war he was an assistant police judge in Port Huron, later county prosecuting attorney, and in 1930 was elected to the House where he has been ever since. He is fifty-four years old, is married, has a seventeen-year-old son.

In recent years he has abandoned his drums, except for one appearance in the Russian Cultural Institute of Moscow. He had gone there with a Congressional group in 1945, and one evening when the Russians were entertaining the visitors at the Institute, Wolcott said to a companion that he'd like a try at the Russian drums in the orchestra. An interpreter heard the remark, reported it, and immediately Wolcott was escorted to the drums, where to the amazement of his colleagues he cut loose with confidence.

When the Awards Committee settled to the task of bestowing the honors for 1946, its first decision was that the previous year's winners, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, of Michigan, and Representative A. S. Mike Monroney, of Oklahoma, were not eligible for consideration. It was the unanimous opinion that no member of the Congress should win two years in a row unless under the most extraordinary conditions he had changed his activities from the field in which he had won the honor to another field in which also he excelled his colleagues.

Next, the Awards Committee decided that generally choices should be made from the rank and file of Senate and House memberships, rather than from among party leaders whose influence springs in considerable degree from the high party posts they hold. But this decision was not unanimous, and always the members are free to do as they think best. This same spirit of freedom carries over into the Committee's voting, which pays no attention to party or ideological lines.

At the request of the Awards Committee each of fifty-two respected Washington editors, news writers, columnists and commentators suggested three senators and three representatives whose work in 1946 seemed to him to be notable. These confidential advisers named 20 senators and 43 representatives.

A Large List to Select From

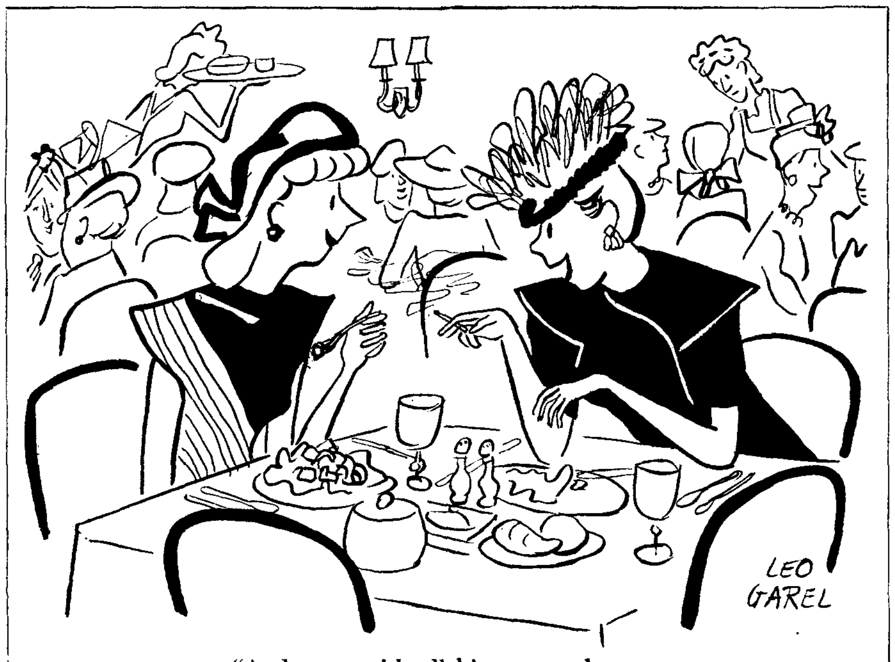
Following this poll, several hundred editors and political scientists, some in every state, were asked by the Awards Committee for confidential suggestions and comments. Again, each participant was asked to name three senators and three representatives. More than 500 replies were received, with the end result that 56 senators and 119 representatives were presented for consideration.

Finally, the Awards Committee began its own voting, with nine senators and 14 representatives receiving support as first or second choices on the first ballot. Twenty-one members of the Committee participated in the voting. One was ill, and one out of touch. The senators receiving support were: Aiken and Austin of Vermont, Barkley of Kentucky, Byrd of Virginia, Connally of Texas, La Follette of Wisconsin, McMahon of Connecticut, Murray of Montana and Taft of Ohio; five Democrats and four Republicans. The House members receiving votes were: Case of South Dakota, Crosser of Ohio, Dirksen of Illinois, Douglas of California, Halleck of Indiana, Hope of Kansas, Kefauver of Tennessee, Martin of Massachusetts, Rayburn of Texas, Howard Smith of Virginia, Sparkman of Alabama (now a senator), Voorhis of California (he was defeated for re-election), Wadsworth of New York and Wolcott of Michigan. Of these, Case, Dirksen, Halleck, Hope, Martin, Wadsworth and Wolcott are Republicans, the other seven are Democrats.

On this first poll, La Follette and Wolcott were out front but did not have majorities. On the second, both had majorities of first choice votes, and on the third and final poll of the Committee, both won with heavy majorities. The polls were taken several days apart to allow time for study between them.

And that's the story of Collier's Congressional Awards for 1946, the second year of this adventure in the interest of representative government.

THE END



COLLIER'S "And even with all his money, he retains a certain amount of character" LEO GAREL

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A GOOD SOCK...

WHEN YOU ASK FOR WESTMINSTER—

Spring tonics for your wardrobe. Light, bright, fast colors in handsome designs of long wearing, precision knit yarns.

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AND YR BETTER HALF BEGINS TO ROAM →
GRIPPER FASTENERS WILL BRING YOU TOGETHER ...AND YOU WILL BE HAPPY FOREVER AND EVER!
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END BUTTON BOTHER, SEWING SESSIONS, LAUNDRY TROUBLES. THEY'RE NEAT, TRIM AND OH-SO EASY TO OPEN AND CLOSE... DON'T DELAY...GET 'EM TODAY!
* the laundry-proof snap fastener that ends "button-bother"

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HE TRAPPED CAPONE

Continued from page 15

came out with Judith and the luggage we hopped into a taxi. We got out where I'd parked the car and I went into an apartment house, telling Judith that a new agent had moved in and I wanted to say hello. I faked ringing the doorbell and came out a few minutes later saying he wasn't home. Then I got into the car and drove to the Union Station (I had left word at the Sheridan Plaza that we were going to Kansas).

"A new man's coming in on the train, I think I'll meet him." I told Judith. Then I pretended to change my mind and drove through the station and on to the Palmer House. By this time Judith was completely confused. I figured Capone's torpedoes were confused, too.

Later Eddie O'Hare came to me with another report. "The big fellow's offering $25,000 reward to anybody who bumps you off!" he said.

When the story broke in the papers that Capone had put a price on my head, I took one look at the big black type and thought, "Wow, when Judith sees that! When she finds out my Curly Brown is really Al Capone . . . !"

Alice Sullivan, the wife of one of our agents, ran down to the newsstand in the building and bought up all the newspapers so Judith wouldn't see them. But I knew I couldn't keep the gag going much longer. I got a group of agents and their wives together and broke the news. Judith took it with amazing calm. She simply said, "We're going straight home to Baltimore!"

I finally won her over by promising she could be with me as much as possible. She always felt that when she was on hand she could protect me from the worst mugs in Capone's collection. Women always think they're bulletproof.

While Capone was advertising his monetary interest in my corpse, I was working on the handwriting in the ledgers of The Ship. I think we must have collected handwriting samples of every hoodlum in Chicago. We got them from the voting registers in the wards, from savings accounts, from police courts and from the bonds they signed when they were pinched.

The painful process of elimination finally left me with a character named Lou Shumway, whose writing on a deposit slip in a little bank in Cicero was a dead twin to that in the ledgers. I found out from a tipster that Shumway was in Miami, probably working at Hialeah or the dog tracks. All I had to go on was a description: "Shumway is a perfect little gentleman, refined, slight, harmless—not a race-track sport at all."

In February of 1931, I stood by the rail at Hialeah and looked into the boxes at the man I had been stalking for nearly three years. Scarface Al Capone sat with a jeweled moll on either side of him, smoking a long cigar, occasionally raising huge binoculars to his eyes, greeting a parade of fawning sycophants who came to shake his hand—a veritable Shah of Persia.

I looked upon his pudgy olive face, his thick pursed lips, the rolls of fat descending from his chin—and the scar, like a heavy pencil line across his cheek. Good God, I thought. When a country constable wants a man he just walks up and says, "You're pinched." Here I am, with the whole U.S. government behind me, as powerless as a canary.

But Gentleman Lou Shumway was not at Hialeah. I continued the hunt at the dog track of the Biscayne Bay Kennel Club. The second night I thought I spotted my man way back of the betting windows, in the cashier's department. When I tailed him home I was sure he was the "perfect little gentleman" my tipster had described.

I called on Lou Shumway the next morning while he was having breakfast with his wife. He was already a pale green when we drove over the causeway toward the Federal Building—and I hadn't even told him what the case was about. He turned a real green, maybe more of a chartreuse, when I sat him in the office and said cold-turkey, "I am investigating the income-tax liability of one Alphonse Capone."

THE MYTH AND THE MISTER

The men who rove, the men who roam,
The men who leave the hearth and home,
A single theme they all expand—
The wife who doesn't understand.

How vast would be my sympathy
If I were male, and couldn't see
Behind each teary tale they tell
A wife who understands—too well.

—Anita Lipton

Gentleman Lou didn't merely shake at that. He rattled. I jumped up and gave him a glass of water. "I've got something stronger if you'd like a shot, Lou," I offered. With a little medicine in him he pulled himself together and said, "Oh, you're mistaken. I don't know Al Capone. I don't know anything about it."

I put my hand on his shoulder. "Lou," I said, "I know you're in a helluva spot. You have only two choices: If you refuse to play ball with me, I will send a deputy marshal looking for you at the dog track. I will have him look for you in the open, ask for you by name, drive up to your house and serve a summons on you. You get the point, Lou. As soon as the gang knows the government has located you, and further knowing your reputation as a gentleman and a truthful man, they will probably decide to bump you off at once so you can't testify, and Mrs. Shumway will soon be a widow.

"If you don't like that idea, Lou, take choice number two: Come clean with the United States government and tell the truth about these ledgers. You were bookkeeper at The Ship. You can identify every entry in these books—and you can tell who your boss was, Lou. I'll guarantee to keep it secret until the day of the trial that you are playing ball with me. The government will send you away

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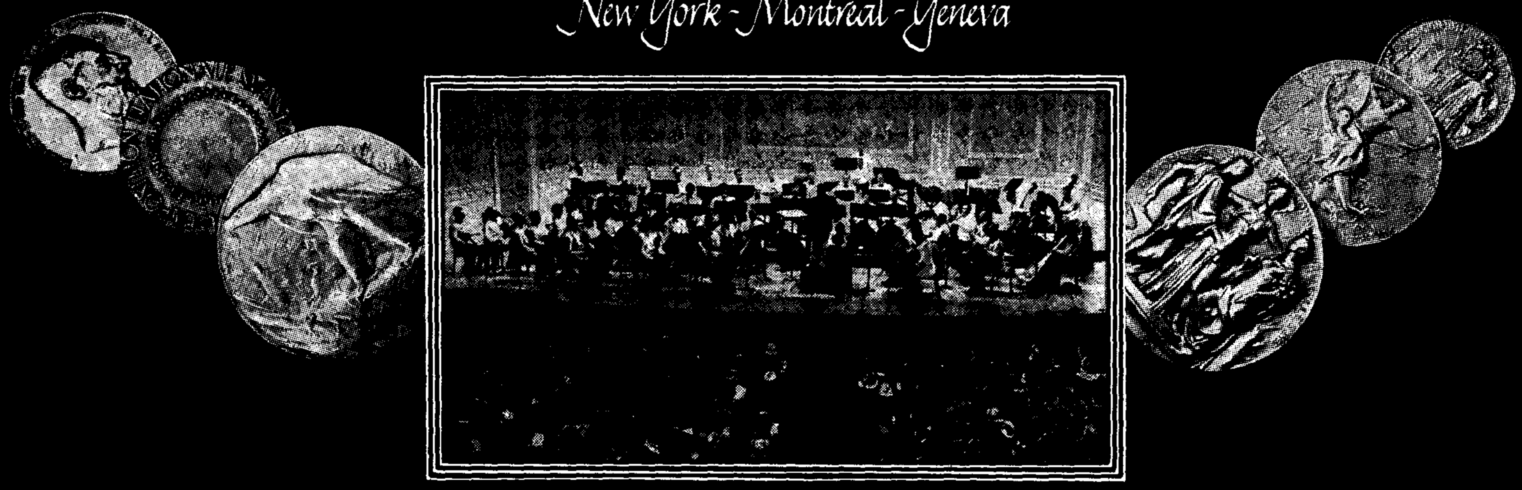

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★ Granted the Good Housekeeping Guaranty Seal which provides replacement or refund of money if not as advertised therein.

Designed for Good Giving

For you, a choice gift indeed, to give or to receive, for there never was a finer toaster made. Built by men of long experience in the appliance field, the Camfield Automatic Toaster has mechanical perfection that surpasses even its gleaming chromium finish. Among its exclusive features is "Equa-Therm," an ingenious heat control. It assures you perfect toast—with color and crispness to choice—*every time*, despite voltage fluctuations. Yes, for weddings, anniversaries and birthdays—or just to fill a heart's desire—a Camfield is well worth giving—or hinting for. Camfield Manufacturing Company, Grand Haven, Michigan.

CAMFIELD
AUTOMATIC TOASTER

to a safe place. You will be guarded day and night. Play ball, Lou, and I'll guarantee that Mrs. Shumway will not become a widow."

Gentleman Lou quivered like a harp string but he finally gave in. I spirited him out of Miami so that even his wife thought he was going to a sick relative in Oklahoma. For safekeeping, I hid him in California until we'd need him again. This mild, reedy fellow with the gray eyes was our prize package.

But we still had to show that *income* actually reached the pockets of Al Capone. We had to deal with actual money, green stuff, in addition to figures in the books. A very painstaking, and very boring checkup on all the recorded money transactions in Cicero finally pointed up one "J. C. Dunbar" as a very interesting character. He had brought to the Pinkert State Bank in Cicero enough gunny sacks full of cash to buy $300,000 worth of cashier's checks.

Traced By a Special Delivery

Agent Nels Tessem and I caught up with "Dunbar," whose real name was Fred Ries, in St. Louis. We found out from the Post Office inspectors that a special-delivery letter was about to be delivered to him, so we simply tailed the messenger boy and I crossed Ries' palm with a federal subpoena.

Ries fumed. Especially since the special-delivery letter was from Capone's headquarters, ordering Ries to flee to Mexico at once as government agents were on his trail.

As we drove downtown it dawned on him that we might be Capone torpedoes out to erase him. "Is this a snatch? Who are you? If you are government men show me your badges!" Ries snarled.

"Now don't worry. Sit still and don't ask any more damn' questions," I said. The fact that we didn't show our badges made him certain we were assassins. His face blanched and he cried out, "I never squawked or squealed on Capone in my life. This ain't fair!"

Ries was relieved when we entered the Federal Building, but he wouldn't talk. "You have me all wrong. I never saw the Pinkert Bank. I've never been to Cicero," he snapped. That and, "Nuts to you," was all we could get out of him. But we had briefed ourselves on cocky, beady-eyed, cop-hating Fred Ries and expected him to be tough. He was a hard boy who feared nothing in this world—except maybe little insects like cockroaches and bedbugs.

Tessem and I slipped him across the bridge into East St. Louis, the last place the gang's shysters would look for him, and had him committed as a material witness to a special jail we had picked out in Danville, Illinois. In it was a little room on the third floor especially designed for Fred Ries. He took one look and gasped, "This ain't fit for a dog!" Cockroaches and other wild life were virtually holding a convention upon the premises.

"If you don't like it here just tell the jailer you are willing to play ball," I said, shoving him a pack of cigarettes.

As we left I told the jailer Ries would probably be calling for us in less than a week. We had asked the judge in East St. Louis to file the commitment papers in his safe, so there wouldn't be any docket record and the shysters and their bondsmen would never find out where Ries was. Forty-eight hours later the Capone gang was offering a reward for information on Ries' whereabouts. Tessem and I chuckled.

Ries cried uncle, all right. When we got back to Danville, Ries pleaded, "The bedbugs are eating me alive. I haven't eaten a decent meal or slept for five days. Take me out of here!"

"Your old friends must be laughing at your predicament, Fred. I thought you said they would spring you quick," I said.

"It's the first time they ever let me down. They'll regret it," Ries replied. "Just get me out of here. I can't stand this lousy place any longer. I'm nearly crazy. I'll play ball—I'll explain those cashier's checks. But for God's sake, get me away from these bugs!"

We took Ries back to Chicago and sneaked him into the grand jury chambers in the middle of the night. There he gave the testimony that put the profits of The Ship squarely in the pockets of Scarface Al. It sounded like the Gettysburg Address to me. I packed my scowling little treasure off to South America, with government agents to guard him until we needed him in court. The Chicago "Secret Six," a committee of businessmen out to fight crime, supplied the money for this expedition.

In the autumn of 1931, two weeks before the Capone trial was to begin, my undercover man, Eddie O'Hare, telephoned me, out of breath as usual, and we used our code to arrange a meeting. He named a street corner on the far North Side of Chicago. I was there in one hour.

"The big fellow is going to outsmart you!" Eddie said.

"Don't be silly. We won't let Capone outsmart us—not now, not at the eleventh hour!"

"Oh, no? Well, the fix is in already! Capone's boys have a complete list of the prospective jurors. They're fixing them one by one. They're passing out $1,000 bills. They're promising political jobs. They're giving out tickets to prize fights. They're giving donations to churches. They're using muscle, too, Frank."

"Eddie, you've been reading detective stories. The judge and the U.S. attorney don't even have the jury list yet. I asked about it today."

"Oh, yeah? Well, take a look at this!"

Eddie handed me a list of ten names and addresses. "There you are," he said. "They're right off the jury list—names 30 to 39!"

I think my heart stopped for a couple of seconds. I knew I had a good hand—I had worked on it long enough—but Capone was going to beat me with an ace in the hole.

The news hit U.S. Attorney George E. Q. Johnson and his assistant, Dwight Green, with terrific impact. Johnson slammed his fist on the desk and roared, "So Capone's even got the court under his thumb! Some skunk let that list out of the bag."

Checking Up With the Judge

We went to the chambers of Federal Judge James H. Wilkerson, who was to sit in the Capone trial. There was some reassurance in just looking at the judge. Somehow he seemed like a match for Scarface Al. Without moving a muscle he gazed at the ten names Eddie had given me. Then he said, rationing his words as if they were pearls, "I do not have my jury list yet. I do not believe it wise for me to ask for it, lest I engender suspicion. We will sit tight and wait for it to come to me in due course. I shall call you gentlemen when I get it."

It didn't calm my nerves any when Eddie O'Hare met me that night to report, "Capone and his gang are not worrying about the trial, Frank. They've got the entire jury list parceled out in lots of five and ten names. Some of the biggest shots in this town have their quotas to work on. When they get through, every prospective juror on the panel will either be so beholden to Capone or so scared that the trial will be over before it gets started."

I was too beaten to say anything.

The next morning Judge Wilkerson sent for U.S. Attorney Johnson and me. He had the jury list upon his desk. The ten names on the list Eddie O'Hare had shown me tallied exactly with names 30 to 39 on the panel. But the big judge did not appear ruffled. He simply said, "Bring your case into court as planned, gentlemen. Leave the rest to me."

The day the trial started, the ancient, frowning courthouse looked as if Ringling Brothers had pitched camp on its stone doorstep. I had to fight my way through reporters, photographers and sob sisters; climb over tripods and crunch over a carpet of flash bulbs.

Al Capone came into the courtroom in a mustard-colored suit and sat down at the counsel table just a few feet from me. I saw his light tan shoes shuffle beneath his chair. I thought of that day at Hialeah.

Phil D'Andrea, Al's favorite bodyguard, came in and sat beside him: Phil, with his greased-flat hair, looking like a croupier at a crap game, sneering at the crowd and fawning over Al, adjusting Al's chair closer to the table, plucking a thread from Al's shoulder.

Judge Wilkerson entered in his black robe. Capone, behind the mask of his moonface, seemed to be snickering in anticipation of the jury of new-found friends and intimidees who would soon send him back to the overlordship of Chicago.

Judge Wilkerson called his bailiff to the bench.

He said in crisp, low tones, "Judge Edwards has another trial commencing today. Go to his courtroom and bring me his entire panel of jurors. Take my entire panel to Judge Edwards."

The switch was so easy, so smooth, so simple. Capone's face clouded but he did not move. In the black cloud was the despair of a gambler who had made his final raise—and lost.

The trial marched on. My gems, Gentleman Lou Shumway and the bug-bedeviled Ries, stood their ground on the witness stand though Capone and Phil D'Andrea were staring holes through them the entire time.

I kept my eyes on D'Andrea. When he got up to stretch during a recess I could have sworn I saw a familiar bulge in his right hip pocket. But no, I thought, there wasn't a crumb in the world who would dare to bring a gun into federal court. I saw him stretch again. . . .

To get D'Andrea out in the hall I had the boys send in word that a reporter wanted to see him. I followed him out of the courtroom. Nels Tessem and Jay Sullivan, my colleagues, led him down the corridor. As we passed Judge Wilkerson's chambers I shoved him inside.

"Give me that gun!" I snapped.

D'Andrea handed it over.

"Give me those bullets!"

He ladled out a handful of ammunition from his vest pocket.

Judge Wilkerson interrupted the trial to cite D'Andrea for contempt and send him away for six months. Capone growled, "I don't care what happens to D'Andrea. He's a damn' fool. I don't care if he gets a month or ten years." Al was cracking. Even the ace beneath the ace in the hole was gone.

While the Jury Debated

The trial wound up in mid-October. As the jury went to its deliberations I felt sure we had won. I went to the Union League Club for dinner with U.S. Attorney Johnson, Dwight Green and the others, expecting any moment to be called back for the verdict.

Three hours passed. We were back in Johnson's office, rather silent now, none of us willing to admit worry—but all you had to do was look around. It was a wake.

Toward eleven o'clock word came that the jury was filing in. We ran downstairs and fought our way into the courtroom. I studied the jurors' faces and tried to kid myself that I saw a glimmer in the eyes of Number Twelve.

"Gentlemen," intoned Judge Wilkerson, "have you reached a verdict?"

"Yes, sir, we have."

"What is your verdict?"

"Guilty!"

The courtroom broke up like a circus after the last performance. Reporters ran out of court. Lawyers ran. Mobsters ran. Everybody seemed to be running. Everybody but Scarface Al Capone. He slumped forward as if a blackjack had hit him noiselessly on the back of the head.

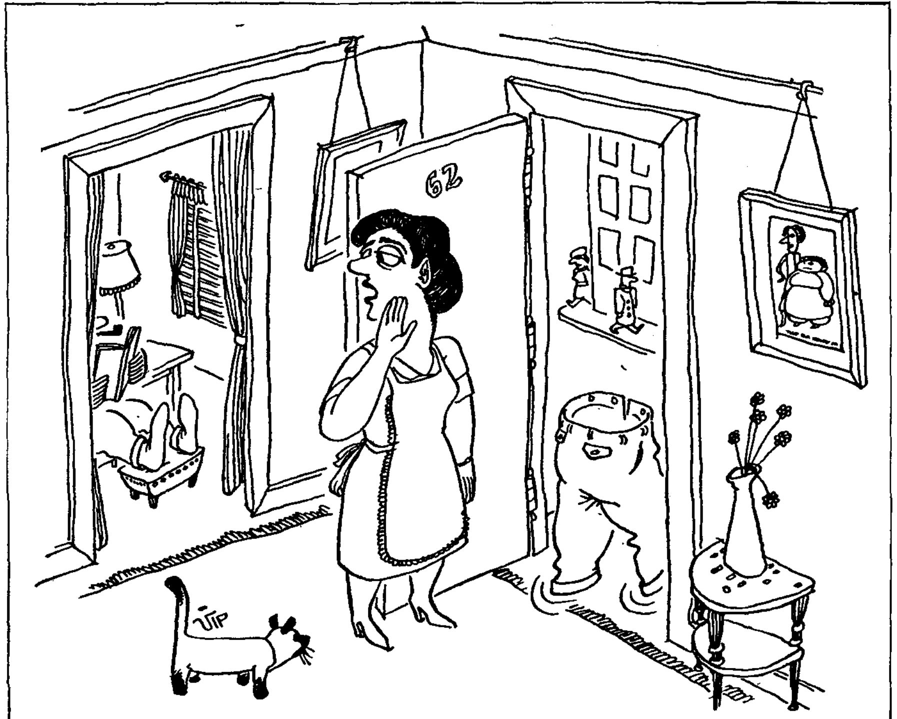
When I got home Judith cried, "You did it! I knew you were going to do it all the time!"

Then she sighed, "Now can we go back to Baltimore?"

"We're going back pronto. And we're going to stay there!" I replied.

I didn't know, of course, that in a few short months a square-faced fellow with a guttural voice would climb a ladder near a town called Hopewell, New Jersey, and make off with a baby named Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr.

The adventures of the undercover man on the trail of Bruno Richard Hauptmann will be recounted in the issue of May 10th.



"Honey, I'm sending your pants out to be pressed. O.K.?"

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CUISINE BY CANDIDA

Continued from page 56

crisp young celery stalks with the mixture. Sometimes she served the plain *guacamole* on tiny hot buttered *tortillas.* But not on a Sunday. That is the *tortilla* makers' holiday, the only day in the week when you do not hear the slap, slap of the corn *masa* as it is made into paper-thin pancakes, as if all the children in Mexico were up for an early morning spanking. Sundays we had hot French bread, with butter melting on it, broken into pieces instead of cut, so the delicate crust would not be destroyed.

Frijoles From an Earthen Pot

As in all Mexican kitchens, Candida kept an earthen pot of frijoles simmering on the back of the stove. When they had been soaked for twelve hours, simmered for another twelve, with no seasoning except salt, she browned one onion—chopped not too fine—several stalks of celery, chopped, poured the beans with their red-brown sauce into a frying pan, and let them thicken until the onion and the celery were tender. This dish was supposed to be for her and the laundress (and, I suspect, for any number of the laundress' children). But on marketing days, when lunch had to be simple, we begged to have our names in the frijole pot.

Going to market with Candida was an adventure. She was learning to sew, so when she was allowed to leave her uniform behind she wore one of her own gaudy creations. Her favorite was splashed with blue morning-glories. The material must have been meant for bedroom curtains in a modernistic bedroom, which even Mexico with its modern architecture has not achieved.

Candida walked with a quick Indian swing. With her great basket on her arm, her shining black hair only half hidden by the usual *rebozo,* her black eyes not entirely demure, and the morning-glories, she attracted attention.

All the dirty little urchins begged to carry the basket. They probably would have even without the usual rain of copper centavos one showered about for help in the market place. But Candida was always firm. First she had to write a letter to her love. Maybe this was so her later flirtations with the butcher, and the keeper of the mango stall, would not disturb her conscience.

The public letter writers have an entire section to themselves at the far end of the square beside the San Juan market. The old-fashioned ones pen letters in purple ink on flimsy ruled paper, but if you pay extra you can have paper with two doves as a letterhead. Candida invariably settled for the doves, but she was for more modern methods than a scratchy pen nib, however purple the ink. So she gave her custom to the public letter writer with the old Oliver typewriter.

Between them they would wheeze out an impassioned epistle to:

> "Juan, *mi corazón*—
> Juan, my heart, at night
> I dream of you. By day I
> think only of you!"

This was certainly a lie. Candida thought about our cooking. One of her ardent suitors was the man around the corner who sold pitch pine for kindling. He would give Candida two bundles for the price of one.

She had also collected the owner of the traveling dog circus. She didn't mention these episodes.

Her phrase was: "My heart burns for you, Juan, *mi palomito*"—my little love—"like the fire in the Señora's *chimenea!*" This was to add a note of elegance as only the upper classes enjoy fireplaces in Mexico. She would add that her mother, whom she hadn't seen in weeks, her father whom she never saw, her sister Maximiliana, all sent their esteemed remembrances to Juan. This was to add a note of chaperonage—and to impress the letter writer.

That over, the royal procession would begin. One of the ragged urchins was allowed to carry the basket. Another was told that he could follow for the flowers and sundry paper bags. The San Juan Market, like any of the great markets in Mexico, is a city in itself. People spend their lives here among the gay mound of tropical fruits, the lush vegetables, the lacquer work from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the bright woven mats and hats, the pottery, and the fortunetelling birds in cages. They eat, they make love, listen to music, die, and are buried or married in the church, which is always across the square, always the central part of the life of the market place.

Candida knew them all, and they all shouted at Candida. But however cordial they were, she chose the stalls with the best produce. She felt every tomato. She haggled and bargained and laughed, while insults and compliments flew. When there were oranges, limes, beef, fish, veal, artichokes, peas, carrots, chicken—food for a week—the urchins would hail one of the dilapidated cars for hire, known as a *libre.*

The card on the windshield announced that this vehicle was "for free," so to speak. But the driver argued as violently as Candida about the price, with mournful references to an aged grandparent for whom he had not been able to afford shoes, in lo! these many months. The fact that his forebears had never worn shoes made no difference. Meantime we chose flowers.

This was not an easy choice. The flower stalls occupy one long narrow street of the San Juan Market. Violets riot against white lilies and flame gladioli, wide-eyed yellow and purple pansies—known in Spanish as *pensamientos* (thoughts)—ferns, improbable-sized bluebells. We careened home through the hysterical traffic of Mexico City with our bandit, calla lilies and red carnations spilling over the chicken.

She Uses a Few Ingredients

Chicken was the excitement of the week with Candida. She preened herself on the stuffing. She chopped a large bunch of celery, not too fine (about half an inch in length), the best-looking leaves very fine indeed; the same amount of chopped onions as celery, a bunch of parsley chopped fine. All this she browned in cooking oil or butter, added salt and pepper. She toasted French bread and broke it into small pieces, almost crumbs. Then came the dried apricots. She soaked these in water long enough to soften them, but not so they were the consistency of cooked or canned fruit. She cut half a cup of them into eighth-of-an-inch pieces, filled the cup with dry cooking sherry, mixed everything together, including one egg beaten lightly, and stuffed the chicken.

She rubbed the bird with butter, salt and flour, popped him in the oven in an open pan. You could not persuade Candida to use a covered roaster, and after the first chicken appeared at the table we never hinted at the cover again. She basted the bird, first with a wineglass of sherry, then with boiling water, and finally with the gravy, which was thickened from the browned flour on the chicken, flavored from the sherry and was finally as beautiful and brown as the bird with which it was served. Can-

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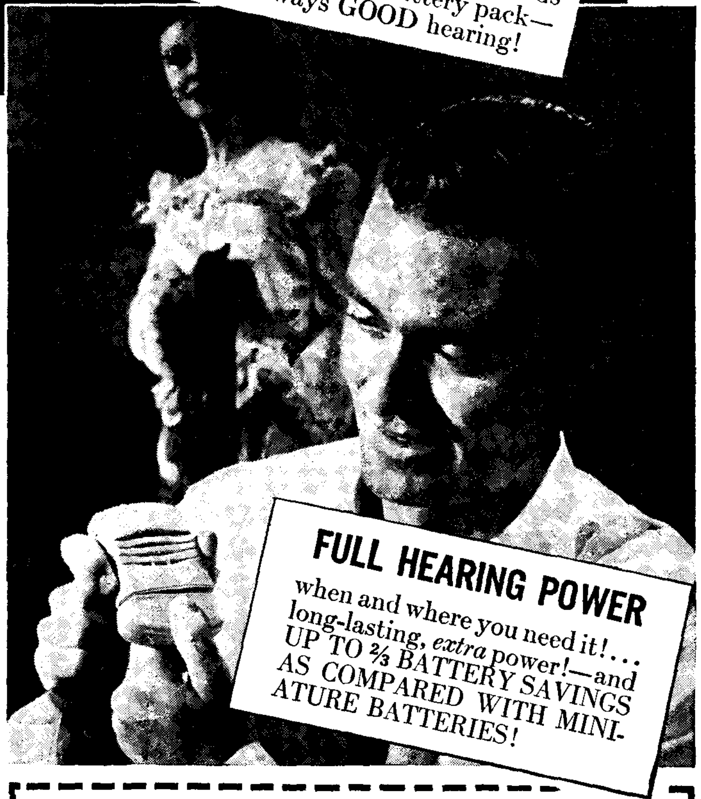
when you want it . . . tiny batteries *inside*—no battery cords . . . no separate battery pack—and always GOOD hearing!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Up to now, the size of even the latest batteries has placed severe limitations on the all-in-one type of design. Many people needed more power all the time than the all-in-one hearing aid was able to offer. And for many others, there were times of the day, places and occupations that needed more power.

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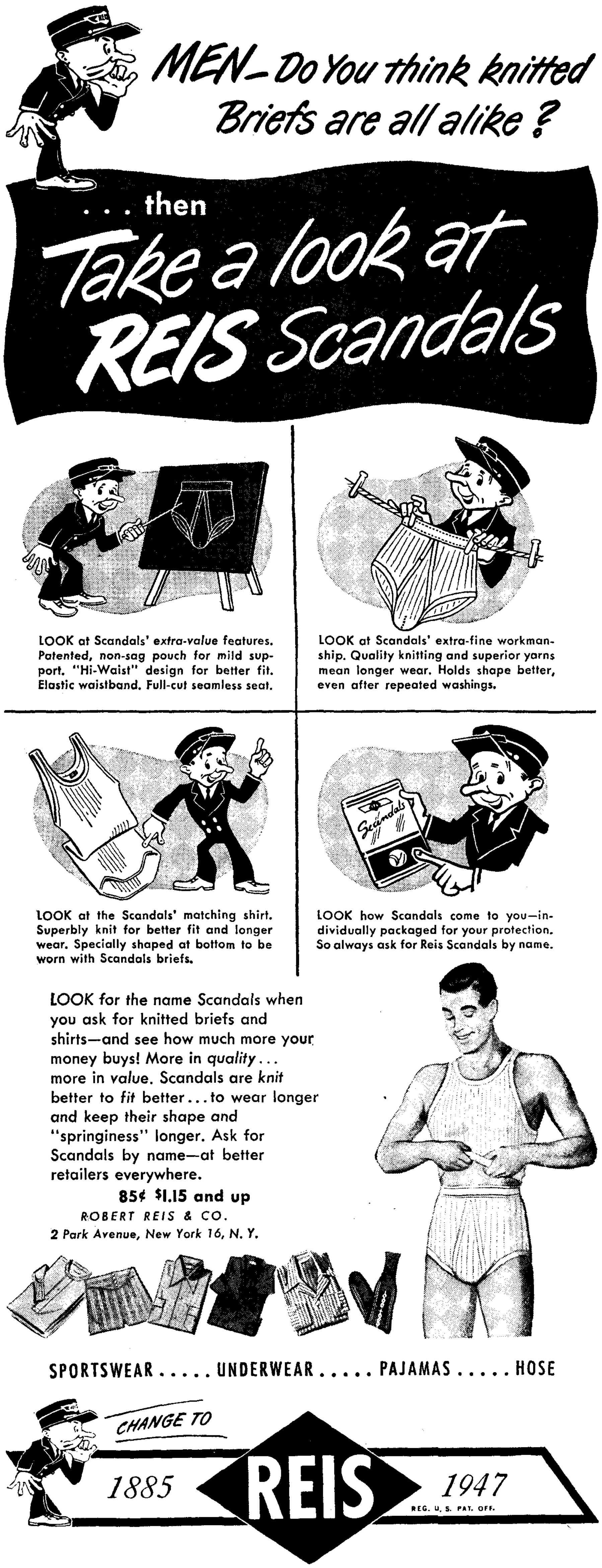

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dida prepared this same dressing for turkey.

There were several by-products from the chicken—soup from the breastbone, served hot with a thin slice of lemon, or jellied. There were peppers.

Candida always burned the skin off bell peppers in a hot oven, or over a gas flame, wrapping them in a tea towel and leaving them until the outer skin came off like a glove. She rolled the tender green inner skin in flour. They were stuffed with chopped white meat of the chicken, in equal portions with the chicken dressing. Then the peppers were dipped in egg, the white of which had been beaten stiff as stiff, the yolk gently folded in. Just as gently she dropped them into sizzling deep fat, until they were brown enough to melt in your mouth—which they did.

Peppers Stuffed With Cheese

Another way of stuffing peppers was with a quarter-inch slice of soft yellow or white cheese—plain American store cheese is excellent, if it is fresh. Then she followed the above recipe for dipping in flour, egg and deep-fat frying. With any pepper dish she served a thin, uncooked sauce. It was made of whole, fresh tomatoes, peeled and mashed until they were a purée. To this was added half a grated onion, and *chili picante* chopped fine, to give the sauce piquancy. If sharp chilies aren't available add plenty of salt, black pepper, and a dash of cayenne.

One of Candida's favorite dishes was stuffed tomatoes. For these she used chopped white meat of roast pork, enough chopped blanched almonds to flavor the meat, stock or gravy to moisten the mixture. The tomatoes are baked in a hot oven until browned. For a party dish, they can be covered with cream sauce to which finely chopped parsley has been added, with a sprinkling of cheese or bread crumbs on top.

She also stuffed squash in a way I have never seen it done before. She preferred chayotes, a prickly green Mexican relative of the squash, with a delicate flavor. When they were not in season, she took summer squash, boiled it whole until it was tender on the inside, but with the outside skin still intact. She scooped the inside of the squashes out carefully; added yellow American cheese; a little cream or canned milk; as large a pat of butter as we would let her use; salt and black pepper. With this she stuffed the squash, sprinkled more cheese and paprika on top, browned them quickly in the oven.

Another oven dish was white fish poached gently in white wine, with parsley and fat black olives. This is simple to make. You use any white fish or fillet, a wineglass of white wine, salt and black pepper, enough thick rice gruel to cover the fish. The rice gruel must be strained. If you haven't that, make a sauce of cornstarch and water, add wine and seasoning, a handful of chopped parsley and, just before the fish comes out of the oven, black olives or toasted whole almonds. The secret of this fish is to baste it constantly, and to cook slowly so it will come out of the oven whole.

Then there was her spaghetti made with green pepper and sherry. Candida used any of the usual spaghetti recipes, sometimes one, sometimes another, with tomatoes, or tomato paste, always with plenty of browned onions, and some cut-up celery browned along with them. The spaghetti was boiled separately until tender, the sauce poured over it, and flavored well with sherry. Two bell peppers toasted and chopped were added, and a plentiful sprinkling of grated cheese. This was popped into the oven until it was crisp on top, and so hot that any guest would be tempted to blow on his first forkful.

Candida insisted that she had learned this recipe from the Italian tenant who was wicked, wanted to take Juan's place in her heart, and had an invalid wife, so he saw to the menus. The spaghetti was also wicked. It turned us into gourmands. So did her veal with green peppers. This was not made in the Italian way. It was cut as thin as veal for scaloppine, breaded in grated cheese and crumbs, then browned gently in butter, along with an equal amount of green peppers cut in fat strips. She poured white wine over this, to make the veal even more tender. It came out with a lovely thick rich sauce, seasoned with salt and pepper, of course, to taste, and sometimes with a half clove of garlic.

She used white wine in salad dressing. The wooden bowl was first rubbed with garlic. A hint of mustard was put in, salt and black pepper. Then she changed the usual French dressing of two parts olive oil to one part vinegar, and substituted white wine for the vinegar. About two tablespoons of her featherfine parsley was usually mixed in, before the greens tossed for the salad were added—chicory, endive, lettuce, whatever was crisp in the refrigerator.

Whether or not Candida used wines in sauces or salad dressing, they were always spirited. There were her creamed onions. Ah, no, not plain creamed onions, in a plain white sauce. Not for Candida who loved color. She would scald young leaves of spinach, boil them briskly for a few minutes in salted water in an open pot, so they would not lose their emerald color. She added the spinach to the cream sauce, added plenty of butter, and ringed this around boiled pearl onions. This was a beautiful dish.

Such a Lovely Green Cocktail

When Candida could serve anything green she was happy. She introduced us to a cocktail that looked as though it had been meant for St. Patrick's Day. But there was no hint of Irish brew about it. Three parts dark native rum, one part pale green lime juice, one part honey diluted with boiling water, until it was thin enough to mix with the rum. This was shaken over fine-chopped ice and dark green mint leaves until frappéed. It is a cocktail smooth of taste and lovely to look at.

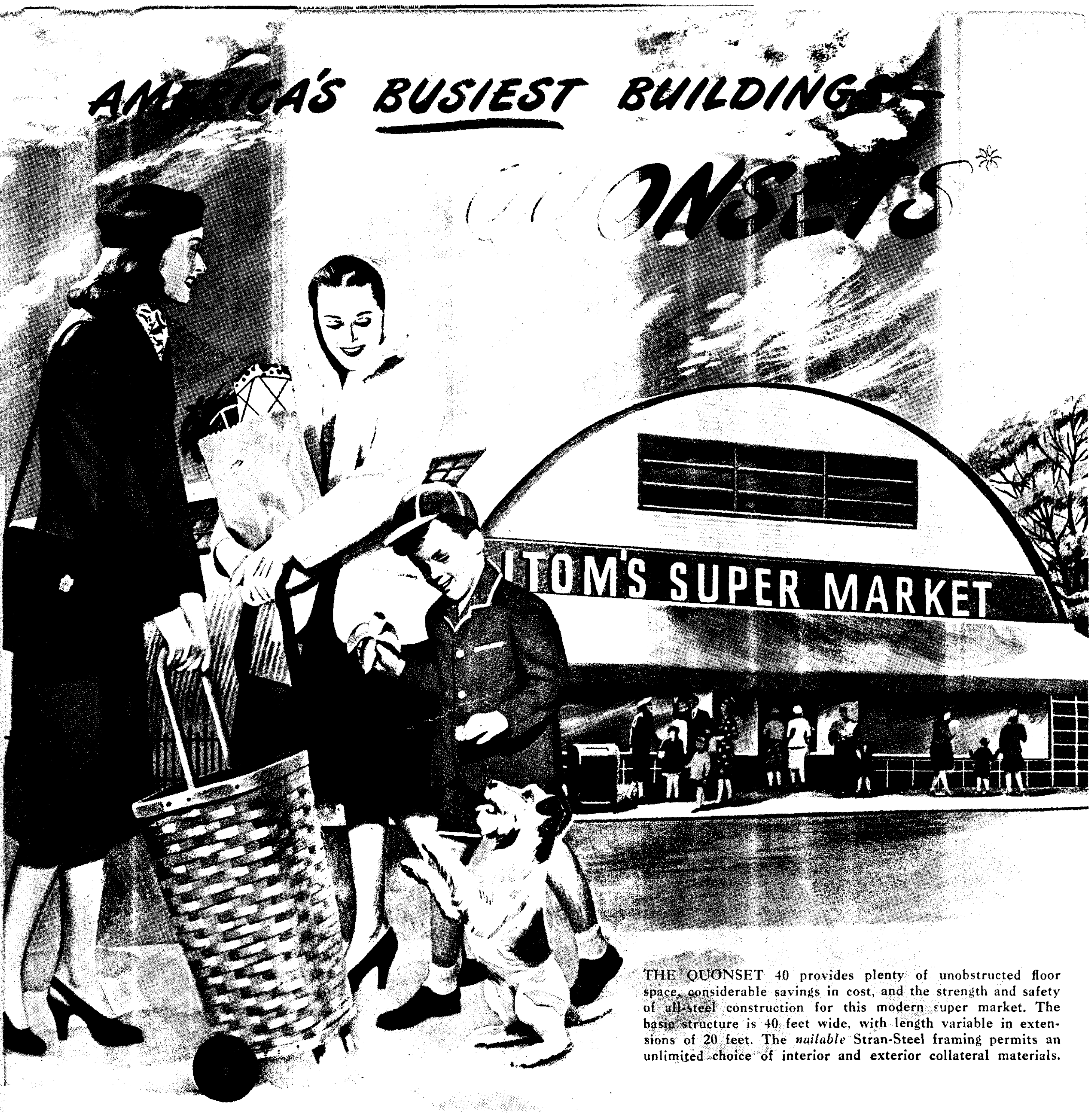
It is not likely that I shall ever forget that drink. The last evening she served it, a very British Englishman was calling on us. He disapproved of everything he had seen on his trip to Mexico. When Candida opened the door for him, she had on her morning-glory outfit. I wondered why. She whispered that she hadn't had time to launder her uniforms. I knew this wasn't true.

Then the doorbell rang again. Candida came to tell us that there was another gentleman to see me. The gentleman was Candida's beau, the owner of the dog circus. He had four canines who wore dresses and pants, who beat a drum and danced. His star performer was a little white mongrel animal, who looked exactly like Becky Sharp. All four dogs were with him.

Due to Candida's publicity campaign with the nursemaids in the apartment house, the children had flung so many pennies out of the wide windows that Becky Sharp had been able to afford a new hat. Her owner hoped that I (at Candida's connivance, of course) would contribute a few centavos toward a ruffle for Becky's neck.

At the words, "Ruffle for her neck!" the drum began to beat. The dogs went into their acts. Becky jumped up on her portable stool. Her companion pup waltzed into the living room, rattling a tambourine. We were vastly amused. Becky Sharp got the rest of her wardrobe, but the Englishman went home liking Mexico less than ever. He did not even enjoy his special Cocktail Candida

THE END



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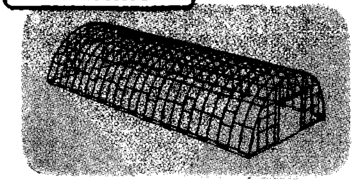

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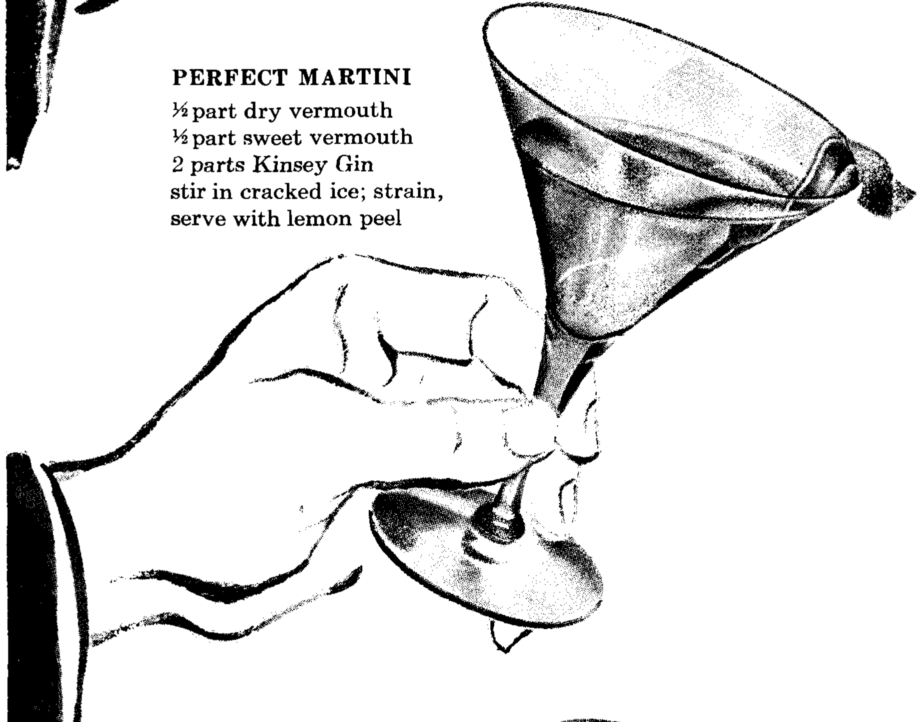
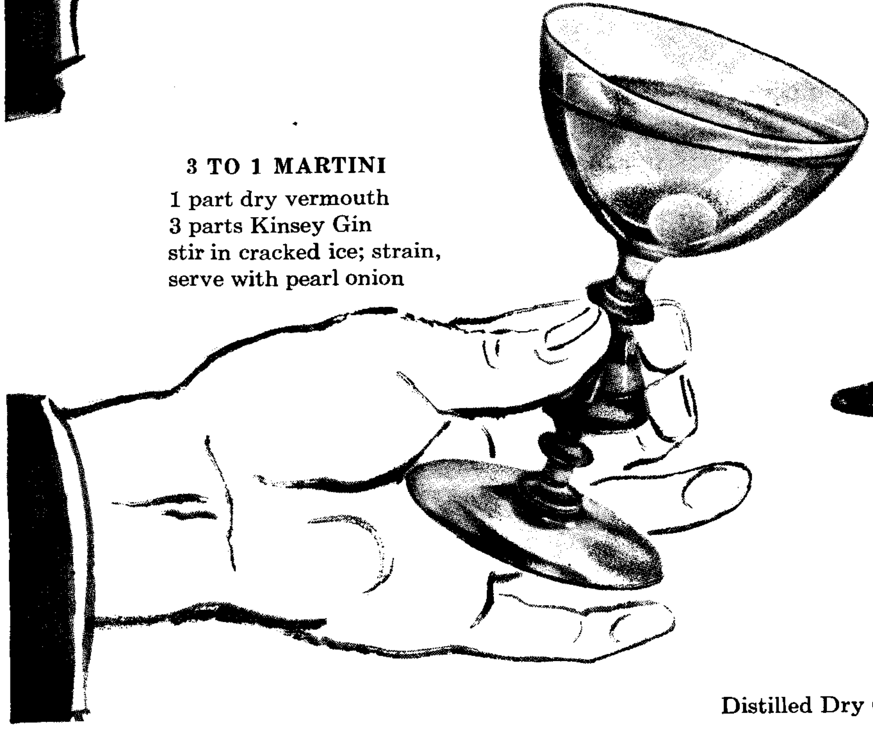
1 part dry vermouth
2 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with stuffed olive

PERFECT MARTINI
½ part dry vermouth
½ part sweet vermouth
2 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with lemon peel



3 TO 1 MARTINI
1 part dry vermouth
3 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with pearl onion



Let's face it: every martini-mixer thinks he has the best recipe in the world.

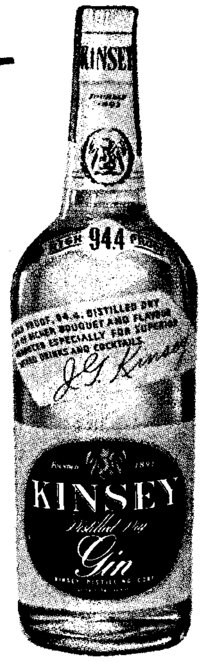
Confidentially, a good martini is a matter of taste. But whether you like 'em dry or sweet... with olive or without... with onion or lemon peel... you'll like 'em *better* with Kinsey Gin.

Kinsey, the *genial* gin... superbly smooth.
The *dry* gin... yes, dry as fine champagne.
And *94.4 proof*... brimming with flavor.

Maybe you're missing something by not trying a *new* martini recipe for a change. You're *certainly* missing something if you don't make your martinis with Kinsey Gin.

Try a smooth Kinsey martini... tonight!

KINSEY GIN



It's 94.4 PROOF
It's GENIAL
It's DRY

Distilled Dry Gin • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

PIPE LINES TO THE HEAVENS

Continued from page 32

precarious position resembles that of a colony of bacteria, perched on one of the smaller motes of dust from a fragment of the atomic bomb, during the height of the blast of Hiroshima.

To view this spectacle, astronomers have only some relatively tiny and inadequate instruments, but in spite of everything, they have been able to learn a great deal with them.

Until very recently there were two principal kinds of telescopes: the *refractors*, which make use of lenses to focus the images of the stars, and the *reflectors*, which do the same job with convex mirrors. Both kinds of telescopes have important advantages as well as limitations—and both have probably now reached their maximum size and effectiveness.

The World's Largest Refractor

The biggest refractor is the 40-inch telescope at the Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago. It was completed in the last years of the 19th century. The giant mounting which holds the optical parts was first exhibited in 1893 at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. It has held its place as the biggest refractor ever since. The likelihood that a larger one will ever be made is remote.

The biggest reflecting telescope is the 100-inch at Mt. Wilson Observatory, Pasadena, California. It was finished in 1917. It weighs 100 tons, and cost $600,000. It can "see" 600,000,000 light years, or about 36,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 (21 ciphers) miles, into space; but what lies beyond?

As everybody knows, the biggest telescope venture of all time—and possibly the biggest glass-mirror instrument that will ever be built—is the 200-inch Mt. Palomar Observatory reflector, now approaching completion. It has been promised for some time in 1947. It will weigh about as much as a locomotive. Together with its auxiliary equipment and buildings it will cost $6,000,000, or ten times as much as the 100-inch. Its huge mirror will be able to catch 800,000 times as much light as the human eye.

With such an optical system it will be capable of seeing into space about 1,200,000,000 light years, so it will be able to double the radius of the present visible universe.

In addition to these instruments, the astronomers now have a brand-new type of telescope, invented about 1930 by Bernhard Schmidt, an obscure optician of the Hamburg Observatory in Bergedorf, Germany.

Schmidt developed his new instrument to overcome some of the difficulties astronomers were having with the big reflectors which, for all their penetrating power, have only a relatively small field of view, because they suffer from optical distortions, the principal one being "coma," which makes the star images teardrop-shaped when they are a little off the main axis of the instrument.

These troubles limit reflector users to the study of only a small portion of the sky at one exposure. Even the biggest reflectors bring into sharp focus only about one tenth of a square degree of sky. Since in the whole sky there are 41,253 square degrees, it is obvious that surveying the heavens with a reflector is a long, tedious business.

The new Schmidt telescope goes a big way toward solving that problem. A good Schmidt has a field of about 25 square degrees—or 250 times that of a reflector. It speeds up the task of studying the sky by 250 times and more; making it possible to scan the sky rapidly, looking for objects of interest or mapping large portions of it—work that was almost beyond doing in the pre-Schmidt days.

The Schmidt is neither a refracting telescope nor a reflector, but is a combination of the two. It has a lens at the forward end, and a mirror at the back. In operation, light coming from the stars first passes through the lens (or "correcting plate") where the rays are slightly bent, or refracted. The amount of refraction is just enough to provide a good, sharp focus from the spherically curved convex mirror, which the rays strike next. From the mirror they are reflected to a point about midway between the lens and the mirror, and there the high-speed camera, with a photographic plate which is also slightly curved, is waiting to capture them.

The Schmidt may be said to be able to "see out of the corner of its eye." Light coming from oblique angles through the lens is focused on the plate, as well as that coming straight in, provided the rays strike the mirror. For this reason, many Schmidt telescopes have mirrors which are larger than their lenses.

Bernhard Schmidt was virtually an unknown worker in the Hamburg Observatory at the time of his invention. In the summer of 1930 he amused himself and some of his friends by reading the epitaphs on tombstones in a near-by cemetery with his first small model of the new telescope. He died four years later, but already the fame of his new instrument had begun to spread.

By 1940 astronomers practically everywhere were making and using Schmidt telescopes. One of the first in this country was constructed for Mt. Palomar Observatory: an 18-inch Schmidt with a 26-inch mirror. Promptly on completion it began finding exploding stars and similar phenomena that other telescopes had missed.

A very fine Schmidt was installed at the Harvard College Observatory. The Harvard Schmidt has a 24-inch lens and a 33-inch mirror and was specially designed for use in the Harvard surveys of the disposition of the stars and galaxies. Another excellent Schmidt now in operation is in Mexico. It has a 26-inch lens and a mirror 33 inches in diameter.

The biggest Schmidt to date was completed just before the war for the Warner & Swasey Observatory of the Case School of Applied Science at Cleveland. It has a lens 24 inches in diameter and a mirror 36 inches across.

A number of even larger Schmidts are now under construction. The California Institute of Technology is constructing one with a 72-inch mirror, to serve as a companion for its 200-inch reflector in surveys of the distant galaxies. Another—to be known as the Armagh-Dunsink-Harvard telescope—is in the works for the Boyden Station of the Harvard College Observatory at Bloemfontein, South Africa, where it will be operated jointly by the governments of Northern Ireland and Eire, and Harvard University. This project, a triumph for political as well as astronomical collaboration, resulted from a chance meeting last spring in Dublin between Eamon de Valera, who has taken a personal interest in it, and Dr. Harlow Shapley, the enthusiastic director of Harvard Observatory.

"I'm your neighbor. I was wondering if I could borrow . . ."

COLLIER'S LEO GAREL

Between forty and fifty Schmidt telescopes of various sizes are in operation at present, and a kind of "Schmidt fever" has sprung up among astronomers. For the Schmidts have a number of decided advantages. Being essentially short-focus telescopes, they are fast. The Schmidt at Harvard takes only twenty minutes to photograph faint galaxies that require a three-hour exposure with the Metcalf reflector at the same observatory.

Schmidts are relatively inexpensive, too. A good one costs only about a third as much as a reflector of the same diameter—though this advantage may disappear with increasing size.

With the aid of a big "objective prism" covering the whole of the front of the lens, the Schmidt can photograph the spectra of a large number of stars all at once. The spectrum of a star is a thread-like picture of its "rainbow," showing its various characteristic wave lengths of radiation lying side by side in a tiny band. The arrangement of dark and light bands in the spectrum discloses not only what the star is made of chemically, but can also be made to tell how hot it is, how big it is, how fast it is going toward or away from the earth.

Sometimes it also discloses whether the star is single or has a companion, and makes it possible to measure, weigh and analyze the accompanying star, even though it may be too small, too dark or too distant to study by other means.

The kind of spectroscope generally used for getting this information is a large, delicate piece of optical apparatus. It consists of a narrow slit through which the light enters after passing through the telescope, a series of lenses, a prism or diffraction grating for separating the rays of light into a spectrum, another set of focusing lenses, and a photographic plate. Such an instrument can often provide a fine, clear spectrum, but by necessity it must look at the stars one by one.

A Schmidt telescope with a prism big enough to cover the entire lens can cast the spectra of all sufficiently bright stars in its field automatically at one time on a single photographic plate. For comparing stars, this arrangement is about perfect, since all the spectra on the plate have the same exposure. The reason the system works with the Schmidt and not so well with ordinary reflecting telescopes is the wide, clear field of view.

As cast on the plate, these spectra are extremely narrow bands of colored light, interspersed with bright and dark lines. To make the bands a little easier to see, the telescope is simply moved a little during exposure, to make a widened image. Photographed with color-sensitive plates, the brilliant banded star rainbows make a very pretty picture.

The Schmidt telescope and its appurtenances represent one of the greatest strides in astronomical instruments in many years. But a host of other instruments and methods, including some that have still to prove their reliability, are also making a bid for attention.

An Observatory on the Moon?

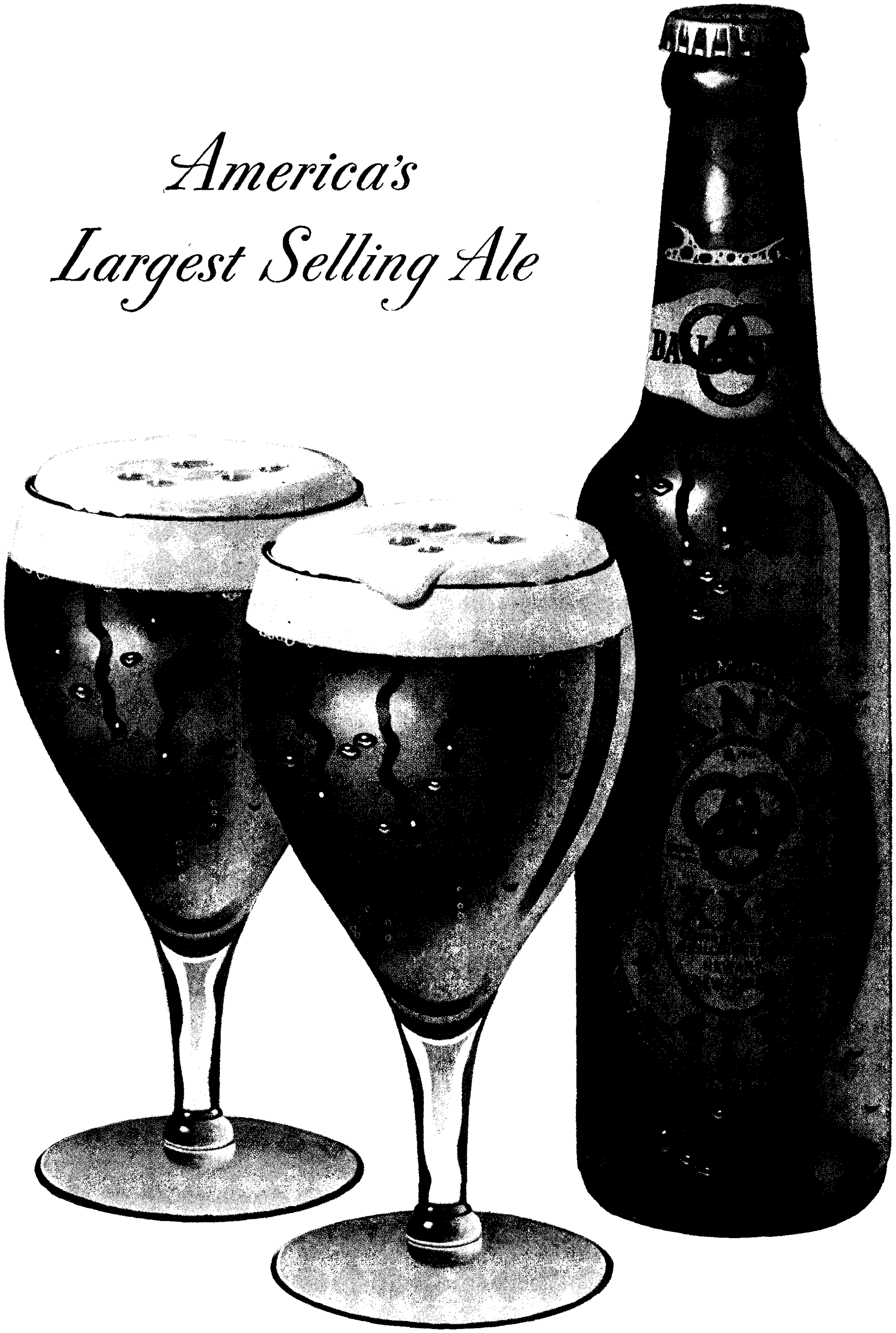
One of the greatest problems of the astronomer is the fact that he must always function at the bottom of an ocean of air. This absorbs a great deal of starlight, and almost all of some of the more interesting kinds of invisible radiation, such as ultraviolet. For this reason, astronomers have long considered that the airless moon might make an ideal site for an observatory. Lacking means of getting there at present, the next most likely idea seems to be to send astronomical cameras, spectrographs and such up to the edges of the atmosphere by rocket.

It was with this idea in mind, among others, that the late Dr. Robert H. Goddard, who founded the modern science of rocketry, first began his experiments more than thirty years ago. His dream is now beginning to come true. Last autumn at White Sands Proving Ground, in New Mexico, several promising attempts were made to obtain photographs and spectra of the sun and stars by automatic instruments sent up in large rockets of the V-2 type. It is possible that no major observatory in the future will be considered complete if it lacks a rocket launching field.

Another attractive new idea may have been suggested by the Army's successful attempt a year ago to contact the moon by radar. Efforts of this sort fail when they are aimed at getting signals back from such distant objects as the planets and stars, because these objects are relatively so small and so far away.

But the stars and other materials in space nevertheless may help us, for it begins to appear that they emit not only visible light, infrared, ultraviolet, and other radiations, but may be sending out radio signals, too. At recent astronomical meetings, Grote Reber, an astronomical-minded radio engineer of Wheaton, Illinois, has reported some of the results he has obtained with a giant radio receiver, suitable for listening to the programs

America's
Largest Selling Ale



om some of these celestial broadcastg stations. Aiming it at the heavens, e has received "cosmic static," espeially from portions of the Milky Way, hich he interprets as originating in the entral portion and some of the spiral rms of our Galaxy.

Another interesting idea in astronomial instruments looks toward the use of lectronics to brighten the images of stars fter they have been focused by the telecope. Bigger telescopes would be even ore useful if some practical way were ound to amplify such images in the way at radio signals received by an antenna re amplified by the tubes and circuits of radio receiver.

With all these new—and promised—struments, the astronomers are now reparing to move particularly on three affling key problems of the universe.

The first might be called the Mystery f the Invisible Nucleus. Examination f other rotating nebulae, of the kind ur own Milky Way is supposed to be, hows that most of them have a dense luster of stars near the center: the nuleus. A considerable fraction of the ass of the Galaxy is contained in this ucleus; it is the gravitational center round which the other stars whirl.

The behavior of the stars in our part f space, and the general shape and moon of the Galaxy, indicate that the ilky Way must have a massive and rilliant nucleus, too, probably in the irection of the constellation Sagittarius. he mass should be equivalent to many illion suns, and ought to be the most pectacular feature of our nighttime sky.

But where is it? A blaze of light comg from so many billions of stars would im the moon by comparison.

Probably the reason we don't see the ucleus is that clouds of dark obscuring atter are in the way. The existence of uch clouds, consisting of dust, gas and ossibly minute ice crystals, is pretty ell proved. What is now needed is a eans of penetrating them with instruments that will let us "see" the galactic enter indirectly, by means of infrared nd other radiations.

The second big astronomical project ow under attack is the Mystery of the xpanding Universe. Learning more bout this will depend on being able to ee farther into space, so progress will robably have to await completion of he 200-inch telescope. Only this enormous instrument will have enough peneration to give us more of the story.

The third project is the Mystery of here the Baby Stars Come From: one f the exciting new ventures of astronmy. It may, among other items, involve study of certain dark, obscuring clumps of matter observed in space—which may be new stars in process of birth.

For years astronomers have speculated as to whether all the stars are the same age. There is some evidence that most are. But some enormously large ones seem to be mere children among the stellar family. Compared with middle-aged characters like our sun, *these* youngsters are pouring out energy at so *prodigious* a rate it is hard to understand how they could keep it up for more than a fraction of the estimated life of the universe. If all stars were born at the same time, how can these spendthrift stellar bodies be accounted for?

Until recently there was no satisfactory answer. But last September (1946) Dr. Lyman Spitzer, Jr., of the Yale University Observatory, greatly stirred a meeting of the American Astronomical Society with a paper in which he showed how it might be scientifically possible for the thin masses of dust and gases in space gradually to clump together into stars, with the aid of gravitation and light pressure from near-by suns.

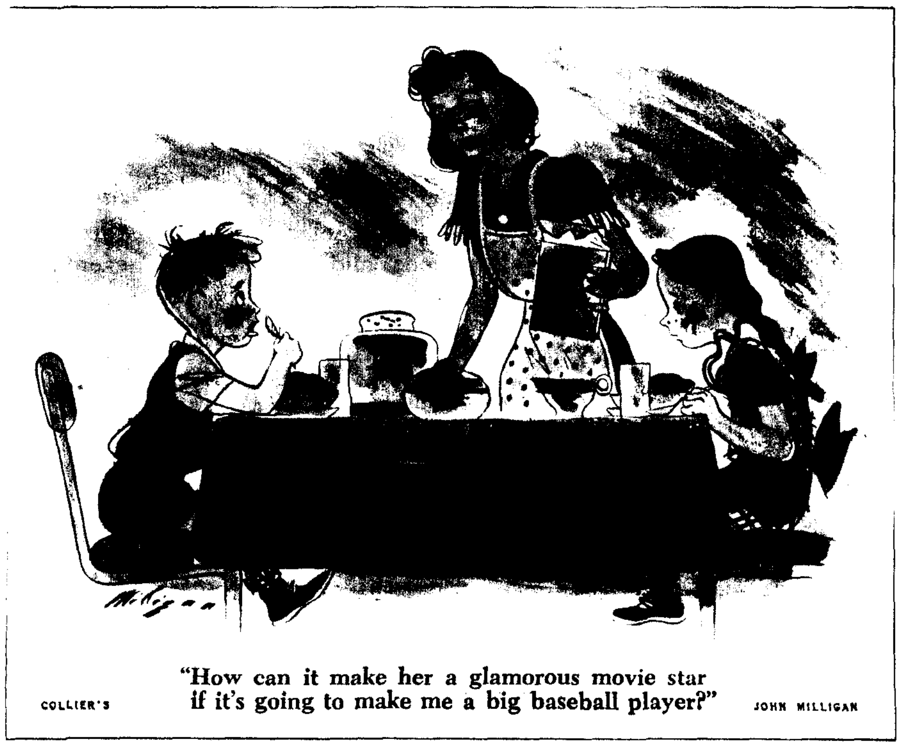
Spurred by this work of Dr. Spitzer's, which began about 1941, and by the related studies of Dr. Fred L. Whipple, of Harvard, astronomers immediately began making a serious hunt for condensing clouds of gas and dust—young stars about to be born. The best place to look for them should be in photographs of bright diffuse nebular matter in our own Galaxy. Large, dark embryonic stars should show up clearly against a bright background of this kind.

Sure enough, when the plates were examined, a number of dark gaseous globules did appear. At Harvard Observatory, Miss Edith Reilly, working with Dr. Bart J. Bok, has already located hundreds of them. In an enlargement of a familiar photograph of the nebula Messier 8, taken some time ago at Lick Observatory, at least 25 such dark masses can readily be counted.

If further research should prove that these masses really are embryo stars, then some of the general theories of the universe will have to be revised—particularly its calculated life expectancy. As things stand, the universe should burn up all its atomic fuels and go out like a dying bonfire in 10 to 20 billion more years. But if new stars are being created, this estimate could prove too short.

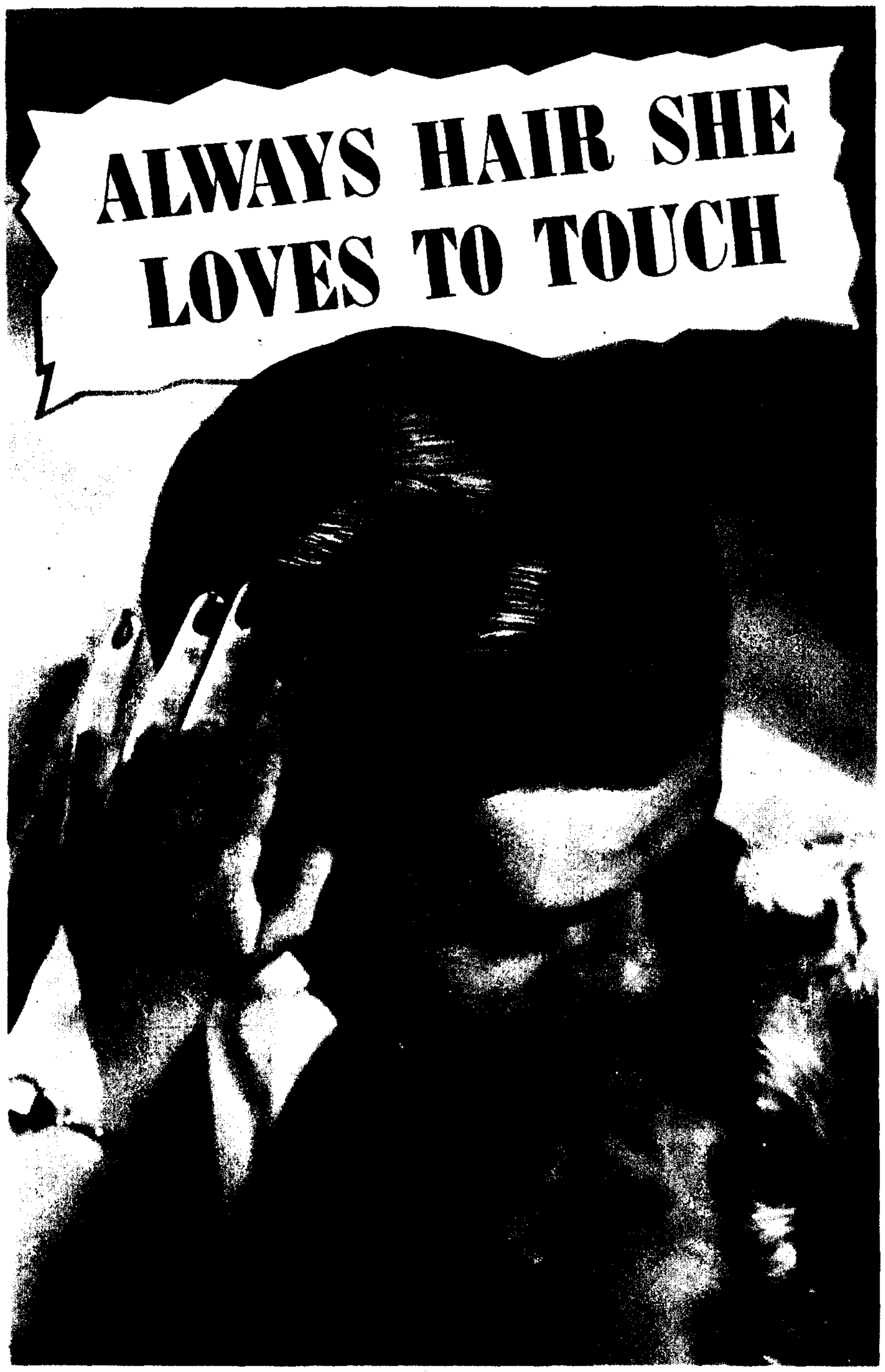
It will make little difference to us, of course. Our own sun will burn out even before many of the older stars now visible in the sky—leaving the earth a freezing lump in the darkness of space. But it's a comfort to know that *some* of the universe will continue for a while.

THE END



"How can it make her a glamorous movie star if it's going to make me a big baseball player?"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN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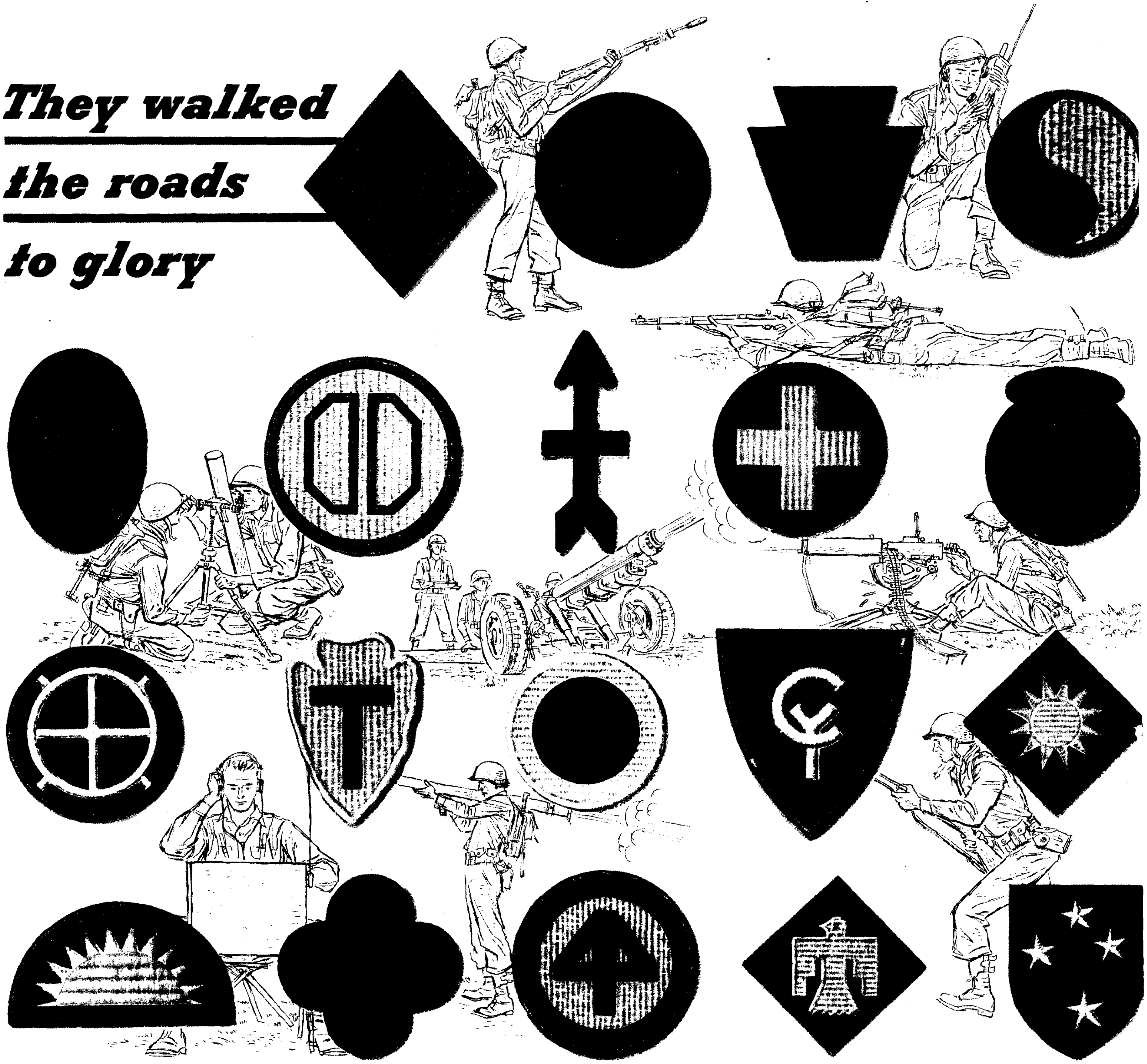

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The National Guard
OF THE UNITED STATES

FROM COSMETICS TO COWS

A FARMER in a Poughkeepsie, New York, drugstore, picked up a *tin* of medicine for cows. "Say," he exclaimed, "this is new, isn't it?"

The clerk nodded. "Yep," he replied, "it's new. It's made by Dorothy Gray, the cosmetics woman."

The farmer pondered the statement. "By Golly, that's a good one!" he exclaimed. "She's gone from cosmetics to cows' medics!"

Seated in the drawing room of her beautiful Georgian colonial home at Dawnwood Farms, her 530-acre estate, some twenty-two miles east of Poughkeepsie, Mrs. George Long told me that story. She told it with evident relish. And why not? She is, or was, Dorothy Gray.

Why the odd transition? Mrs. Long doesn't think it is so astonishing. She had always longed to live in the country on a farm of her own and with a brick house and—but let's start at the beginning:

When Dorothy Gray was a girl she lived on a farm near Portland, Maine, where her father was a physician who specialized in skin diseases. When she was fourteen, after her father's death, she went to New York and got a job in a cosmetic house. She was ambitious, she worked hard, she learned a lot. And (this is a success story, remember) she did one thing more that was very important. She saved her money.

Three thousand dollars isn't very much. But that's what Dorothy Gray had when she started her own cosmetic business. Competition? It was terrific! But using several of her father's successful formulas, she got along moderately well. Then came a break.

"I insured my hands for fifty thousand dollars," she said. "I had a certain way of manipulating faces, and my hands, I thought, were my biggest asset. So why shouldn't I insure them? Anyway, it was a good investment, because the newspapers thought that sort of thing was news, and I got the publicity I needed. From that time on, the orders rolled in."

Eleven years later, she had some fifty preparations on the market—skin foods, cleansing creams, astringents, powders—and they were all going strong. So she sold her business, scouted about for that house and farm, and found just what she wanted near the village of Amenia, in Dutchess County, New York.

The house was lovely but dilapidated; the main part had been built in the 1770s from bricks made on the property. Dorothy Gray—by that time Mrs. Long—refurnished it and bought some cattle. She worked hard. She bought more cattle. She bought more land. Today she has a hundred cows, most of them blooded stock, working for her. They produce more than two thousand pounds of milk a day—which, as any farmer will tell you, is pretty big business.

"You didn't want to retire?" I asked.

"When I took the place," she said, "I thought I would. I had an idea I would enjoy doing nothing—sitting on the porch and knitting and maybe tending some flowers. But, believe me, I haven't done any knitting! I haven't had time. I really work with the cattle. I'm vitally interested in their health and well-being. When it was so hard to get help during the war I got up at five o'clock in the morning to milk."

Now she has the best sort of "help"—her husband, who some time ago rejoined her, after three years in the Air Corps, where he held the rank of captain.

Her interest in the health of her cattle led her into "cows' medics." Very early she learned that cows are often troubled with swollen udders after they have calved. Sometimes a cow cannot be milked for a month after the birth of a calf. Occasionally the condition is so severe that a cow is useless.

A Non-College Chemistry Course

"I'm a chemist," Mrs. Long says, "so I started to experiment with medicines to improve my cows' udder health. I didn't learn my chemistry in college—I didn't go to college. What I know I learned from the consulting chemists I hired while I was a cosmetician, but I think I know as much chemistry as if I had gone to college."

The experiments were successful, and Mrs. Long developed a salve that made it possible to reduce udder swelling so that a cow can be milked three days after the birth of her calf. Where a big herd is involved, that means a big saving.

Neighboring farmers heard about the mysterious concoction. "They would come over and want to buy some of it," Mrs. Long says. "So we would *give* them some. But they didn't like the idea—they really wanted to buy it. So I thought: Why not capitalize on it?"

A short time later—more than two years ago—she put the salve on the market. She was then making it in the kitchen. When the business expanded she moved to her greenhouse. Meanwhile, she added two other preparations for cow health to her line: an iodine ointment to heal cuts and scratches, and a preparation for skin troubles such as ringworm and cowpox.

She took me to the greenhouse. Some seedlings grew in flats on benches, but most of the place was given over to her preparations. The light brown salve that was hardening in containers about the size and shape of shoe-polish tins was made that morning. An electric stove stood near the back of the greenhouse, and there were cartons of labels on the bench. She pointed out a five-pound can, also filled with the salve. "The big dairies buy it that way," she said.

She has already sent her preparations all over the United States and to Alaska, and when materials are available she plans to build a real factory.

When we left the greenhouse, she led the way to her No. 1 barn for Ayrshires. The barn was on the top of a hill, in glorious rolling country. When we reached it, she pointed to her No. 2 barn in the valley below, nearly a mile away.

"That's all mine," she said with a flourish of her hand, indicating the valley and the long slope of hill that rose behind it. "Everything you see is mine."

"You earned it all yourself," I said. "That must give you a big kick."

She grinned. "It does," she said quietly.

As you can see, she is a very active farm woman. But she certainly does not look like one. She is small, and when I met her she had a shoulder bob (her hair is auburn) that was tied on either side of her forehead with a pair of little black bows. She wore a black wool jersey blouse, gray-and-blue checked slacks, a blue gabardine jacket, and brass-studded brown flats with black-and-green plaid socks.

Her home is a dream. "As soon as I saw it, I wanted it," she said, when we got back to it. "I asked the broker if it was for sale and he said no, but maybe we could arrange that. It was just a broken-down place then, and the farmer who owned it rented it. Half an hour after I had seen it, it was mine!"

It is easy to see why Mrs. Long wanted it. Built halfway up a hill on the east side of a back-country road, it is a lovely, lovely house of red brick with white trim—a center-hall house with a typical Georgian entrance, a flight of stone steps with urn-topped handrails leading to the white front door. A frame addition, painted white, stretches in back. The interior is beautiful, and the woodwork everywhere is unusually fine.

In her drawing room she has a punch bowl full of goldfish. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if ten years from now she'll be telling visitors how she happened to start breeding goldfish with record-breaking ruffled fins—and making medicine for them.

She's that sort of woman! ★★★

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD

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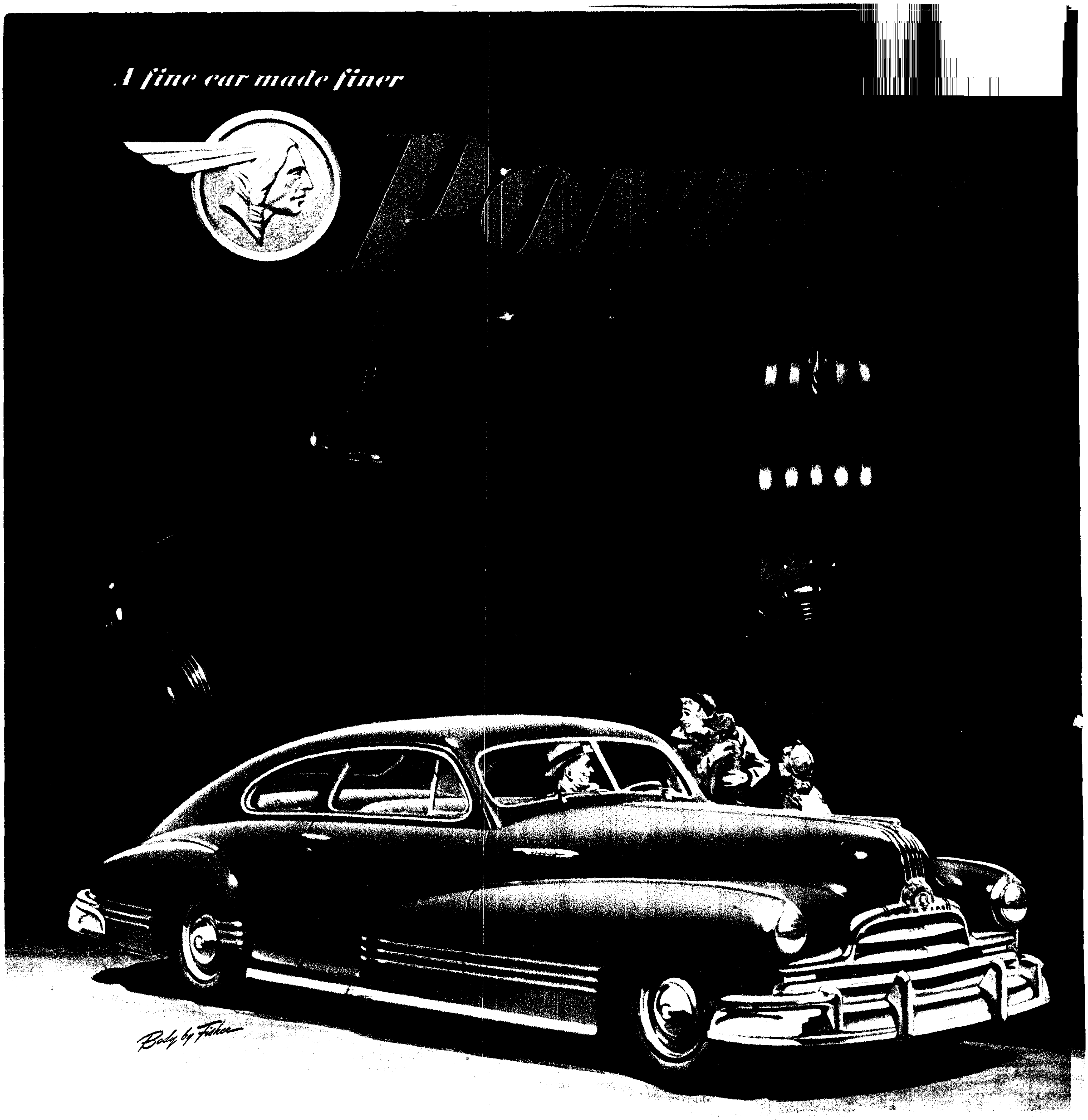

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PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

RUSSIA REACHES FOR THE SKY

Continued from page 18

ring Strait keeps it from being one, o, with North and South America. rasia (Europe and Asia) is known to opoliticians—as the "World Island."

The core of the World Island is called "Heartland" because of its central, minating position. Surrounding it, in tual frontier touch, are "Rimlands." p-to-date geographers believe that oever controls both Heartland and mlands will automatically control the orld Island.

No conqueror ever mastered the whole either Heartland or Rimlands—from lexander the Great and the Caesars rough the Hun Khans to Napoleon and itler. "Distance" always beat their erextensions of land power and sea wer. Now air power supplants the cisiveness of Distance by that of Time; using strategists to ponder. For from is mammoth Red Heartland nonstop mber fleets could swarm today— ng, in as many hours, the summed ileage of Alexander the Great's 12-year archings.

The Rimlands are in two categories; ose already more or less pledged to ussia, and those for which, however ey feel toward her, she has a collector's h.

Among the first we may count Poland, zechoslovakia, Rumania, Bulgaria, ugoslavia, Albania, Sinkiang Province hinese Turkestan), and two states of ongolia (Outer Mongolia and Tannu uva). Their 2,000,000 square miles ise the percentage of the Northern emisphere under Russia's hand to *one ird.*

The second category includes nearly a score of nations, from the Baltic to the Pacific. In some, Russian prestige is high. In others, there are wars and rebellions and unrest fomented by old evils and new whispers, and some of these countries would die under the Bear's claws before submitting to its hug.

Yet, in plain self-interest, Americans must reflect that in them are the dead ends of American commercial aviation; over them is the "no-plane's air" between two oceans; in war, they are helplessly juxtaposed to Russia—and that, altogether, they bring the Soviet Union's feasible percentage of the Northern Hemisphere up to *more than one half.*

Of course, neither size nor *fighting* man power have their old potency. What counts in this early morning of the Air Era is self-containment: food, *industrial* man power, spiritual and political unity, science and flight power. For these, we must look inside the Curtain.

The Soviet Union alone, with virtually every kind of climate and precipitation, can produce food beyond her peace or war needs. She has twice as many croplands as the United States. Russia's weakness in food is her size; because her means of distribution, or inland transport system, remains primitive by Western standards. She has fewer paved first-class highways than any Middle West American state; and only one fifth as many operatable railway miles as the United States, although she carries three times more passengers.

In every requirement of minerals and critical materials, including uranium and

DEBUNKING EXPEDITION

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING
Scientist, American Wildlife Institute	**The real harbinger of spring is not the robin, but the yellow palm warbler, which flies here all the way from Central America.**
Mammalogist, American Museum of Natural History	**The cottontail rabbit is not a rabbit at all—it's a hare.**
Ornithologist, Kansas City	**The English sparrow is not particularly English—it's found all over Europe, Asia, Africa and New Zealand. And it's not really a sparrow, but a weaverbird.**
Botanist, San Salvador	**Balsam of Peru does not come from Peru and never did. The tree with this resin grows exclusively on the soil of El Salvador.**
Government Official, U.S. Indian Service	**The American Indian is not dying out—there are 35 per cent more Redmen today than in 1900.**
Ornithologist, Smithsonian Institution	**The eagle is not so noble—he hunts only when he can't find any dead fish cast ashore by the waves.**
Journalist, Chicago	**Most of the persons listed in Who's Who in America are not self-educated—90 per cent of them went to college, and 75 per cent have degrees.**
Meteorologist, New York	**"Pure" snow falling from the sky contains many impurities—ammonia, sulphates, phosphates, nitrates and chlorine compounds.**
Agriculturist, University of Virginia	**The watermelon is not indigenous to the United States, but originated in Africa and was transplanted here by explorers.**
Horticulturist, St. Louis	**Garden plants do better when watered from the kitchen faucet, than when rained upon. Rain water contains harmful sulphurous acid picked up from the atmospheric soot.**
Statistician, U.S. Public Health Service	**There has been no increase in the span of life in America. The life expectancy of a man of 50 today is no greater than in 1900.**
Bibliophile, Philadelphia	**The Pilgrims were not the first Europeans to come to Massachusetts. A man named Gosmold discovered and named Cape Cod in 1602.**

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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FM *Strobo-Sonic Tone*

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With FM, static and interference vanish. Fading disappears. You favorite type of music is revealed in a thrilling new brilliance, as tr and natural as a personal performance.

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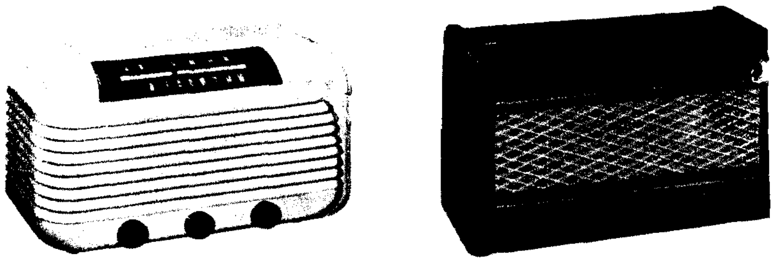
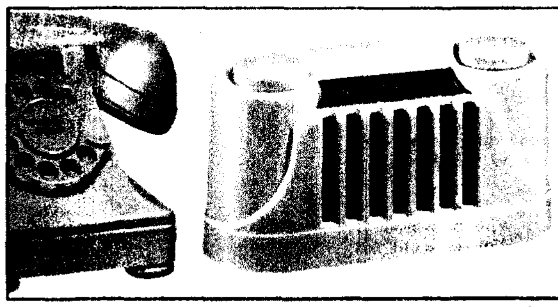


FM-AM TABLE RADIOS. Everything on the air is yours—both FM and re ular broadcasts. Seven tubes, rectifier, AC-DC, PM dynamic speaker. Sma new cabinets in ivory plastic (left above), walnut plastic, desert-tan woo and walnut wood (above right). Built-in aerials for both FM and AM.

FM-AM CONSOLE RADIO-PHONOGRAPH. All FM and standard broadcasts. New automatic record changer mixes both 10-in. and 12-in. records. AM push-button tuning. Two album compartments. Beautiful mahogany cabinet. A master instrument for the finest home entertainment.



THE AIR PAL— ***A Console in a Jewel Case!*** Plays with power anywhere it's plugged in—trains, hotels, office, at home. AC-DC. Small as a phone yet has slide-rule dial, planetary tuning, dynamic speaker, built-in Radair Antenna, full AM band. Fits in a handbag, weighs only 3¼ lb. Ebony, walnut, or ivory plastic.

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thorium, Russia is surpassingly endowed, save for rubber. Plants for synthetic rubber making have priority in her industrial program; and the world's best source of natural rubber is on her southeastern Asia Rimland.

We can be *too* smug about the reputed inefficiency of Russian industry. It is true her reparation seizures from Germany left, through ignorance and neglect, a rusted trail of hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of machine tools and factory equipment abandoned beside the roads leading back to Russia. But it is also true that her change-over, within a generation, of much of her population from peasants to mechanics was a resounding achievement. It is further and more significantly true that her industry has been stiffened by countless Germans; while, by trade pact, she draws for technical help on one of the most skilled of industrial nations, Czechoslovakia.

Russia's flight power flows in two main streams; the Red Air Force and the Red Civil Air Fleets.

Reds' Postwar Aviation Gains

America's plane industry slumped enormously from wartime peak, with the cancellation of military contracts. Russia's nationalized aviation, the instrument of Soviet policy, has doubled its war crest; and gained in addition output of German and Czech factories—from the latter, especially, radar, precision instruments, robots, and remote-control electronics for rockets. In 1947, Russia will produce about 100,000 planes of all types, military and civilian. The Red Air Force, as of 1945, had 16,420 aircraft, including 7,000 fighters and 4,200 bombers. It is twice as strong in 1947; and the ratio of fighters to long-range bombers is strikingly changed in favor of the latter.

There are also the "Junior" Red Air Forces. In Bulgaria, Russia has established, with Soviet instructors, two flight training "pools" for all the Balkans; one at Sofia, the other at Plovdiv, half an hour by fighter craft from Turkey. Russia also set up local training fields in each country; as well as taking their young men and women into the Soviet Union for ground and flight training courses of one to two years' duration. Since V-E Day, 7,000 have gone from Yugoslavia alone; together with thousands from Poland and the others.

Russian prewar commercial aviation was neither large nor successful. Today, the Red Civil Air Fleet is a Kremlin pet; and the dynamic Soviet Air Marshal Fedor Astakhov has been charged with its expansion. War needs jumped Russia's domestic air service to 100,000 personnel and 7,000 planes, of which most were Lend-Lease C-47s and her own version, built on license, of this Douglas DC-3 type. In 1944 she was making these (which she calls L1-2s and PS-84s) at the rate of 200 per month; now, 360. Her great internal distances caused Russia, in the 1930s, to experiment with huge multiple-engine transports such as her famous "Maxim Gorki," with indifferent results.

She has better luck nowadays, with efficient four-engine, 60-passenger designs of her own, plus an improved German Junkers Ju-90 type, shuttling over her Far East lines.

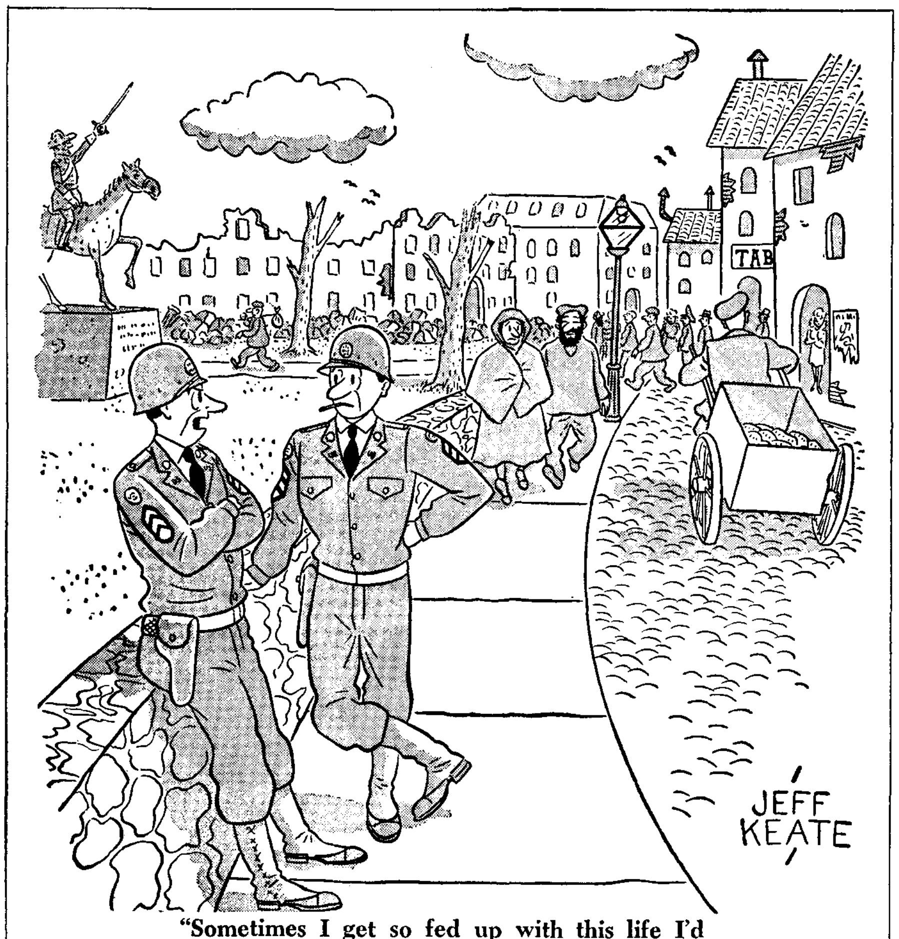
From only a few hundred miles of regularly scheduled airways a decade ago, the Red Civil Air Fleet has 50,000 this year, linking the regional centers of each of her 16 republics, as well as the satellites, with Moscow; handling five times more traffic than two years ago. Russia has a goal of 150,000 airways miles 6 years hence.

With money credits, planes, equipment and technical assistance Russia has aided Poland, Czechoslovakia and the Balkans to stitch among themselves and to Moscow an excellent civil air network. Over this, by secret treaties, she holds a 30-year jurisdiction—hidden in some instances (Poland and Czechoslovakia); open in others (Hungary and Rumania); but iron-hooped in all.

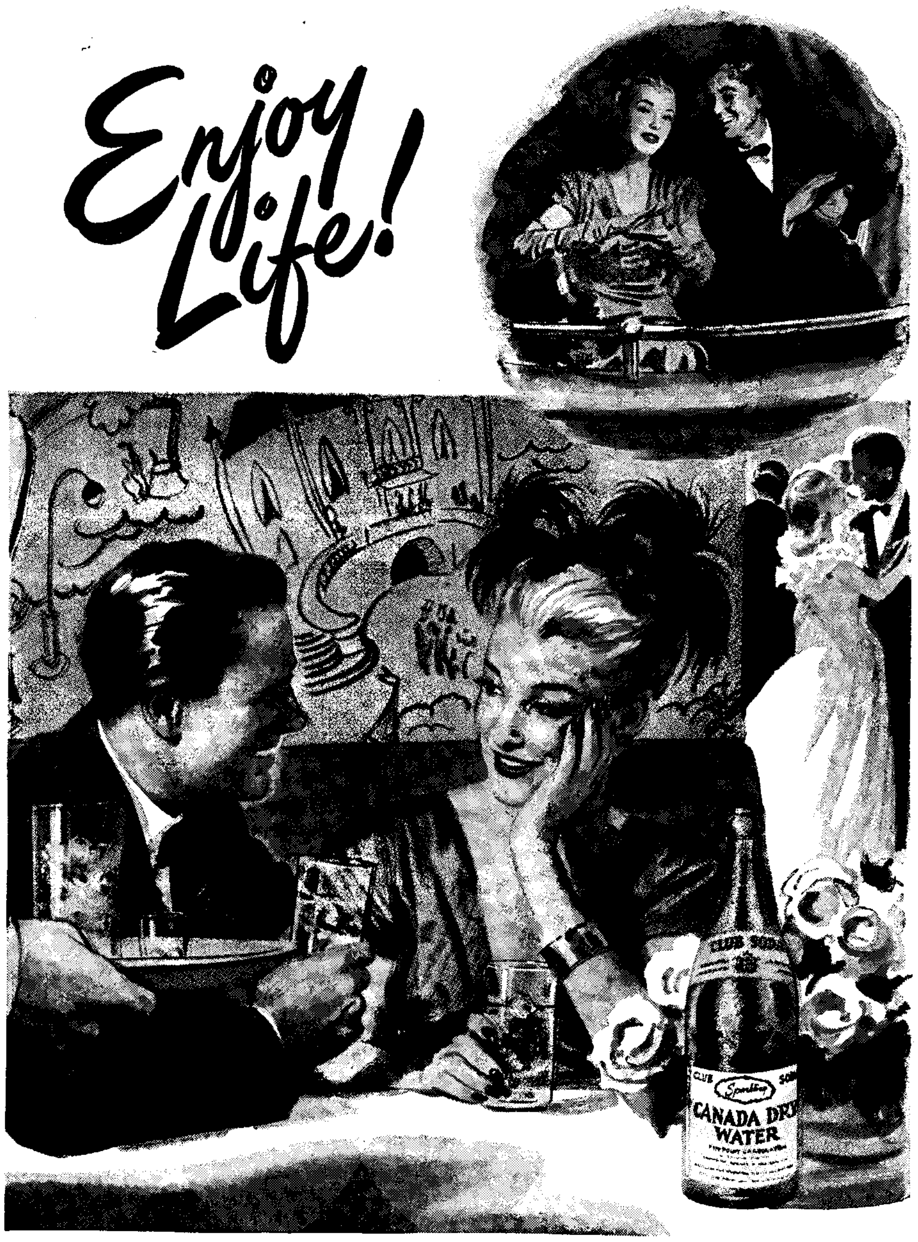
The briefness of her experience and the inefficiency and bureaucracy popularly ascribed to her might well raise doubts of the merit of Russia's commercial aviation.

Here is a revelation answering that: The Russians are not doing it alone—they are, in fact, only the "helping hands."

Before the war the biggest and finest



COLLIER'S "Sometimes I get so fed up with this life I'd like to run away and join the Foreign Legion!" JEFF KEATE



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Where there's LIFE there's CANADA DRY WATER
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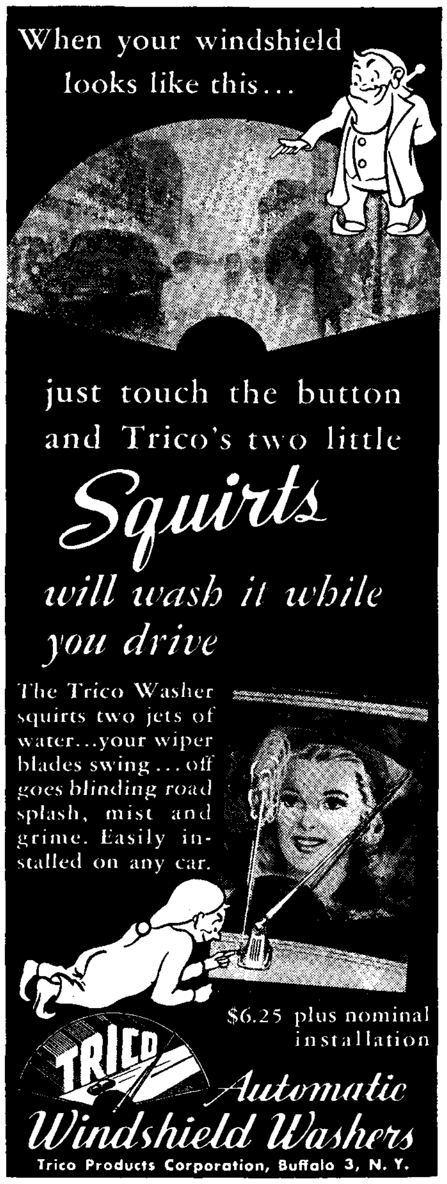
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The Trico Washer squirts two jets of water...your wiper blades swing...off goes blinding road splash, mist and grime. Easily installed on any car.

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Be sure they're *New*

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1. Keep oil down
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This means when your repairman installs these rings, he is backed up by a guarantee of satisfactory piston ring performance for 10,000 miles or one year, whichever occurs first, under the terms and conditions of the McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Ring Replacement and Labor Guarantee available upon request.

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operator in Europe was *Deutsche Lufthansa,* the German national and international airways system. In personnel, training, safety, maintenance, it was equal to any United States operator. In traffic and passenger details it was superior to our best. Through subsidiaries its pilots and technicians roamed far abroad, gaining skill, wisdom and experience in world flight.

Practically the entire surviving personnel of *Lufthansa* is working for Russia today; pilots, crewmen, airport and operations and maintenance staffs, mechanics —thousands of the expert workmen essential to the complex business of running airways; most of them as good as their counterparts in the United States or anywhere else. *Lufthansa* has simply moved from Berlin to Moscow.

Germans Supply the Efficiency

It is these "Flying Hessians" who are the secret foundation of the Red Civil Air networks; combining their efficiency and experience with the furious enthusiasm of Astakhov's organization.

A Red *Lufthansa* with a bottomless purse is as much of a challenge to the future of American commercial aviation as the Russian-employed German aeronautics scientists are to our military; as Von Paulus and his "Free Germany" officers, the turncoats of Stalingrad, are to Western General Staffs.

There we have both sides of the Iron Air Curtain.

Russia's tactical use of the Curtain in her over-all strategy is at present threefold: (a) to gain time, the sorest need in her sudden modernity, (b) to keep foreign lines and fliers out of the Red air area, (c) to get Red airmen into Western and particularly United States air.

"Time" does not have, for Russians, the same meaning it does for us; we think of it mathematically; the Russians philosophically, in the Asiatic manner. Russian peasantry has always lived in the way of Asia: by sun, darkness, season. If an ordinary Russian wants to travel he walks to the nearest station and sits down to wait, in the enormous, fatalistic patience of the East. Russian trains, except for the International Wagons-Lits, never had timetables. This Steppes concept infects even Slav Russians, causing much of the exasperation among Westerners in their dealings with Soviet bureaucrats. The Swiss, who are the world's time sellers, have statistics to prove that per capita ownership of timepieces is smallest in Russia of any country touching the West.

From this background, Soviet diplomats deal—like Gandhi and Chiang—with trends and emotions; not, like us, with dates. For the Kremlin Deadpans, time means but one thing—outcome.

Russian haggling at Lake Success and at the Moscow Conference is measureable, therefore, only in terms of how long it will take her to be satisfied that she is stronger in all respects than her rivals. She must develop her industry and inland transport; her resources, not one half of which in all Russia nor one twentieth in Siberia have yet been catalogued, let alone exploited. She must finish her Civil Air Fleet plan; transports that fly civilians one day can fly troops the next. Russia now has ten organized airborne divisions; and plans for 35. She must intensify her influence in neighboring countries: For these, especially in Europe, have a manifest dual utility. With their airfields and military depots, they can also serve as "springboard" outposts, for expansion across Europe to the Atlantic and Mediterranean. The historic line where Attila, "God's Scourge," and other Middle Ages Huns turned back would be just a starting point for a modern westward surge of hordes from the Heartland.

Meanwhile, Russia's second tactical use of the Iron Air Curtain not only keeps all foreign airmen out of Red air but hampers them in their own. American Overseas Airlines, certified by the Civil Aeronautics Board for Warsaw and Moscow, turns back at Stockholm. Pan American Airways, certified for the Balkans on its route to India, began a survey flight—but never touched puppet earth. "The Kremlin," said a Balkan diplomat who was there, "shied away rather violently from the idea!"

Nor do only American fliers bounce off the Curtain. There was Russian fanfare recently over agreement with Sweden for service between Moscow and Stockholm. It seemed as if the Curtain was at last getting moths. But operations never started. The inside story is that Russia woos Denmark and Norway as well as Sweden, on these conditions: Swedes and Norwegians to fly to Helsinki, Danes to Memel, for transfers to Russian planes; while the Russian halves of the "mutual" services would fly directly into Oslo, Copenhagen and Stockholm!

Russia, it must be granted, finds precedent in the records of Western powers. The gay figure of speech, "free as the air," ceased to have validity, except for birds, when planes grew big enough to cross frontiers. When fear was lifted into the air by World War I it was as if all nations felt naked at the thought of strangers peering down upon them—so they rushed for their protocols. Article One of the First International Aviation Convention at Paris in 1919 noted the sovereignty of "every underlying nation over its overlying air space."

Before the recent war most European countries—following their sovereign if silly rights—staked out "corridors," away from military installations, along which all planes but their own service craft had to fly; and no passengers were permitted cameras. Gradually a give-and-take attitude has been growing; the Chicago and Bermuda Conferences had splendid intentions and fairish results. The Soviet Union boycotted those Conferences; and revised prewar European manners by laying out corridors over nations that she may control but which do not belong to her, compelling planes of the United States and England to fly within the corridors under risk of being shot down.

Traffic Blocks for Air Ocean

Then she introduced something original. "Road blocks" are a familiar means of highway control by all military and customs men. Russia gave the road block wings. She made history by raising the first "air blocks" of all time into the Air Ocean.

Intercontinental airmen envision two kinds of commercial flying: "Express," or long-distance nonstop trips between hemisphere capitals and business centers; and "Trade" runs—a sort of international "local." The most fruitful eastbound around-the-world air-trade route bends southeasterly at Vienna, for Turkey, making a direct course through a series of Balkan capitals. The Balkan air block imposes an almost 1,000-mile detour, back from Vienna and by way of Italy to Istanbul. Pan American, which lands at Vienna by lucky grace of the American field there, prefers flying nonstop London-Ankara to skirting the bypass.

Progressive improvements in plane range assure many Express schedules because the annals of all forms of transportation prove that introduction of service always engenders spread of people, business and prosperity. Such runs from the United States to west Europe cities will not encounter the Balkan air block; but for the Middle East it so doglegs the shortest air lines that profitable Express service there might well be delayed a generation (4 to 7 years) of transports.

Enjoy Vita Sert THE DOUBLE FEATURE Chocolate Bar

Delicious SWEET CHOCOLATE PLUS 6 Essential VITAMINS IN EVERY BAR!

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A	4000 I. U.*
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*These quantities are 100% of minimum Adult daily requirements as set by U. S. Government.

HERE'S double pleasure...delicious chocolate plus a *full day's supply* of SIX essential vitamins. For example, Vita Sert contains more Vitamin C than a large helping of spinach. Similar generous quantities of 5 other vitamins, too. For double satisfaction, enjoy a rich, nourishing bar of Vita Sert daily.

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Replacement or refund of money Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if defective or not as advertised therein

Stop CORNS!

HERE TODAY

SORE TOES

GONE TOMORROW

CORNS STOPPED

Instant Relief

NEVER wait! ACT at first sign of sore toes from tight shoes. Protect them with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You'll have instant relief and stop corns *before* they can develop! But if you have corns, callouses or bunions — these thin, soft, soothing, cushioning pads will relieve pain almost like magic.

Remove Corns, Callouses

You'll marvel, too, how the separate *Medications* included speedily remove corns, callouses. No other method does all these things. Cost but a trifle. Insist on Dr. Scholl's.

CORNS, SORE TOES

CALLOUSES

BUNIONS

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

The Polar air block chills American or Canadian air planners' dreams of not-so-Far Cathay. Alaska, a natural Express midway to the rich markets of the Orient, looked forward to civil importance comparable to that it holds in military aviation. But Siberia is astride the short cuts to such places as Peking, Chungking, Shanghai or Calcutta.

In Russia's third Iron Air Curtain tactic is concealed her plan to fly through our decadent air with the greatest of ease, while keeping hers unsullied by capitalistic fumes. The fulcrum of this plan is that covey of central European nations who, like chicks, are nurtured under Russia's strong wings. The feathers are economic, aviation, military, industrial pacts; control of the secret police; and the election of a predominantly Communist government.

Russia's local political aim is to foster just outside her legal border in Europe a chain of Socialist republics in the spitting image of those inside. Her larger and more beguiling aim is to create an international chorus line of what might be called Janus-States, who, as they dance, smile west and wink east.

For, as each becomes "safe" in the eyes of the Kremlin, it is treated like an independent equal by Moscow, whose control vanishes so far as meets the foreign public eye. This leaves each mannequin free to make friends with powers like the United States, for the virtues entailed—such as the United States Treasury bank roll. Witness Poland's about-face to America this winter, after her elections. Witness, too, the United States refusal of a loan to Czechoslovakia. Our State Department had good reasons for that, just as Russia had good reasons to consider Czechoslovakia safe first of all the yes-lands.

Czechoslovakia already has concluded a bilateral air treaty with the United States, which gives Pan American landing rights in Prague—through a Russian corridor from Vienna—and Czech planes, when they are ready, freedom to fly into the United States without benefit of corridors. Poland, which for two years has ignored United States air treaty proposals, will soon open Warsaw—for reciprocal conveniences in America. Yugoslavia isn't ready yet. But one day before long, Marshal Tito will switch from bass to soprano and put a welcome mat on Zemen Airport in Belgrade for Yank planes—in return for one for his planes in New York.

Russia's stratagem thus becomes clear; and the worth of her *Lufthansa* coup shines out. She does not have to join air conferences or make agreements when, through her caddies' Sovietized air lines, she can enjoy international flight advantages without bestowing any; when she can, through joint companies, share their experiences and services into the United States, while American planes can fly only to the satellite, not to the sun.

We could frustrate Russia's scheme by firm exercise of a provision, based upon the Chicago Air Conference, that either contractual party to a reciprocal agreement can revoke it whenever it becomes apparent that the personnel or ownership of the line of the other contractual party is not composed strictly of its own nationals.

But that is not as simple as it sounds; there's a lot of barbed wire in this diplomatic pouch.

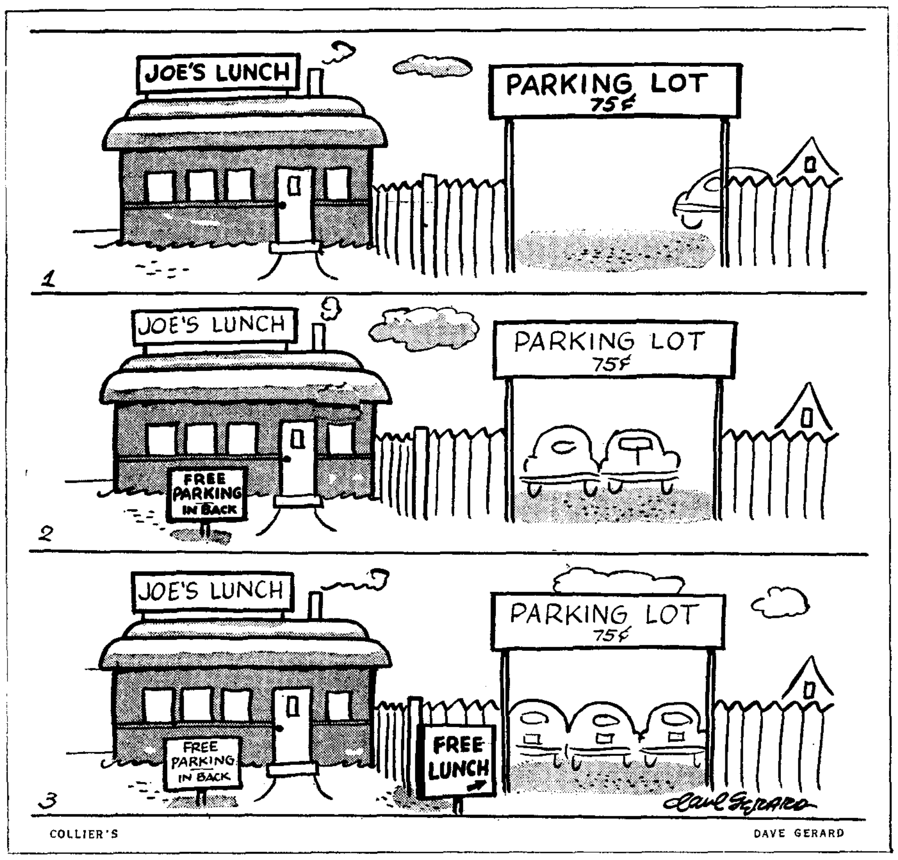
American Principles Must Prevail

Aside from the difficulty of proving masqueraded personnel, or shrouded ownership, blanket revocations on suspicion, of treaties we had eagerly sought, would amount to putting up a Curtain of our own. That is abhorrent to American principles; contrary to American preachings, as well as to the general interests of the United States and of hopes of world normalcy. It would fill Russia's propaganda hands with demonstrations of "capitalistic imperialism" and the gamut of slogans; abandon the hundreds of thousands of ordinary people who remain friendly to us in the satellites; jerk away the slight finger touch we have on some points of the Iron Air Curtain, particularly its Balkan air block.

On the other hand, Russia counts shrewdly upon the bargaining value of that Balkan By-pass, which is so costly not only in time and money, but to progress. The men in the Kremlin are imbued with Oriental bazaar merchants' sense of the market value of their possessions—in this instance, geography.

The problem is tough; the more so because we know what the Curtain really is and for what it is being used. In the end, a decision will have to evolve from absolute belief or disbelief, founded upon unimpeachable evidence, as to whether Russia's Curtain will rust away in an Air Ocean suffused with "understanding" and good will.

THE END



COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

Dogs I've Known by Helen E. Hokinson

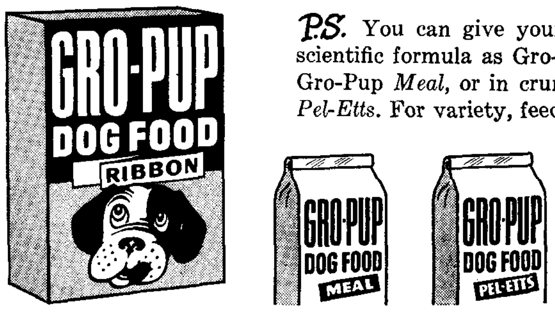
Choosy Feeder—Refuses to be tempted by assorted tidbits his mistress offers. Now if she'd only give him a square meal of Gro-Pup *Ribbon!* Dogs really *go* for its hearty flavor, its crisp, toasted ribbons, according to a survey of owners who've fed it. There's no other dog food like Gro-Pup *Ribbon!*

Timid Soul—Doesn't have the spirit and sinew a self-respecting dog should have. How *can* any dog whose diet is wrong? Gro-Pup *Ribbon* would supply every vitamin and mineral a dog is known to need for vigor, vitality, and growth. It's a tested, scientific formula of 23 essential nutrients in one nourishing food!

Helen E. Hokinson

Neighborhood Pet
A fellow anybody'd be proud to own—friendly, lively, and well-nourished on a basic diet of Gro-Pup! Mighty economical way to feed, too. A single box of Gro-Pup *Ribbon* contains as much food by dry weight as *five* 1-lb. cans of dog food. Get Gro-Pup from your grocer. Made by Kellogg's—experts in nutrition.

Dogs Go For GRO-PUP



P.S. You can give your dog the same tested, scientific formula as Gro-Pup *Ribbon* in popular Gro-Pup *Meal*, or in crunchy, bite-size Gro-Pup *Pel-Etts*. For variety, feed all three.

MADE BY
Kellogg's
OF BATTLE CREEK AND OMAHA

I sink
in deep mire...
Mine eyes fail me
while I wait...

Save me, O God;
for the waters are come in unto my soul.
I sink in deep mire,
where there is no standing:
I am come into deep waters,
where the floods overflow me.
I am weary with my crying;
my throat is dried:
Mine eyes fail while I wait for my God.

BOOK OF PSALMS (LXIX, 1-4)

These are your sisters and your brothers who speak.

In their hearts they have the barrenness of the desert, yes, and in their eyes the hopelessness of the doomed. They are praying, your brethren.

Praying that their "liberation" from Nazi tyranny shall not be turned into a mockery by the world's indifference. Praying that now, after years of torture and death and a miserable existence in Displaced Persons camps, they be helped to rebuild their lives.

They need hope for the future. They need food and clothes and shelter and medicines to keep them alive... to keep alive their hope that tomorrow—soon—there will be homes and a welcome for them and their children... in Palestine, or some other hospitable land.

Yes, these 1,500,000 European Jews need help and hope. And *you*—you and your fellow Americans—are the only ones who can provide the $170,000,000 needed to do the job.

Help them, help them. Stretch out your hand in brotherhood, open your heart in compassion.

Give when you are called on. Give generously and quickly... as much as you can, plus a little more.

This is a year of greater need, because...

1. UNRRA's impending liquidation has placed greater burdens on the agencies of the United Jewish Appeal.
2. The Jewish population of the DP camps has trebled in one year... from 85,000 at the beginning of 1946 to 250,000 in 1947.
3. Rehabilitation efforts must be expanded to help hundreds of thousands in Hungary, Rumania, Poland and other countries.
4. Medical care and rehabilitation programs must be provided for the 170,000 surviving Jewish children, 26,000 of whom are in DP camps.
5. Many thousands of Jews must leave Europe because they have no future there. Palestine must be built up and developed with UJA funds, to provide for those who are coming into Palestine now and for those who will arrive in the future.
6. Many services, including migration, retraining, adjustment and special aid for child refugees must be provided for displaced Jews who find a haven in the U.S.

GIVE THEM LIFE—and make it worth living

UNITED JEWISH APPEAL

for $170,000,000

to support the relief, rehabilitation and resettlement work of:

JOINT DISTRIBUTION COMMITTEE • UNITED PALESTINE APPEAL • UNITED SERVICE FOR NEW AMERICANS

Henry Morgenthau, Jr. • General Chairman • 342 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

City Casino, back in 1933. After 26 hours of sitting, he was disqualified because he was running a temperature of 102 degrees!

A pair of Russians, Michalko Goniusz and Wasyl Bezborodny, of Kiev, held a face-slapping contest which went on for 36 hours. It ended in a draw.

Tom Morris skipped rope the 590 miles from Melbourne to Sydney, Australia.

Anton Hanislan pushed his wife and daughter 15,000 miles over European roads in a perambulator, but at least he made a buck on the deal. The Paris Exposition awarded him $2,000 as Europe's most durable pedestrian.

A. Anderson, Australia's "Young Apollo," went into a wrestler's bridge, back in 1935, and a set of playful characters, experimenting to see what it would take to break the guy's back, promptly parked a piano on his chest. Then a 168-pound man climbed aboard and played a tune, and a 126-pound girl did a dance on the lid. . . .

Dinghy sailors are so many sissies!

ED REYNOLDS, New York, N. Y.

SOFTIES

DEAR EDITOR: The author of Because of Gemini (Feb. 22d) is without doubt a Gemini person else he could not have so accurately known just why all Gemini persons are crazy, or slowly going crazy. If they would refuse to help anyone else and help only themselves they would become very valuable persons indeed, but as it is they spend too much time dodging bricks and beer bottles thrown at them by loving friends whom they have helped in weak moments.

This writer has betrayed his Gemini comrades by finishing the story too soon to create falsely a happy ending.

L. R. CONKLIN, Oakland, Cal.

HUMOR DEPARTMENT

DEAR EDITOR: In re Douglas Borgstedt's cartoon (Feb. 22d) which shows two Eskimos greeting Admiral Byrd telling him they picked him up on their radar screen—this is a little farfetched; there aren't any Eskimos in the antartic.

JERRY RENNER, Colwyn, Pa.

You're right and it's spelled ANTARCTIC.

. . . Thanks for the cartoon on page 60 (Mar. 15th); it has saved me $17.60 on my income tax. W. H. P., Montebello, Cal.

. . . Throughout the ages mothers-in-law have been the butt of the sages (cartoon by Charles Cartwright, Mar. 15th). One fact seems overlooked by newlyweds and that is if it weren't for mothers-in-law, there would be no newlyweds.

I propose that Congress inaugurate a Mothers-in-Law Day in every state of the Union—the most appropriate is Labor Day. And on that day our modern sages should lay off poking fun at mothers-in-law.

MORRIS GOODMAN, Montreal, Canada

Great! How about also fixing up a day for the Canadian mothers-in-law?

MODES AND MANNERS

DEAR EDITOR: In the March 8th issue, Maurice Zolotow wrote in The Fabulous Billy Rose of "the citizenry of Fort Worth . . . boasting a minimum of culture . . ."

Anthropologically, culture is the art of living; literarily, culture is termed as the education and refinement of the mind. Someone said that "culture is what is left over after you have forgotten all you definitely set out to learn."

I question Mr. Zolotow's authority to say that any city has a minimum of culture. Perhaps he intended us to see that Fort Worth HAD A MINIMUM of culture BEFORE BILLY ROSE blossomed in the desert of her suburbs. Perhaps.

MARIAN O'BRIEN LARKE, Seattle, Wash.

PUBLIC CHARGES

DEAR EDITOR: I have just noticed an article in Collier's, Here's Where Your Money Goes! (Mar. 22d) by Margot Grubb, in which it is stated that part of income-tax payments finance, among other things, railroad retirement pay and aid to railroad workers and their dependents.

It would be interesting to know what part of railroad pensions are financed by income-tax payments as it is my understanding that the railroad retirement board and all payments made by the railroad retirement board are financed entirely by the railroads and railroad employees.

W. L. KETCHAM, Tulsa, Okla.

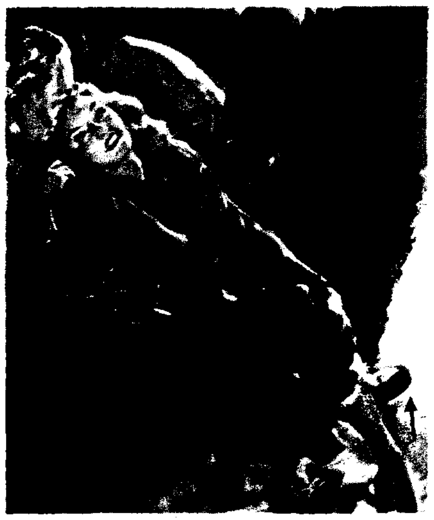
The primary intention of Mrs. Grubb's article was to show the number of checks sent out by the government, which includes railroad retirement pay checks. Mr. Ketcham and numerous other correspondents are correct in protesting the unintentional implication that the public foots this particular bill. This, of course, also applies to other items such as income-tax refunds listed in the chart accompanying the article.

. . . Your list of pension payments did not include one sponsored, I think, by persons who worked on the Panama Canal. After 30 years of lobbying, they got a pension bill through. R. G. LYNCH, Milwaukee, Wis.

EXTRA FOOTAGE

DEAR EDITOR: Please note the illustration by Elmore Brown in the March 15th issue of the story The Rat Race. After drawing such a cozy-looking blonde was it necessary to give her two left feet? That toe peeking out of the open slipper on her right foot just doesn't belong there.

JOSEPH F. LAVERY, New York, N. Y.



Well, everything's going left these days, but the man, fortunately, has a good right arm.

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

DEAR EDITOR: Some time ago Mr. Freling Foster reported that in a dog race at the London White City seven of the eight dogs were doped allowing the eighth to win. The maximum number of dogs allowed in any dog race in this island is six! Don't get the wrong idea about our dogs. There is really very little doping on any of our 120-odd tracks. It is a very efficiently run sport attended by millions each week.

Fully 75 per cent of the island's population bet each week—chiefly on football—and why not, with prizes up to $250,000? Nearly every week several lucky ordinary folk win over $100,000 for a penny or two-cent bet. It is our seventh largest industry employing 400,000 people—there are only 700,000 in the British mining industry—which gives you some idea!

BARRY APPLEBY,
Whiteladies, Ashteed Park,
Surrey, England

Rain

Let it rain, let it pour—
this **Manhattan** water repellent
Jacket keeps its shape, keeps
you dry. It's made of fine Spring-
maid cotton fabric. Resists
rain and stains. And tailored
to give your spirits a lift!

or Shine

This gaily plaid **Manhattan**
Sportshirt—keeps you cool and
smart, no matter how hot
Old Sol gets. It's fashioned of
fine, washable Springmaid cotton
fabric—and vat-dyed
to keep its sparkling color!

it's Cotton Time!

Manhattan

SPORTSHIRTS • WATER REPELLENT JACKETS

THE MANHATTAN SHIRT COMPANY

Made of Fine Springmaid Fabrics

Copr. 1947, The Manhattan Shirt Co.

BASEBALL BILL

Little Jamesie found out that growing up just looks easy

BY J. F. POWERS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DOWER

THERE it was, all about Lefty, in Ding Bell's Dope Box in the Courier.

"We don't want to add coals to the fire, but it's common knowledge that the Local Pitcher Most Likely to Succeed is fed up with the home town. The boy's good, which nobody can deny, and the scouts are on his trail, but this high-hat attitude of his doesn't say a lot for his team spirit, not to mention his civic spirit. And *that fine record of his—has it been all* a case of personal glory? How about the team? The boys have backed him up, they've given him the runs, and that's what wins ball games. They don't pay off on strike-outs.

"There's one kind of player every scribe knows—and wishes he didn't—the lad who gets four for four with the willow, and yet, somehow, his team goes down to defeat—but does that worry this gent? Not a bit of it. He's too busy celebrating his own personal success, figuring his batting average, or, if he's a pitcher, his earned-run average and strike-outs. The percentage player. We hope we aren't talking about Lefty. If we are, it's too bad, and no matter where he goes from here, especially if it's up to the majors, it won't remain a secret very long . . . See you at the game Sunday. Ding Bell."

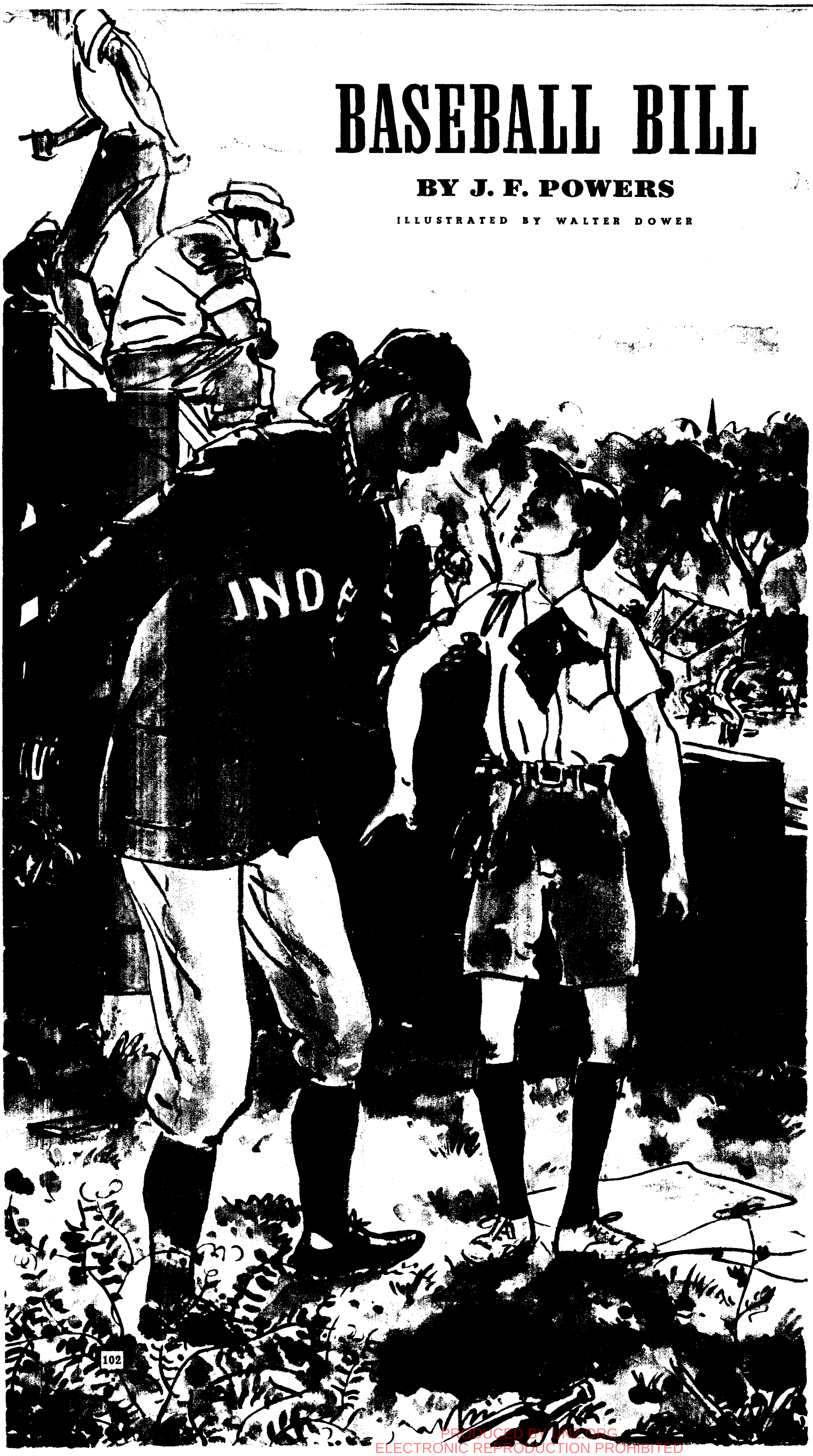
Jamesie's father, who sat across the porch, reading the Sunday rotogravure section, gave a page to the floor—that way he knew what he'd read and how far he had to go—and pulled the newspaper around his ears again. Before he went to dinner he would put the paper in order and wish out loud that other people would have the decency to do the same.

Jamesie, back in his chair, granted himself one more chapter of Baseball Bill in the World Series. The chapters were running out again, and Jamesie knew with the despair of a narcotic that his need had no end.

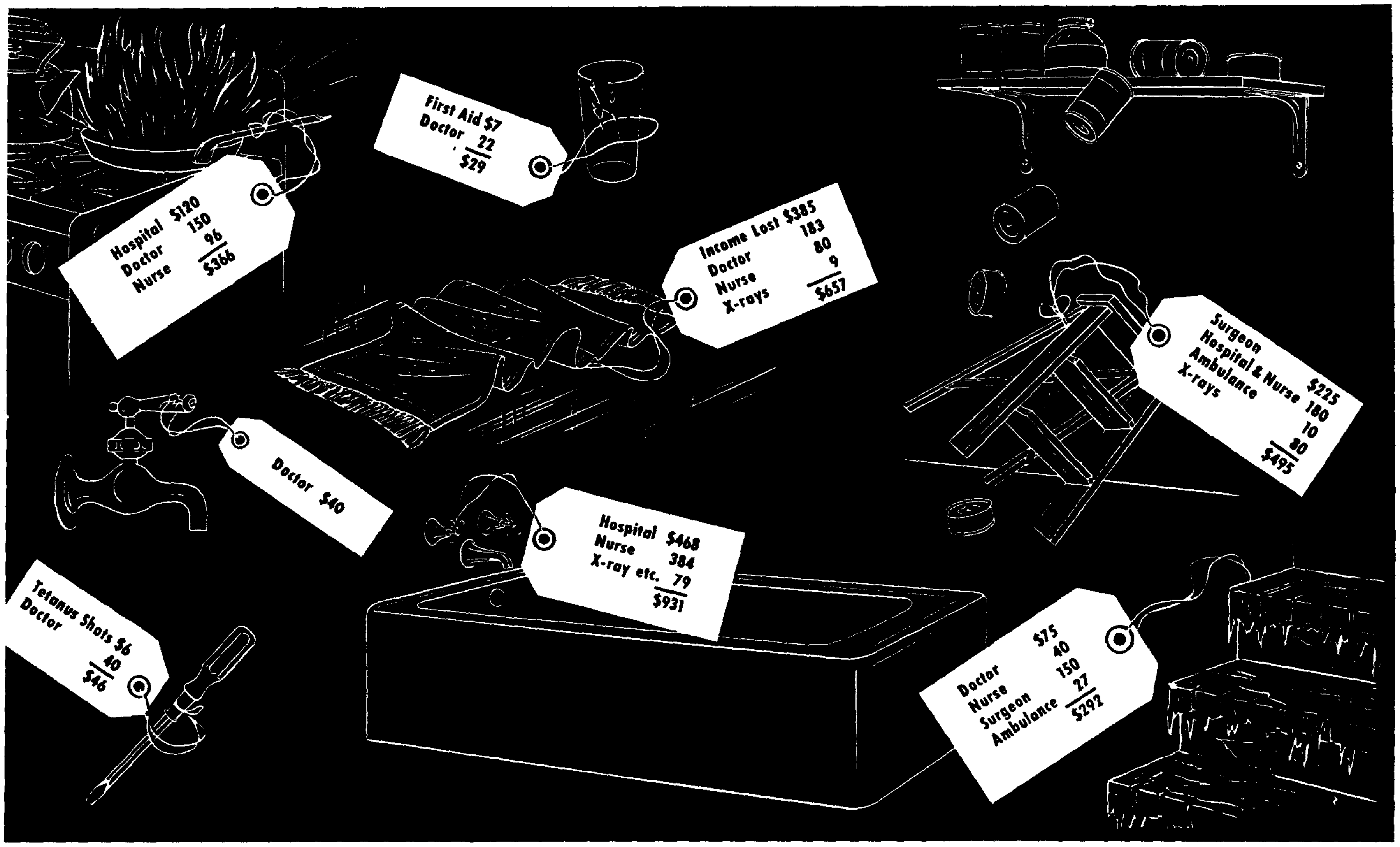
Baseball Bill at fifty cents a volume—and unavailable at the library—kept him nearly broke. And Francis Murgatroyd, his best friend, who got to read them all anyway, was too stingy to go halves, offering to exchange the old Tom Swifts and Don Sturdys he had got for Christmas—as though that were the same thing!

Jamesie owned all the Baseball Bill to be had for love or money in the world, and there was nothing in the back of this one about new titles' being in preparation. Had the author died and left his readers *in the lurch*? Or had the series been discontinued? For where, after Fighting for the Pennant and In the World Series, could Baseball Bill go? Baseball Bill, Manager, perhaps. But then what? Jamesie bent his attention to the volume at hand.

"A plot to *fix* the World Series! So that was it! Bill began to see it all. The mysterious call in the night! The diamond necklace in the dressing room! The scribbled note under the door! With slow fury Bill realized that the peculiar odor on the note paper was the odor in his room now! It was the odor of strong drink and



"I saw your dad, Lefty," Jamesie said. Lefty grabbed his arm. "My old man is out of town, kid. Got that straight?"

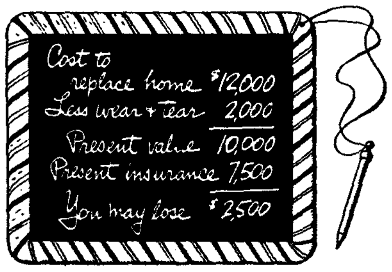

First Aid $7
Doctor 22
$29
Hospital $120
Doctor 150
Nurse 96
$366
Income Lost $385
Doctor 183
Nurse 80
X-rays 9
$657
Surgeon $225
Hospital & Nurse 180
Ambulance 10
X-rays 80
$495
Doctor $40
Hospital $468
Nurse 384
X-ray etc. 79
$931
Tetanus Shots $6
Doctor 40
$46
Doctor $75
Nurse 40
Surgeon 150
Ambulance 27
$292

Look at these price tags!

There's no place like home...for *disabling accidents.*

The "price tags" show the cost of typical accidents...flaming grease on stove...faucet handle that snapped . . . screw driver that slipped . . . stepladder that crashed . . . tumbler that broke in the dishpan...icy steps. All mean a family out of pocket, perhaps with income cut off.

The total cost of home accidents is staggering...but not for Hartford-insured families! *Hartford Accident Insurance* policies can be fitted to your requirements by your Hartford Agent or Broker.

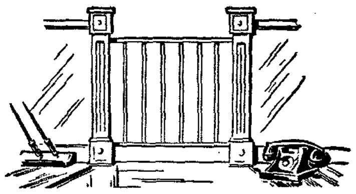

Cost to replace home $12,000
Less wear + tear 2,000
Present value 10,000
Present insurance 7,500
You may lose $2,500

Simple arithmetic!

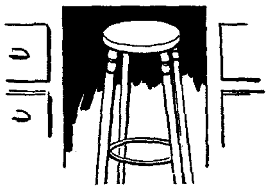
t's as simple as this: unless your Fire Inurance covers present values, you stand o lose the difference. Ask your Hartford gent or broker to help you adjust your inurance plan to cover adequately your ıome and furnishings.

Lost your policy?

Don't worry . . . your protection goes on! The Hartford stands squarely back of the missing policy. Better call your Hartford representative, though. He'll replace it for you.



Where is he today?



Nobody knows! And funds are missing, too. Hartford Blanket Fidelity Bonds give complete protection against embezzlement losses and cover *all* employees.

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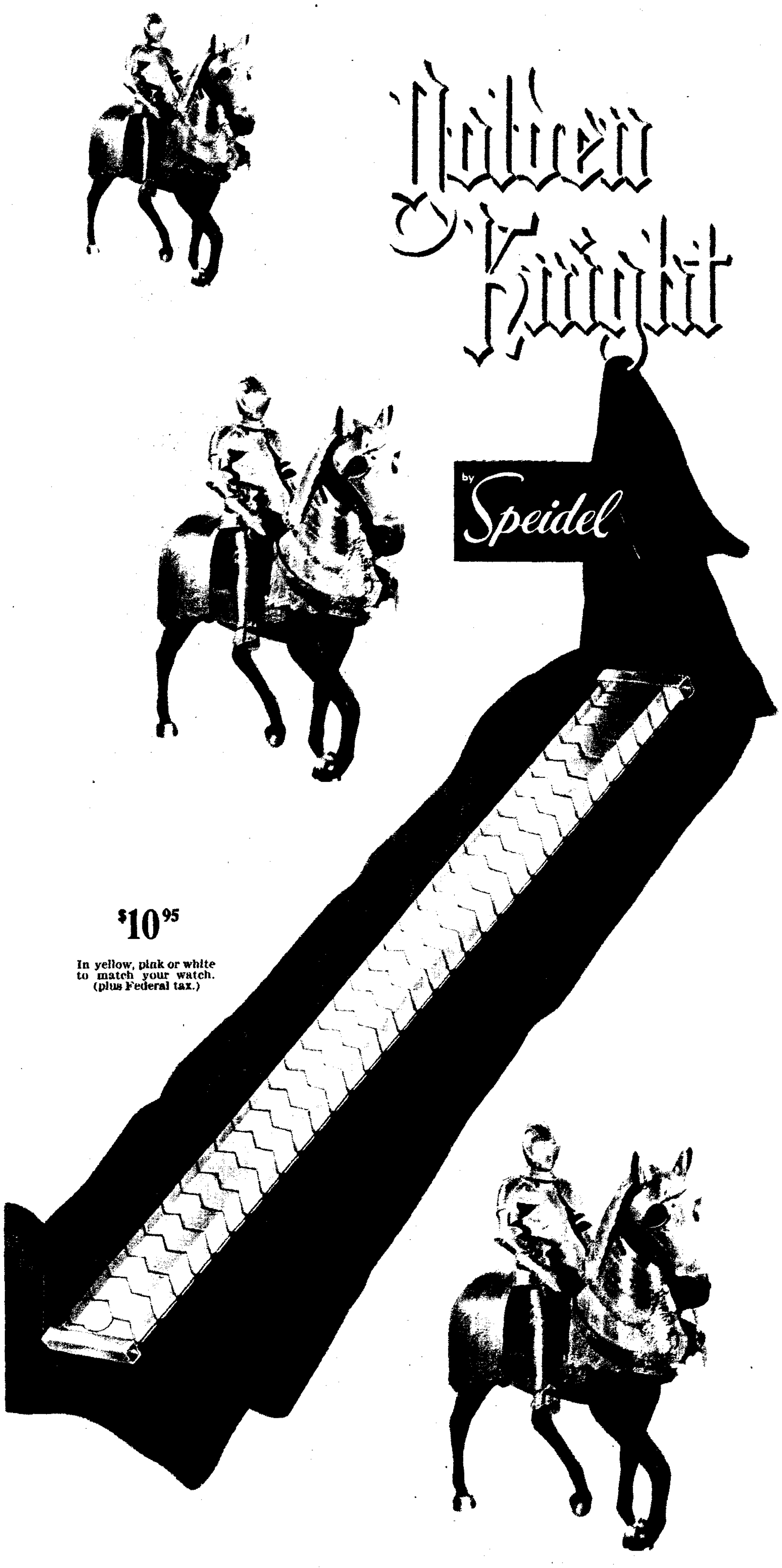
Vriting practically all forms of insurance except personal life insurance • Hartford 15, Connecticut

Picture of protection.

Here is a symbol of security—of practical friendship when you are in trouble—of large resources. The Hartford has provided sound insurance to generations of Americans.

The Watchband that was taken from History is Now Making History



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In yellow, pink or white to match your watch. (plus Federal tax.)

Never has a man's watchband achieved the beauty and smartness of the new Speidel GOLDEN KNIGHT... inspired by the decorative armor worn by chivalrous knights! With its exclusive Speidel SMOOTH-ACTION, it is causing men everywhere to discard old-fashioned bands to give their watches the gleaming luxury of GOLDEN KNIGHT. Wear it yourself or give it as a gift!

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cigar smoke! And it came from his midnight visitor! The same! Did he represent the powerful gambling syndicate? Was *he* Blackie Humphrey himself? Bill held his towering rage in check and smiled at his visitor in his friendly, boyish fashion. His visitor must get no inkling of his true thoughts. Bill must play the game—play the very fool they took him for! Soon enough they would discover for themselves, but to their everlasting sorrow, the courage and daring of Baseball Bill . . ."

JAMESIE put the book aside, consulted the batting averages in the Courier, and reread Ding Bell. Then, not waiting for dinner—and certain to hear about it at supper—he ate a peanut-butter sandwich with catsup on it and left by the back door. Going down the alley, he called for Francis Murgatroyd. He got up on the Murgatroyd gate and swung—the death-defying trapeze act at the circus—until Francis came down the walk.

"Hello, Blackie Humphrey," Jamesie said tantalizingly.

"Who's Blackie Humphrey?"

"You know who Blackie Humphrey is all right."

"Aw, Jamesie, cut it out."

"And you want me to throw the World Series!"

"Baseball Bill!"

". . . In the World Series. I got it yesterday."

"Can I read it?"

Jamesie spoke in a hushed voice: "So you're Blackie Humphrey?"

"All right. But I get to read it next."

"So you want me to throw the World Series, Blackie, is that it? Say you do."

"Yes, I do."

"Ask me again. Call me Bill."

"Bill, I want you to throw the World Series, will you, Bill?"

"I might." But that was just to fool Blackie. Bill tried to keep his towering rage in check while feigning an interest in the nefarious plot. "Why do you want me to throw it, Blackie?"

"I don't know."

"Sure you know. You're a dirty croo and you've got a lot of dough bet on th other team."

"Uh-huh."

"Go ahead. Tell me that."

While Blackie unfolded the crimin plan Bill smiled at him in his friendl boyish fashion.

"And who's behind this, Blackie?"

"I don't know."

"Say it's the powerful gambling synd cate."

"It's them."

"Ah, ha! Knock the ash off your c gar."

"Have I got one?"

"Yes, and you've got strong drink o your breath too."

"Whew!"

Blackie should have fixed him wit his small piglike eyes.

"Fix me with your small piglike eyes."

"Wait a minute, Jamesie!"

"Bill. Go ahead. Fix me."

"Okay. But you don't get to be Bi all the time."

"Now blow your foul breath in m face."

"There!"

"Now ask me to have a cigar."

Blackie was offering Bill a cigar, bu Bill knew it was to get him to brea training, and refused it.

"I see through you, Blackie." No, th was wrong. He had to conceal his tru thoughts and let Blackie play him for fool. Soon enough his time would com and . . . "Thanks for the cigar, Blackie, he said. "I thought it was a cheap one Thanks, I'll smoke it later."

"I paid a quarter for it."

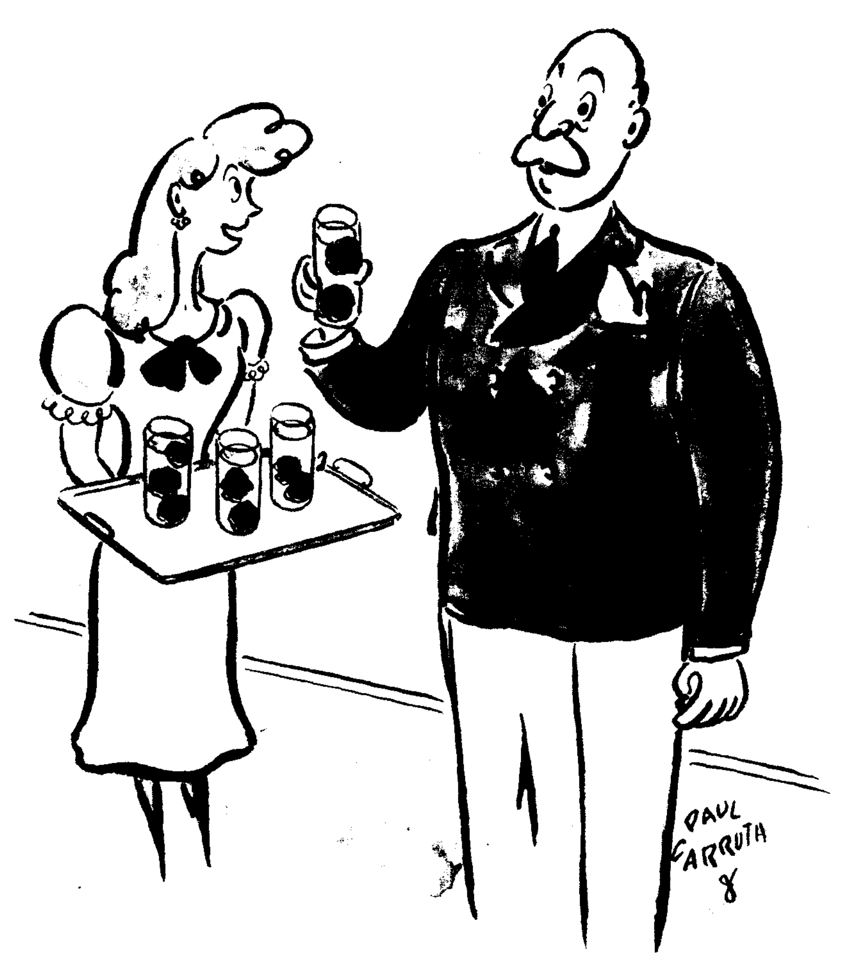
"Hey, that's too much, Francis!"

"Well, if I'm the head of the powerful—"

Mr. Murgatroyd came to the bac door and told Francis to get ready.

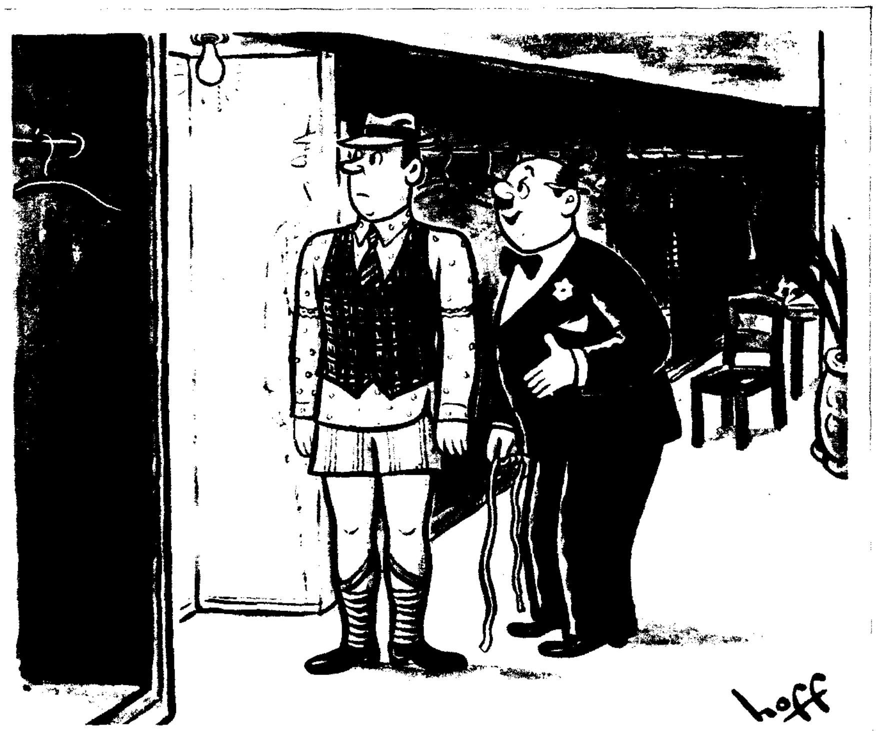
"I can't go to the game, Jamesie. Francis said. "I have to caddy for him.

Jamesie got a ride with the calliop when it had to stop at the corner for th light. The calliope was not playing now but yesterday it had roamed the streets



"Okay, Major? I ran out of ice cubes and mixed 'em with chunks of frozen spinach"

COLLIER'S PAUL CARRUTH



COLLIER'S "The vest we deliver immediately—the coat and pants follow in a couple of months" SIDNEY HOFF

l red and gold, glittering like a hussy mong the pious black flivvers, blaring nd showing off, with a sign on its side ading "Jayville vs. Beardstown."

The ball park was painted a swampy reen except for an occasional new oard. Over the single ticket window it in the fence hung a sign done in the vere black-and-white railroad manner, Home of the Jayville Independents." ut everybody called them the Indees.

Jamesie bought a bottle of green pop it of his savings and made the most of , swallowing it in sips, calling upon his ill power under the sun. Returning the ottle, he stood for a while by the ticket indow making designs in the dust with ie corrugated soles of his new tennis ioes. Ding Bell, with a pretty lady on is arm, and carrying the black official orebook, passed inside without paying, nd joking about it.

THE Beardstown players arrived from sixty miles away with threatening heers. Their chartered bus stood steamng and dusty from the trip. The players ore gray suits with "Barons" written cross their chests and the names of their arious sponsors emblazoned on their acks—"Palms Café," "Rusty's Wreckng," "Zip Cola."

Jamesie recognized some of the Barns but put down a desire to speak to hem.

The last man to leave the bus, Jamesie hought, must be Joe Guez, the new itcher, imported from East St. Louis or the game. Ding Bell had it in the ope Box that "Saliva Joe" was one of he few spitters left in the business, had een up in the Three Eye League a few ears, was a full-blooded Cuban, and onsumed a bottle of aspirins per game, ust like candy.

The dark pitcher's fame was too much or Jamesie. He walked alongside Guez. e smelled the salt and pepper of the ray uniform, saw the chipped spike on he right shoe, saw the rips in the striped tockings—the marks of bravery or noths—heard the distant chomp of toacco being chewed, could almost feel he iron drape of the flannel, and was educed to friendliness with the pitcher, he enemy.

"Are you a real Cuban?"

Guez looked down, rebuking Jamesie with a brief stare, and growled, "Go away."

Jamesie gazed after the pitcher. He old himself that he hated Guez, that's what he did, hated him! But it didn't do much good. He looked around to see if anybody had been watching, but nobody had, and he wanted somebody his size to vanquish—somebody who might think Guez was as good as Lefty. He wanted to bet a million dollars on Lefty against Guez, but there was nobody to take him up on it.

The Indees began to arrive in ones and twos, already in uniform, but carrying their spikes in their hands. Jamesie spoke to all of them except J. G. Nickerson, the manager. J. G. always glared at kids. He thought they were all stealing his baseballs and laughing about it behind his back. He was a great one for signaling with a score card from the bench, like Connie Mack, and Ding Bell had ventured to say that managers didn't come any brainier than Jayville's own J. G. Nickerson, even in the big time. But if there should be a foul ball, no matter how tight the game or crucial the situation, J. G. would leap up, straining like a bird dog, and try to place it, waving the bat boy on without taking his eyes off the spot where it disappeared over the fence or in the weeds. That was one of the reasons they called him the Foul Ball.

The Petersons—the old man at the wheel, a red handkerchief tied tight around his neck as if its function were to keep his head on—and the sons, all players, Big Pete, Little Pete, Middle Pete and Extra Pete—roared up with their legs hanging out of the doorless jalopy, its brass radiator boiling over.

The old man ran the car around in circles, damning it for a runaway horse, and finally got it parked by the gate.

"Hold 'er, Newt!" he cackled.

The boys dug him in the ribs, tickling him, acting generally like puppies that had been born bigger than their father, jollying him through the gate, calling him Barney Oldfield.

Lefty came.

"Hi, Lefty," Jamesie said.

"Hi, kid," Lefty said. He put his arm around Jamesie and took him past the ticket taker.

"It's all right, Mac," he said.

"Today's the day, Lefty," Mac said. "You can do it, Lefty."

Jamesie and Lefty passed behind the grandstand. Jamesie saw Lefty's father, a skinny, brown-faced man in a yellow straw hat.

"I saw your dad, Lefty."

Lefty said, "Where?" but looked the wrong way and walked a little faster.

At the end of the grandstand Lefty

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COLORADO . . . there's your answer!

Cool Colorado is the home of rugged white-robed peaks. In this famous mountain retreat you can scale lofty heights, tramp in pine-scented forests, ride, fish, swim, or sail. Or just relax while enjoying invigorating days and "blanket nights" . . . returning home with new vitality.

Union Pacific provides superb service to Denver. For example, from Chicago, the streamliner "City of Denver"; from St. Louis—Kansas City, the streamliner "City of St. Louis" . . . both overnight, every night.

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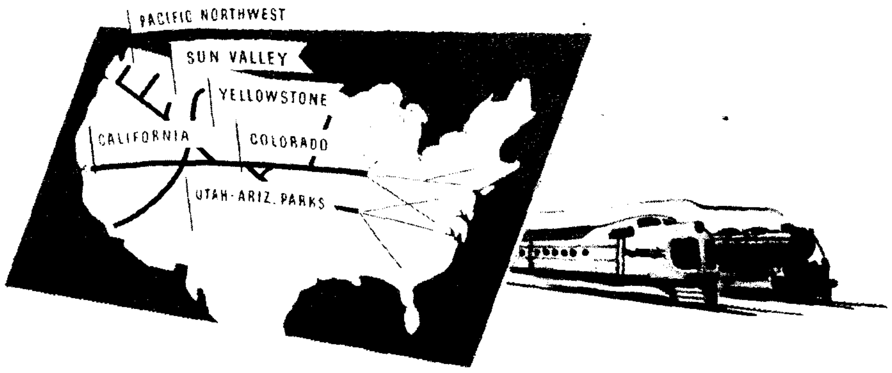
ROAD OF THE *Streamliners* AND *Challengers*



Union Pacific Railroad,
Room No. 50, Omaha 2, Nebraska.
I am planning a train trip to Colorado. Please send details.

Name--
Street--
City-- State------------------------

PICTURE QUIZ: Which of these five people gives the right reason for buying U.S. Bonds?

(ANSWER BELOW)

1. Easy to save! "I'm putting my money into U. S. Bonds because it's the *easiest way* for me to save. Under the Payroll Savings Plan, I put aside a regular amount each week for Bonds. So far, I've saved $500 without missing the money!"

2. Good investment! "Getting back $4 for every $3 I invest—the way I will in ten years' time with U. S. Bonds—is my idea of a *good investment.* I know it's safe and sound, too, because it's backed by Uncle Sam. Buy Bonds, I say."

3. Plans for the future! "Ten years fro now, the money I'll get for my U. S. Bon will help to send my kids to college, or bu our family a new home. I think that buyin U. S. Bonds is the wisest thing a famil man can do."

4. Fights inflation! "I want America to stay economically sound. That's why I'm putting all our extra dollars into U. S. Bonds. It's like buying a share in our country's future prosperity!"

5. Rainy day! "Maybe a rainy day's coming for me. Maybe it isn't. But I'm taking no chances. That's why I'm buying all the U. S. Bonds I can through my Payroll Savings Plan."

THE ANSWER

Every one of these people gives the "right" reason—because there's more than one right reason for buying U. S. Bonds.

Whichever way you buy them—through Payroll Savings, or your local bank or post office—U. S. Bonds are the best investment you can make!

Save the *easy* way.. buy *your* bonds through payroll saving

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

pped Jamesie. "My old man is out of wn, kid. Got that straight?"

Jamesie did not see how this could be. knew Lefty's father. Lefty's father d a brown face and orange gums. t Lefty ought to know his own father. guess it just looked like him, Lefty," mesie said.

Lefty took his hand off Jamesie's arm d smiled. "Yeah, that's right, kid. It t looked like him on account of he's t of town—in Peoria."

Jamesie could still feel the pressure of fty's fingers on his arm. As they came t on the diamond at the Indees' bench ar first base the talk quieted down. erybody thought Lefty had the big ad, but nobody could say a thing ainst his pitching record, it was that od. Only last Sunday the scout for the ew York Yankees had invited him to in with them next spring and the a haunted the others.

J. G. was counting the balls when mesie went to the suitcase to get one r Lefty. J. G. snapped the lid down.

"It's for Lefty!"

"Huh!"

"He wants it for warmup."

"Did you tell this kid to get you a ll, Left?"

"Should I bring my own?" Lefty said.

J. G. dug into the suitcase for a ball, unting, "I only asked him." He looked Jamesie for sympathy. He considered e collection of balls and finally picked t a fairly new one.

"Lefty likes 'em brand-new," Jamesie id.

"Who's running this club?" J. G. wled. But he threw the ball back and oke a brand-new one out of its box d tissue paper. Ignoring Jamesie's ady hand, J. G. yelled to Lefty, "Coming at you, Left," and threw it wild.

Lefty let the ball bounce through his gs, not trying for it. "Nice throw," he d.

Jamesie retrieved the ball for Lefty. hey tossed it back and forth, limbering , and Jamesie aped Lefty's professonal indolence.

When Bugs Bidwell, Lefty's battery mate, appeared with his big mitt, Jamesie stood aside and buttoned his glove back on his belt. Lefty shed his red blanket coat with the leather sleeves and gave it to Jamesie for safekeeping. Jamesie folded it gently over his arm, and took his stand behind Bugs to get a good look at Lefty's stuff.

Lefty had all his usual stuff—the fast one with the two little hops in it, no bigger than a pea; his slow knuckler that looked like a basketball, all the stitches standing still and staring you in the face; his sinker that started out high like a wild pitch, then dipped a good eight inches and straightened out for a called strike. But something was wrong, Lefty with nothing to say, no jokes, no sudden whoops, was not himself. Only once did he smile at a girl in the bleachers, saying she was plenty . . . and he sent a fast one smacking into Bugs' mitt for what he meant.

That was the Lefty that Jamesie's older cousins knew about. They said a nice kid like Jamesie ought to be kept away from him, even at the ball park. Jamesie was always afraid it would get back to Lefty that the cousins thought he was poor white trash. He was worried too about what Lefty might think of his Sunday clothes, the snow-white blouse, the floppy sailor tie, the soft linen pants, the sissy clothes. His tennis shoes—sneakers, he ought to say—were all right, but the golf stockings left his knees bare, like a rich kid's. The tough guys, because they were tough or poor—Jamesie didn't know which—wore socks, rolled down slick to their ankles.

Bugs stuck his mitt with the ball in it under his arm and got out his plug of chewing tobacco. He winked at Jamesie and said, "Chew?"

Jamesie giggled. He liked Bugs. Bugs, on loan from the crack State Hospital team, was all right, nothing crazy about him; he just liked it at the asylum, he said, the big grounds and lots of cool shade, and he was not required to work or take walks like the regular patients. He was the only Indee on speaking terms with Lefty.

Turning to Lefty, Bugs said, "Ever seen this Cuban work?"

"Naw."

"I guess he's got it when he's right."

"That so?" Lefty caught the ball with his bare hand and spun it back to Bugs. "Well, all I can promise you is a no-hit game. It's up to you clowns to get the runs."

"And me hitting a lousy .211."

"All you got to do is hold me. Anyhow what's the Foul Ball want for his five bucks—Mickey Cochrane?"

"Yeah, Left."

"I ought to quit him."

"Ain't you getting your fifteen?"

"Yeah, but I ought to quit. The Yankees want me. Is my curve breaking too soon?"

"It's right in there, Left."

IT WAS a pitchers' battle until the seventh inning. Then the Indees pushed a run across.

The Barons got to Lefty for their first hit in the seventh, and when the next man bunted, Lefty tried to field it instead of letting Middle Pete at third have it, which put two on with none out. Little Pete threw the next man out at first, the only play possible, and the runners advanced to second and third. The next hitter hammered a line drive to Big Pete at first, and Big Pete tried to make it two by pegging to second, where the runner was off, but the throw was too late and the runner on third scored on the play. From the bench J. G. condemned Big Pete for a dumb Swede. The next man popped to short center.

Jamesie ran out with Lefty's jacket. "Don't let your arm get cold, Lefty."

"Some support I got," Lefty said.

"Whyn't you leave me have that bunt, Lefty?" Middle Pete said, and everybody knew he was right.

"Two of them pitches was hit solid," Big Pete said. "Good anywhere."

"Now, boys," J. G. said.

"Aw, dry up," Lefty said, grabbing a blade of grass to chew. "I ought to quit you bums."

Pid Kirby struck out for the Indees, but Little Pete walked, and Middle Pete advanced him to second on a long fly to left. Then Big Pete tripled to the weed patch in center, clear up against the Pants Shoppe sign, driving in Little Pete. Guez whiffed Kelly Larkin, retiring the side, and the Indees were leading 2 to 1.

The first Baron to bat in the eighth had J. G. frantic with fouls. The umpire was down to his last ball and calling for more. With trembling fingers J. G. unwrapped new balls. He had the bat boy and the bat boy's assistant hunting for them behind the grandstand. When one fell among the automobiles parked near first, he started after it himself, but thought of Jamesie and sent him instead. "If anybody tries to hold out on you, come and tell me."

After Jamesie found the ball he crept up behind a familiar blue Hupmobile, dropping to his knees when he was right under Cousin Gabriel's elbow, and then popping up to scare him.

"Look who's here," said his cousin patronizingly. Gabriel was twenty. Uncle Pat, who had never learned to drive, sat on the other side to be two feet closer to the game.

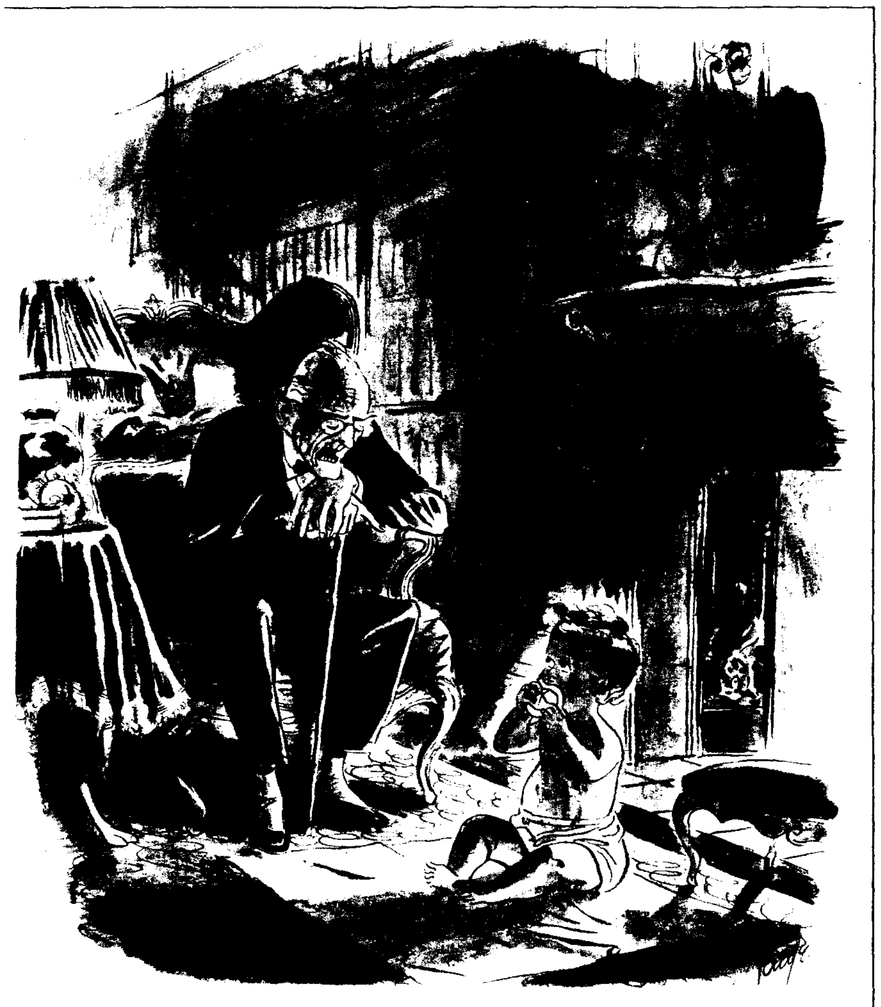
Jamesie stepped up on the running board, and Gabriel offered him some popcorn.

"So you're at the game, Jamesie," Uncle Pat said, grinning as though it were funny. "Gabriel said he thought that was you out there."

"Where'd you get the cap, Jamesie?" Gabriel said.

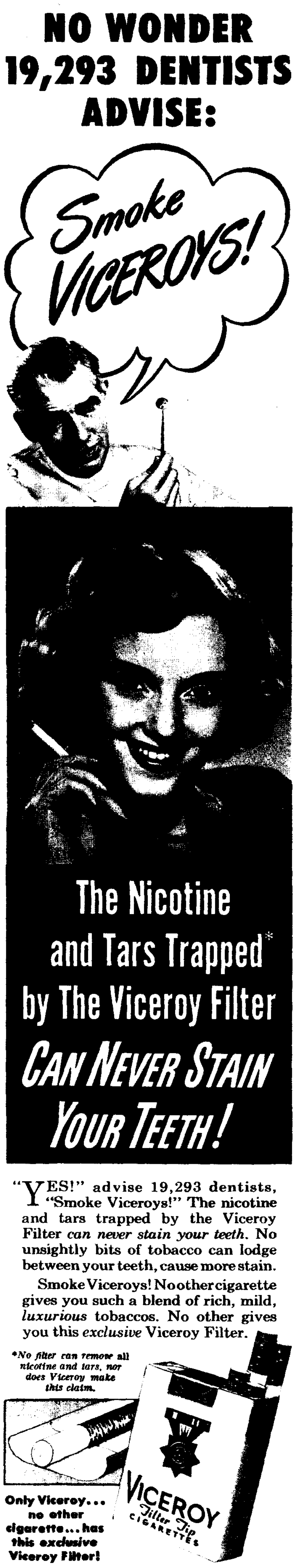
"Lefty. The whole team got new ones. And if they win today J. G. says they're getting whole new uniforms."

"Not from me," Uncle Pat said, look-



"If you never learn another thing, remember that, in business, your word is your bond—there's no substitute for personal integrity"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE



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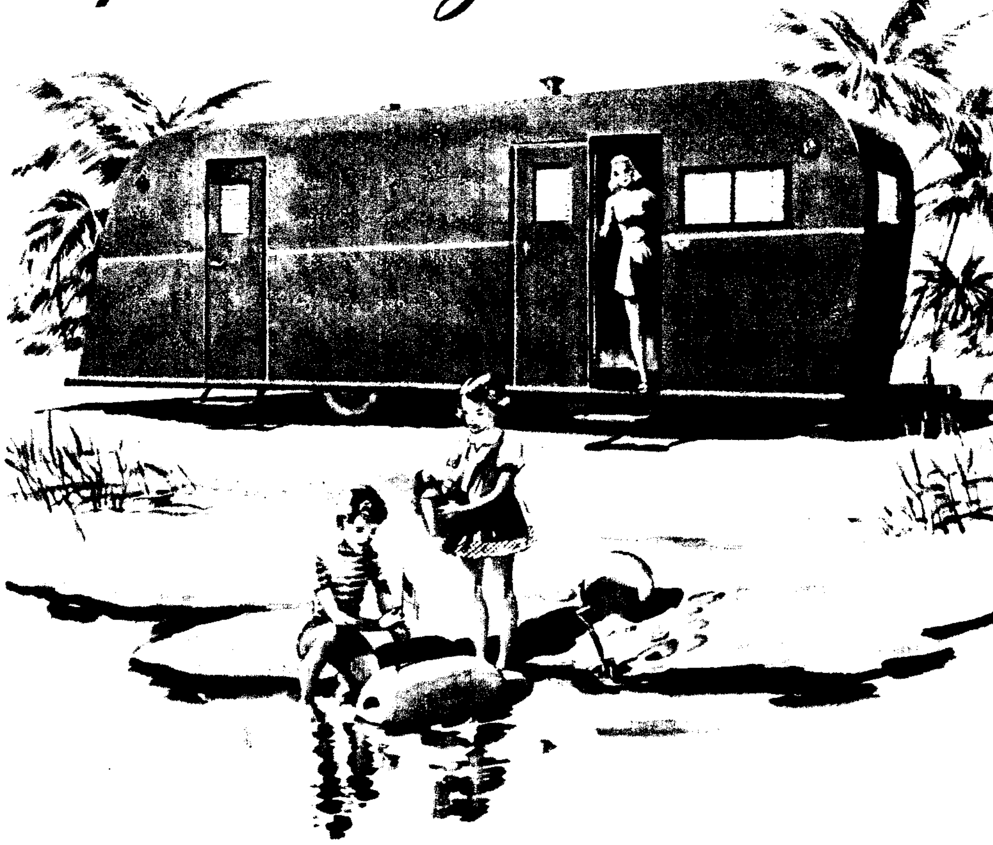

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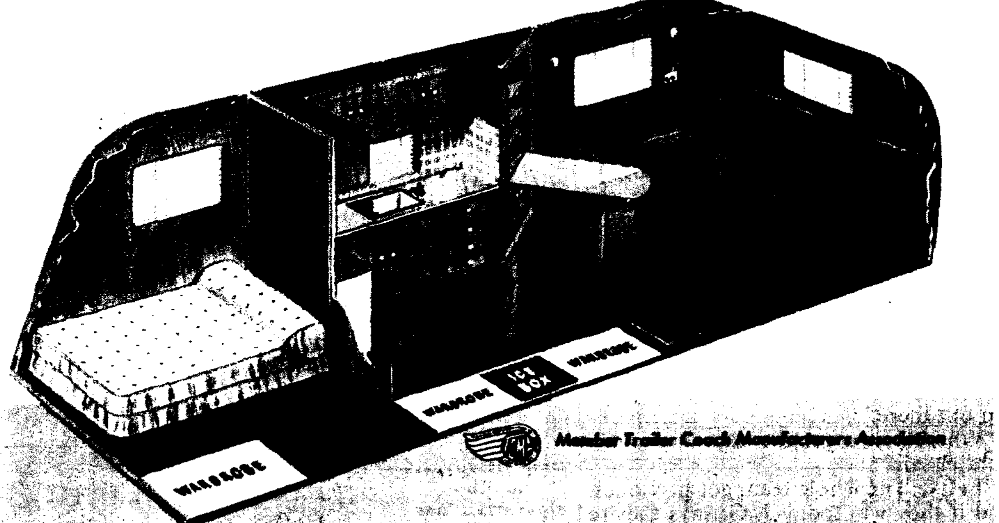
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ing out on the field. "Who the thunder's wearing my suit today?"

"Lee Coles, see," Gabriel said, pointing to the player. Lee's back—"Mallon's Grocery"—was turned toward them.

Uncle Pat, satisfied, slipped a bottle of near beer up from the floor to his lips and tipped it up straight.

"You went and missed me again this week," Uncle Pat said broodingly. "You know what I'm going to do, Jamesie?"

"What?"

"I'm going to stop taking your old magazine if you don't bring me one first thing tomorrow morning."

"I will." He would have to erase the puzzle in his own free copy and bring it to Uncle Pat. He never should have sold out on the street. That was how you lost your regular customers.

Uncle Pat said, "This makes the second time I started in to read a serial and had this happen to me."

"Is it all right if the one I bring you tomorrow has got 'Sample Copy' stamped on it?"

"That's all right with me, Jamesie, but I ought to get it for nothing." Uncle Pat swirled the last inch of beer in the bottle until it was all suds.

"How's the Rosebud coming, Jamesie?" Gabriel asked. "But I don't want to buy any."

Uncle Pat and Gabriel laughed at him.

Why was that funny? He'd had to return eighteen boxes and tell them he guessed he was all through being the local representative. But why was that so funny?

"Did you sell enough to get the bicycle, Jamesie?"

"No." He had sold all the Rosebud salve he could, but not nearly enough to get the bicycle. He had to be satisfied with the flashlight.

"Well, I got enough of that Rosebud salve now to grease the Hup," Gabriel said. "Or to smear all over me the next time I swim the English Channel—with Gertrude Ederle. It ought to keep the fishes away."

"It smells nice," Uncle Pat said. "But I got plenty."

JAMESIE felt that they were protecting themselves against him.

"I sent it all back anyway," he said, but that was not true; there were six boxes at home in his room that he had to keep in order to get the flashlight. Why did it always have to work out that way? It was the same way with the flower seeds. Why was it that whenever he got a new suit at Meyer Brothers they weren't giving out ball bats or compasses? Why was it he only won a half pound of bacon at the carnival, never a Kewpie doll or an electric fan? Why did he always get tin whistles and crickets in the popcorn, never a puzzle, or a badge? Why was it that the five-dollar bill he found on South Diamond Street belonged to Mrs. Hutchinson? But he *had* found a quarter in the dust at the circus that nobody claimed.

"Get your Aunt Kate to take that cap up in the back," Uncle Pat said, smiling.

Vaguely embarrassed, Jamesie said, "Well, I got to get back."

"If that's Lefty's cap," Gabriel called after him, "better have it cleaned."

When he got back to the bench and handed the ball over, J. G. seemed to forget all about the bases being crowded.

"Thank God," he said. "I thought you went home with it."

The Barons were all riding Lefty now. Shorty Parker, their manager, coaching at third, chanted: "Take him out . . . Take him out . . . Take him out."

The Barons had started off the ninth with two clean blows. Then Bugs took a foul ball off the chicken wire in front of the grandstand for one out, and Big Pete speared a drive on the rise for another. Two down and runners on first and third. Lefty wound up—bad baseball—and the man on first started for second; the batter stepped into the pitch, not to hit it but to spoil the peg to second. The runner was safe; the man on third, threatening to come home after a false start, slid back into the sack. It was close and J. G. flew off the bench to protest a little.

AFTER getting two strikes on the next batter, Lefty threw four balls, so wide it looked like a deliberate pitchout, and that loaded the bases.

J. G. called time. He went out to the mound to talk it over with Lefty, but Lefty waved him away. So J. G. consulted Bugs behind the plate. Jamesie, lying on the grass a few feet away, could hear them.

"That's the first windup I ever seen a pitcher take with a runner on first."

"It was pretty bad," Bugs said.

"*And then walking that last one.* He don't look wild to me neither."

"He ain't wild, J. G., I'll tell you that. I don't know what to say."

"I want your honest opinion, Bugs. Think I better jerk him?"

Bugs was silent, chewing it over.

"Guess I better leave him in, huh?"

"You're the boss, J. G. I don't know nothing for sure."

"I only got Extra Pete to put in. They'd murder him. I guess I got to leave Lefty in and take a chance."

"I guess so."

When J. G. had gone, Bugs walked halfway out to the mound and spoke to Lefty. "You all right?"

IT'S MURDER

**The end of the mystery story reveals
My sense of deduction is strong,
Logical, sensible, rational, clever . . .
And wrong.**

—Philip Lazarus

"I had a little twinge before."

"A little what?"

Lefty touched his left shoulder.

"You mean your arm's gone sore?"

"Naw. I guess it's nothing."

Bugs took his place behind the plate again. He crouched, and Jamesie, from where he was lying, saw two fingers appear below the mitt—the signal. Lefty nodded, wound up and tried to slip a medium fast one down the middle. Guez, the batter, poled it into deep left field—foul by a few feet. Bugs shook his head in the mask, took a new ball from the umpire and slammed it hard at Lefty.

Jamesie saw two fingers below the mitt again. What was Bugs doing? It wasn't smart baseball to give Guez another like the last one!

Guez swung and the ball fell against the left-field fence, fair. Lee Coles, the left fielder, was having trouble locating it in the weeds. Kelly Larkin came over from center to help him hunt. When they found the ball, Guez had completed the circuit and the score was 5 to 2 in favor of the Barons.

Big Pete came running over to Lefty from first base, Little Pete from second, Pid Kirby from Short, Middle Pete from third. Calling time out, J. G. walked onto the diamond.

"C'mere, Bugs," he said.

Bugs came slowly.

"What'd you call for on that last pitch?"

"Curve ball."

"And the one before that?"

"Same."

"And what'd Lefty give you?"

"It wasn't no curve. It wasn't much of anything."

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"No," J. G. said. "It sure wasn't no curve ball. It was right in there, not too fast, not too slow, just right—for batting practice."

"It slipped," Lefty said.

"Slipped, huh!" Big Pete said. "How about the other one?"

"They both slipped. Ain't that never happened before?"

"Well, it ain't never going to happen again, not to me, it ain't," J. G. said. "I'm taking you out!"

He shouted to Extra Pete on the bench: "Warm up! You're going in!" He turned to Lefty.

"And I'm firing you. I just found out your old man was making bets under the grandstand—and they wasn't on us! I can put you in jail for this!"

"Try it," Lefty said, starting to walk away.

"If you knew it, J. G.," said Big Pete, "whyn't you let us know?"

"I just now found it out, is why."

"Then I'm going to make up for lost time," Big Pete said, following Lefty, "and punch this guy's nose."

Old Man Peterson appeared among them. "Give it to him, son!" he cackled.

JAMESIE missed the fight. He was not tall enough to see over all the heads, and Gabriel, sent by Uncle Pat, was dragging him away from it all.

"I always knew that Lefty was a bad one," Gabriel said on the way home. "I knew it from the time he used to hunch in marbles."

"It reminds me of the Black Sox scandal of 1919," Uncle Pat said. "I wonder if they'll hold the old man too."

Jamesie was in tears. "Lefty hurt his arm and you don't like him just because he don't work, and his father owes you at the store! Let me out! I'd rather walk by myself than ride with you!"

He stayed up in his room, feigning a combination stomach- and headache, and would not come down for supper. Uncle Pat and Gabriel were down there eating. His room was over the dining room, and the windows were open upstairs and down, but he could not quite hear what they said. Uncle Pat was laughing a lot, that was all for sure, but then he always did that. Pretty soon he heard no more from the dining room and he knew they had gone to sit on the front porch.

Somebody was coming up the stairs. Aunt Kate. He knew the wavering step at the top of the stairs for hers, and the long pause she used to catch her breath. Now, as she began to move, he heard ice tinkling in a glass. Lemonade. She was bringing him some supper. She knocked. He lay heavier on the bed and with his head at a painful angle to make her think he was suffering. She knocked again. If he pinched his forehead it would look red and feverish. He did. Now.

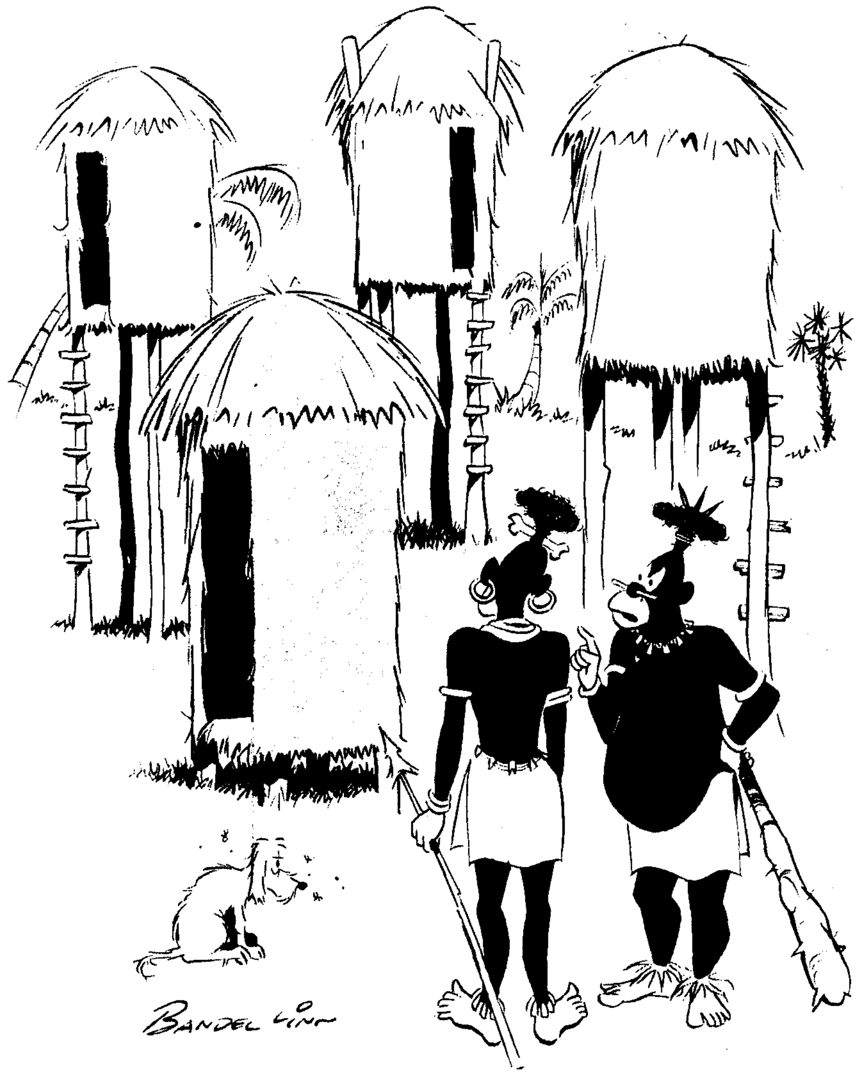
"Come in," he said weakly.

She came in, gliding across the room in the twilight, tall and white as a sail in her organdy, serene before her patient. He saw her, not quite opening his eyes, through the lashes. She thought he was sick all right, but even if she didn't, she would never take advantage of him to make a joke, like Uncle Pat, who would prescribe, "A good dose of salts! That's the ticket!" Or Gabriel, who was even meaner, "An enema!"

He could fool Aunt Kate every time. On Halloween she was the kind of person who went to the door every time the bell rang, but she was the only grownup in the family who didn't say the things he said back to him slightly changed, accented with a grin, so that they were funny. Uncle Pat did. Gabriel did. Sometimes his father did.

"Don't you want the shades up, Jamesie?"

She raised the shades, catching the last



COLLIER'S "Oomlaut walks in his sleep" BANDEL LINN

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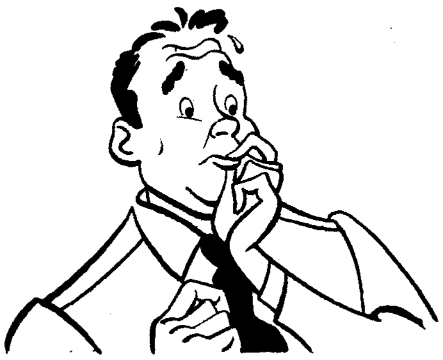

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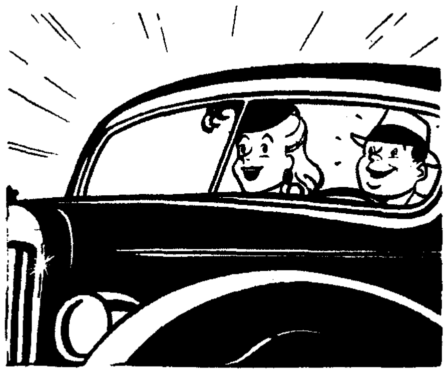

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that day's sun, bringing the ballplayers the wall out of the shadows and into tion. She put the tray on the table by bed.

Jamesie sat up and began to eat. Aunt ate was the best one. Even if she ticed it, she would say nothing about sudden turn for the better.

She sat across from him in the little red cker, running her hand over the backs his books, frowning at Baseball Bill, on Sturdy, Tom Swift, Horatio Alger, , and the Sporting News because they d come between Jamesie and her.

"Where are the books we used to read, mesie?"

"On the bottom shelf."

She bent to see them. There they ere, his old friends and hers—hers still. rseus. Theseus. All those old Greeks. r Lancelot. Merlin. Sir Tristram. ing Arthur. Oliver Twist. Pinocchio. ulliver. He wondered why Aunt Kate ll liked them. Perhaps he still did too, little. But they turned out wrong, most them, with all the good guys dying or rning into fairies and the bad guys becoming dwarfs. The books he read now rned out right, if not until the very last ge, and the bad guys died or got what as coming to them.

"Were they talking about the game, unt Kate?"

"Your uncle was, and Gabriel."

Jamesie waited a moment. "Did they y anything about Lefty?"

"I don't know. Is he the one who lost e game on purpose?"

"That's a lie, Aunt Kate! That's just hat Uncle Pat and Gabriel say!"

"Well, I'm sure I don't know—"

"You *are* on their side!"

Aunt Kate reached for his hand, but drew it back.

"Jamesie, I'm sure I'm not on anyone's de. How can I be? I don't know about aseball—and I don't care about it!"

"Well, I *do!* And I'm not one bit —and you thought I was!"

Jamesie rolled out of bed, ran to the oor, turned and said, "Why don't you et out of my room and go and be with em? You're on their side! And Uncle at drinks *near beer!*"

He could not be sure, but he thought heard her crying, and it served her ght. He went softly down the stairs, past e living room, out the back door and ept along the house until he reached e front porch. Huddling under the iraea bushes, he listened to them talk. ut it was not about the game. It was out President Coolidge. His father as for him. Uncle Pat was against him. Jamesie crept back along the house until it was safe to stand up and walk down the alley.

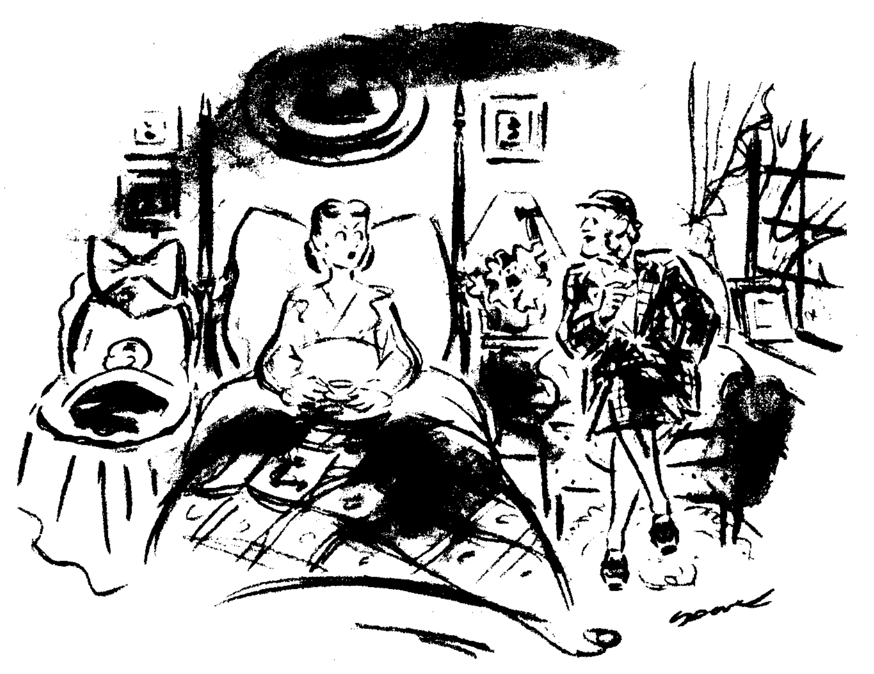
He went downtown, taking his own special way through alleys and across lots, so that he arrived on the Square without using a single street or walking on a single sidewalk. Stepping on the scales in front of the five-and-dime he put a penny in the slot. He weighed 83 pounds and the little card said, "You are the strong, silent type, and silence is golden." He weighed himself in front of the five-cents-to-a-dollar store. He weighed 84 pounds and the card said, "Cultivate your good tastes and make the most of your business connections."

He bought a ball of gum from the machine in front of the Elite Drugstore. It looked like it was time for a black one to come out, and black was his favorite flavor; but it was a green one. Anyway he was glad it had not been white.

He coveted the Louisville Sluggers in the window of the D & M Hardware. He knew how much they cost. They were autographed by Paul Waner, Ty Cobb, Rogers Hornsby, all the big-league stars, and Lefty had said that if he ever cracked his, a Paul Waner, he was going to give it to Jamesie.

WHEN Lefty was up with the Yankees, though they had not talked about it yet, he would send for Jamesie. He would make Jamesie the bat boy for the Yankees. He would say to Jake Ruppert, the owner of the Yankees: "Either you hire my friend Jamesie as bat boy or I quit." Jake Ruppert would want his own nephew or somebody to have the job, but what could he do? Jamesie would have a uniform like the regular players, and get to travel around the country with them, living in hotels, eating in restaurants, taking taxicabs, and would be known to everybody as Lefty's best friend, and they would both be Babe Ruth's best friend, the three of them going everywhere together. He would get all the Yankees to write their names on an Official American League ball and then send it home to Francis Murgatroyd, who would still be going to school back in Jayville, poor old Francis, and he would write to him on hotel stationery with his own $14 fountain pen.

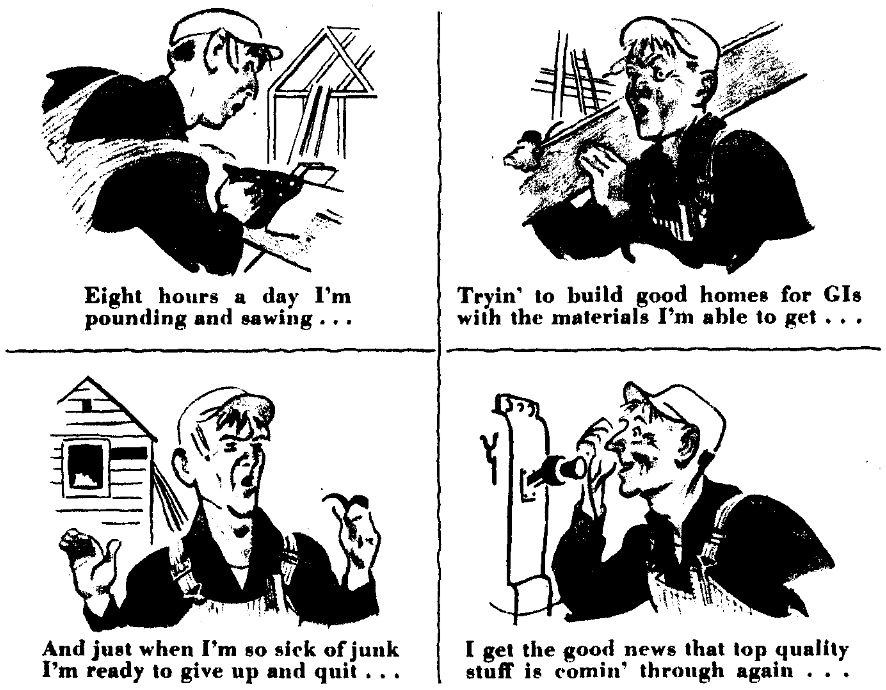
And then he was standing across the street from the jail. He wondered if they had Lefty in there, if Uncle Pat and Gabriel had been right—not about Lefty throwing a game—but about him being locked up. A policeman came out of the jail. Jamesie waited for him to cross the street. It was Officer Burkey, Phil



"Wonderful experience it must be to be a mother—my Bella Glenairlie of Rowcliffe had a litter of six last week"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

GOSH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES!
by Berry



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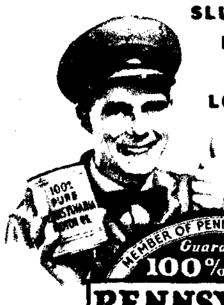

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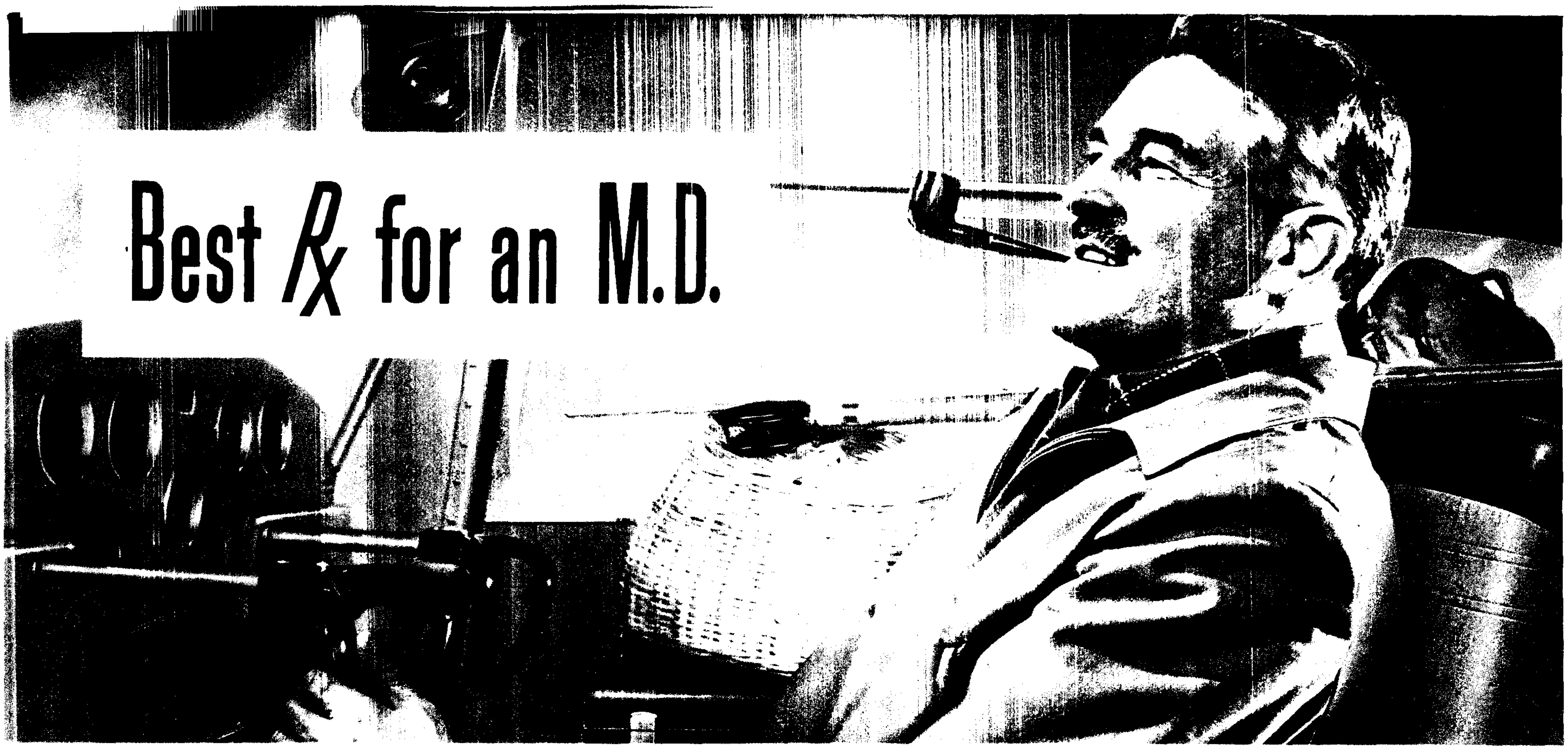

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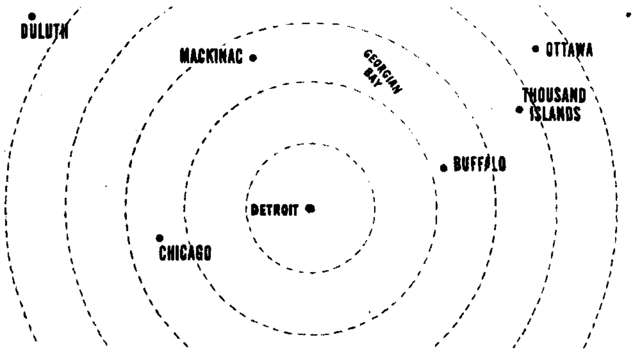

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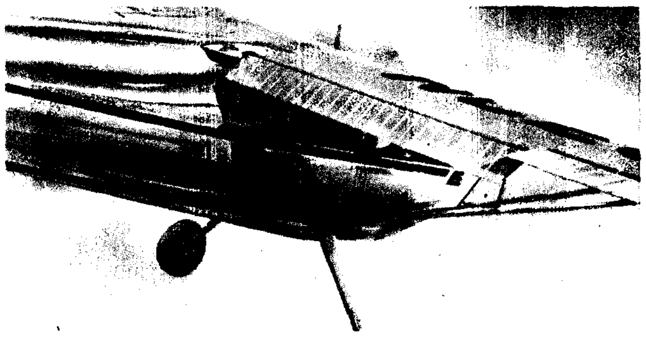

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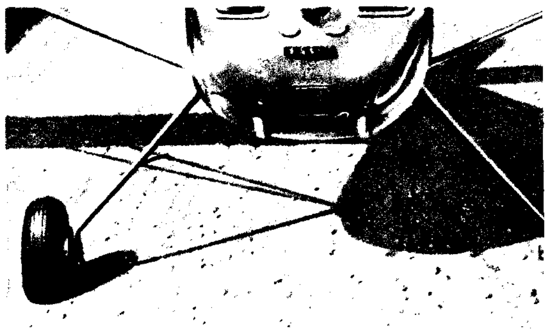

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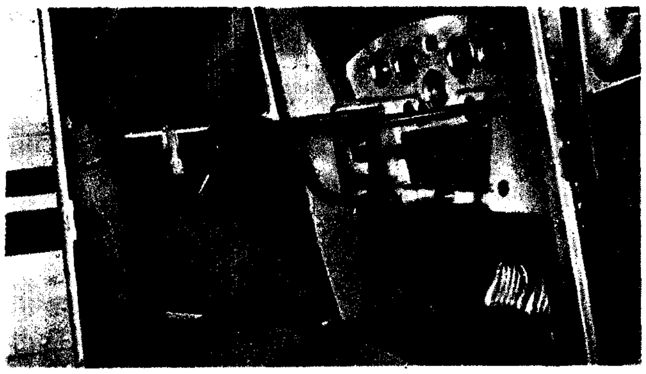

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rkey's father. Phil had shown Jame- his father's gun and holster one time en the old man was sleeping. Around house Mr. Burkey looked like any-dy else, not a policeman.

"Mr. Burkey, is Lefty in there?"

Mr. Burkey, through for the day, only opped to say: "Ah, that he is, boy, and ere's where he deserves to be."

Jamesie said "Oh, yeah!" to himself d went around to the back side of the l. It was a brick building, painted ay, and its barred windows were open, it not so you could see inside.

Jamesie decided he could do nothing Mr. Burkey was off duty. The street hts came on; it was night. He began wonder if his father would miss him. e would have to go in the back way d sneak up to his room. If it rained morrow he would stay in and make with Aunt Kate. He hurried home, d did not remember that he had meant stay out all night, maybe even run ay forever.

THE next morning Jamesie came to the jail early. Mr. Burkey, on duty, said might see Lefty for three minutes, but was a mystery to him why anyone, es-cially a nice boy like Jamesie, should ant to see the bum. "And don't tell ur father you was here."

Jamesie found Lefty lying on a narrow on bed that was all springs and no vers or pillow.

"Lefty," he said. "I came to see you."

Lefty sat up. He blinked at Jamesie d had trouble getting his eyes to see.

Jamesie went closer. Lefty stood up. hey faced each other. Jamesie could ve put his hand through the bars and uched Lefty.

"Glad to see you, kid."

"Lefty," Jamesie said. "I brought you me reading." He handed Lefty Uncle at's copy of the new magazine.

"Thanks, kid."

He got the box of Rosebud salve out f his pocket for Lefty.

"Well, thanks, kid. But what do I do ith it?"

"For your arm, Lefty. It says, 'Recom-ended for aches and pains.'"

"I'll try it."

"Do you like oranges, Lefty?"

"I can eat 'em."

He gave Lefty his breakfast orange.

A funny sweet smell came off Lefty's breath, like perfume, only sour. Burnt matches and cigar butts lay on the cell floor. Did Lefty smoke? Did he? Didn't he realize what it would do to him?

"Lefty, how do you throw your sinker?"

Lefty held the orange and showed Jamesie how he gripped the ball along the seams, how he snapped his wrist before he let it fly.

"But be sure you don't telegraph it, kid. Throw 'em all the same. Your fast one, your floater, your curve. Then they don't know where they're at."

Lefty tossed the orange through the bars to Jamesie.

"Try it."

Jamesie tried it, but he had it wrong at first, and Lefty had to reach through the bars and show him again. After that they were silent, and Jamesie thought Lefty did not seem very glad to see him after all. He took the last gift out of his pocket.

"And I brought you this, Lefty."

It was Baseball Bill in the World Series.

"Yeah?" Lefty said, momentarily angry, as though he thought Jamesie was trying to kid him. He accepted the book reluctantly.

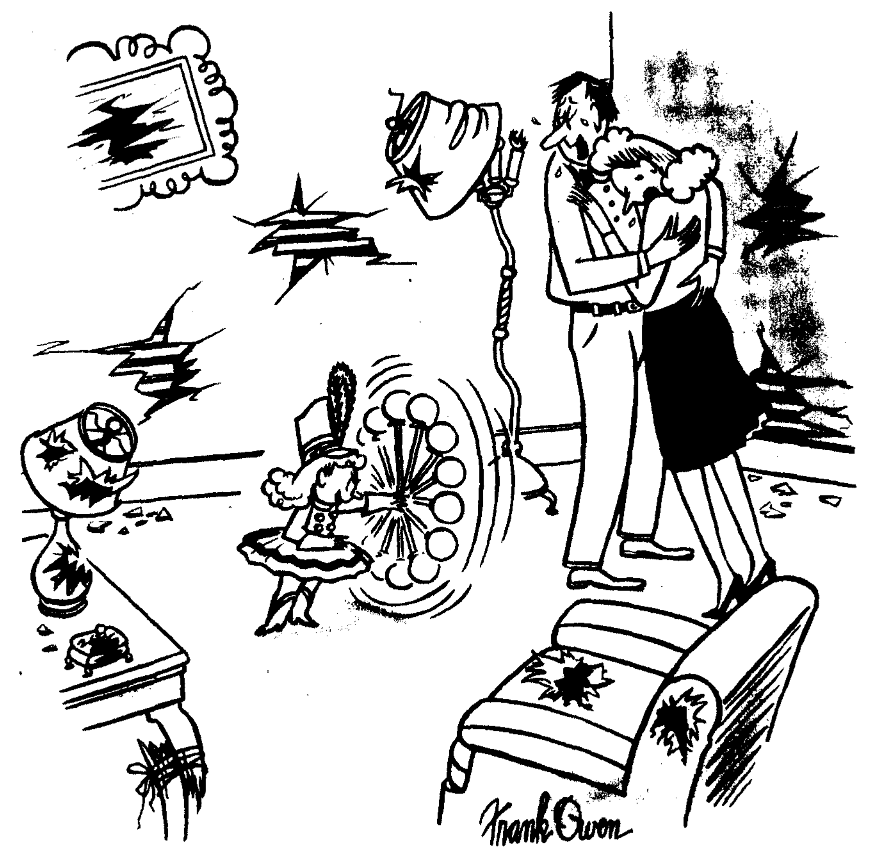
"He's a pitcher, Lefty," Jamesie said "Like you, only he's a right-hander."

The sour perfume on Lefty's breath came through the bars again, a little stronger on a sigh.

Wasn't that the odor of strong drink and cigar smoke? The odor of Blackie Humphrey! Jamesie talked fast to keep himself from thinking. "This book's all about Baseball Bill and the World Series," he gulped, "and Blackie Humphrey and some dirty crooks that try to get Bill to throw it, but . . ." He gave up. He knew now. And Lefty had turned his back.

After a moment during which nothing happened inside him to explain what he knew now, Jamesie got his legs to take him away, out of the jail, around the corner, down the street, away. He did not go through alleys, across lots, over fences. No. He used the streets and sidewalks, like anyone else, to get where he was going—away. Jamesie was not quite himself.

THE END



"There now, dear—it's all over. I'm happy, too, that she's finally caught on!"

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A TURTLE FOR MY LOVE

BY CHARLES FICHTE

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE.

JOHNNY was shy with girls when he went into the Army. He was shy with girls when he came out. The Army did a lot of things to Johnny, but it didn't bring out the wolf in him. Sometimes he wished that it had.

When he saw the girl with the taffy-blond hair, he especially wished that it had.

He was walking north on Broadway from 42d Street, feeling a little homesick, when suddenly he saw her in the window. She was the kind of girl Johnny dreamed about sometimes when he was in the mood for improbabilities. She wasn't exactly beautiful, but she was just right, not too thin and not too plump, not too tall and not too short. She had a warm, interested face, and her eyes were exceedingly blue.

She looked more like a home-town girl than a New Yorker, Johnny thought. And the color of her taffy-blond hair was real—a gift sent from heaven.

He walked into the shop.

Then he saw that it wasn't a shop after all, but an amusement center. Behind a counter was the girl. She was selling—Johnny blinked twice to make sure—she was selling turtles.

Johnny looked at her until he felt that it wouldn't be polite to look at her any longer. Then he looked at the turtles.

There were big turtles and little turtles and a variety of sizes in between. TURTLES IN TECHNICOLOR, said a sign above the long, shallow display tank. TURTLES MAILED ANYWHERE. DELIVERY GUARANTEED said a sign on the wall. A third sign advised customers that they could buy one turtle, one aquarium (small), a bridge, and pearl chips for a dollar and ninety-eight cents, complete; or two turtles, an aquarium, and bridge and chips, for two ninety-eight.

"What do you feed them?" asked Johnny.

The girl looked at him. Johnny gulped. He couldn't help it.

"Ant eggs and dried flies."

"Beg pardon?"

"Ant eggs and dried flies," she repeated. "We import the ant eggs from Finland and the dried flies from Mexico. Of course, turtles are very fond of raw hamburger, too."

"They are?" Johnny looked at the turtles thoughtfully. "How do you mail them?"

"We mail them in a ventilated box packed with damp moss."

"I'll take two," said Johnny.

"What colors would you like?"

"One red and one blue. They're for my father and mother, so you can letter the red one 'Mr. R' and the blue one 'Mrs. R.' "

The girl selected two turtles from the tank, a red one with blue flowers and a blue one, slightly smaller, with red flowers.

"Do you like them?" she asked.

"They're fine. And I'll take a package of ant eggs and dried flies, too." He watched her letter the turtles with deft speed. Obviously she had done it thousands of times before. He felt a trifle depressed, being just another customer.

When she had finished, she said, "The name and address, please?"

He told her: "Mr. and Mrs. William Reynolds, Chico, California."

"And your return address?"

"John Reynolds, 140 West 78th Street, New York 24." And he added, "I'm only staying in New York for another month. Then I'm going back to California."

"I know a girl who went to California. She likes it."

"What part?" asked Johnny.

"Santa Monica."

"That's southern California. I live up north."

"Really?" She gave him his change. "Thank you, Mr. Reynolds. Your parents should get their turtles within six or seven days." She moved down the counter to wait on two sailors.

"Well," thought Johnny, "that's that."

But it wasn't. He found himself thinking about her taffy-blond hair and the way her mouth turned up at the corners ever so slightly. He remembered the way her voice had sounded when she said, "Ant eggs and dried flies." That night he dreamed about her.

THE next day he went back. "Well," he said, "here I am again." Immediately he understood that it was the wrong thing to say.

She said, "Oh?" in a way which said quite clearly that to the best of her memory she had never seen him before.

Johnny wanted to say, "Remember me? I'm from California. I bought two turtles yesterday for my father and mother. They live in Chico, California, and I think you're wonderful."

But all he said was, "I want to get a turtle for my little niece."

"What color would you like?"

"You choose one," said Johnny.

She looked at the turtles with a judicious air, and selected a tiny pink one with pale blue flowers. "This one is nice for a little girl," she said. "Would you like her name on it?"

"Her name is Margaret," said Johnny. He looked at the turtle somewhat skeptically. It was about the size of a quarter. "Do you think there's room on it for such a long name?"

The girl laughed. "Oh, yes!" Johnny felt elated. Here was progress. But the elation was short-lived. At exactly that moment, a fat lady came to the counter.

Two minutes later, without quite knowing how it happened, Johnny was walking up Broadway again.

There didn't seem any logical pretext for going back that day. "I'll go back tomorrow," he said to himself.

But when he went back the next day she was gone, and a dour-faced man was selling turtles in her place. Johnny felt a moment of panic. What if she had gone away? What if she didn't come back? Then he thought: Maybe she's sick, or it's her day off.

Early the following morning he hurried downtown and looked through her window. He breathed a sigh of relief. There she was!

For a friend in San Francisco he bought two turtles and tried to start a conversation. The girl was courteous and impersonal and Johnny had a feeling that she was secretly amused. Her face had the too-innocent look of a child concealing mischief. Then he became aware that the dour-looking turtle salesman of the day before was watching him attentively. Apparently he was the manager. Johnny fled.

HE STAYED away for two days. On the third day he walked past the window. The girl looked out and saw him. She smiled. Johnny wasn't sure what the smile meant. He hurried on.

But on the following morning he marched boldly up to the entrance and went in.

"I want a turtle," said Johnny. "I want him painted bright red, with no flowers, and 'Johnny' lettered on in black."

The girl reached down under the counter and lifted up a large package. It had Johnny's name and New York address on it, and it was all stamped and ready to mail. "We specialize in prompt delivery," she said. "Here is your turtle."

Johnny was bewildered. "But how can that be my turtle?"

"Open the package," she said.

Johnny did. It contained an aquarium (large), a bridge, pearl chips, a box marked "Turtle Food," and a good deal of damp moss. Wrapped up in the moss were two turtles. One of them was large and bright red like a fire engine, with "Johnny" painted on his back in big black letters. The other was small and light blue. On its back, in tiny, neat letters, a deft hand had written: "Mary—Algonquin 5-3340."

"If you hadn't come back today, I would have mailed them to you this evening," said the girl. "Do you think I'm too bold?"

Johnny looked at her. He looked at the taffy-blond hair, and the blue eyes, and the warm sweet mouth that turned up ever so slightly at the corners. "I think you're wonderful," he said. He leaned over the counter and touched her hands. "Look," he said, "I'm slow and I'm dumb sometimes. Sometimes I'm really not very bright. If I phone you this evening at half past six, will you be home?"

She nodded. "I'll be home. But don't keep me waiting."

"I won't," said Johnny.

She said gravely, "A girl gets tired of waiting."

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD SARGENT

ALBERT DORNE

I'm the Toughest Customer I've got!

"If you could see as much *grief* parked under the hoods of cars as I do—you'd be plenty tough to please, too! Yes sir, plenty!

"So when it comes to pickin' the oil for my car—it's got to be the best—that's Macmillan Ring-Free!

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* *Experts—mechanics, garage men and service station operators who sell Macmillan and more than 800 other brands of oil.*

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DAREDEVILS ON HORSEBACK

Continued from page 21

hunter that one time when he broke a leg and had it in a plaster cast, he showed up for the day's hunting with the cast adroitly swung to the port bow of a lady's sidesaddle. When his physician objected, he replied, "Hell! A man's just gotta go huntin'."

A group of similar restless spirits invented the bit of Maryland's modified mayhem called a "pounding race." Years ago, members of the Green Spring Valley Hounds started what was laughingly called formal fox hunting in Maryland. The Green Spring Valley bunch were somewhat lighthearted about the formality of it all, often turning out in corduroy pants and hip boots, atop flowing-tailed steeds which they sometimes urged onward with a short piece of rubber hose in lieu of a crop.

A pounding race is simply a game of follow-the-leader on horseback. The leader picks the most formidable obstacles in the country and tries to jump them. All behind are required to follow or lose face. The event gets its name because when a horse's feet come in contact with the average high Maryland fence they make a noise like a battering ram against a castle gate and it is the avowed object of the leader to "pound the others down," meaning to upset them. It requires exceptional stamina in a horse rather than speed, and this stoutness is not confined to the animals.

A Challenge to the Pink Vests

After one of these playful affairs, in 1894, six fellows, all members of the Green Spring Valley Hounds, debated whether their horses were not better steeds, with more courage and bottom, than the animals ridden by members of a rival and somewhat more precious outfit (they wore formal pink vests) called the Elkridge Fox Hunting Club. Accordingly, these six sent a letter challenging them to a cross-country race, to be known as The Maryland Hunt Cup.

A few weeks later, nine horses lined up on the property of Dr. William Lee, near Stevenson Station, outside Baltimore, ready to race four miles over a course so designed that "the riders might be constantly in view of those wishing to follow by the roads." The entire countryside turned out on foot, horseback, in traps, surreys, buggies and drags. The race, won by John McHenry on a horse he called Johnny Miller, was a great success. Nobody drowned in the deep stream they were forced to cross, and all finished except S. M. Nicholas aboard C. M. Wilson's jumper, Kildare. Kildare fell twice, Mr. Nicholas lost several teeth and decided he had had enough. Before leaving the grounds all agreed to make the race an annual event open to any bona fide resident of Maryland.

Those early "closed races," which continued until 1903, when the event was thrown open to horsemen throughout the nation, were rugged affairs, noted more for their enthusiastic singleness of purpose rather than for speed. In 1896, T. D. Whistler rode his wife's stout jumper, Kingsbury. Getting away to a long lead, Kingsbury spied a barn that looked familiar. Taking the bit in his teeth, he roared into the barn and threw his rider on the threshing-room floor. Whistler remounted, returned to the course and found that his rivals, who had passed him, had left a fine trail of broken fences. Galloping through these gaps, he overtook the leader and won.

It was not until 1915 that the race was given its present permanent site. And a few years later, the Clothiers of Philadelphia; the Kennes of Long Island; the du Ponts of Delaware; the Mellons of Pittsburgh and other millionaire sportsmen began spending large chunks of Treasury fodder to breed and train speedy and sure-footed thoroughbreds especially for this race. It had developed into one of the major events of the American turf.

Most old-time horsemen favor Billy Barton as the best horse ever to win the Maryland Hunt Cup. In Maryland, Billy Barton's pensioner's meadow was a shrine for years, to which horsemen made pilgrimage as Kentuckians do to Man o' War. Marylanders once gave a formal dinner party with Billy as guest of honor; he was easily the most dignified of all the guests, munching hay at the table.

Billy Barton was foaled in 1918, in Kentucky, the grandson of Ard Patrick, winner of the Epsom Derby. He won his first race as a two-year-old. By the time he was five he had achieved $43,040, running for comparatively small, flat-race stakes, and won a reputation as the worst post actor ever seen on a flat race track—in other words, a royal rogue. Finally, at Pimlico, he was so incorrigible that he was ruled off the turf for life and sold to Howard Bruce, master of the Elkridge Hounds.

In 1926, Billy Barton defeated 20 other thoroughbreds in the Maryland Hunt Cup, setting a four-mile record of nine minutes, nine and three-fifths seconds, after falling at the 18th fence. A. G. Ober, Jr., who was riding him, hung on to the reins when he fell, remounted and finished first.

Today the Maryland course record has been reduced to eight minutes and 44 seconds by Blockade, a son of Man o' War. Blockade was nine years old and owned by Mrs. E. Read Beard, of Baltimore, when he set his mark in 1938. He was a big fellow, standing 16.1 hands, with a shiny chestnut coat and intelligent head, like his sire's, but with a paucity of flesh on his rangy body that gave him a hungry appearance.

Keeping Up His Sire's Tradition

Bred in Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane's Brookmeade Stable, he was never raced there. He disappeared in a sale of horses and when he first appeared on the Maryland course he had scars that suggested he might have been in an accident. His off foreleg was bald from knee to ankle. Mrs. Beard could not sell him and she was glad to permit Janon Fisher, a smart young Maryland trainer, to train the horse for the Maryland Cup. Under Freddy Colwill, a smart amateur, he set the course record and became the first horse in history to win the cup three times. He was headed for Aintree when the war intervened, and eventually he was killed by a fall in Virginia.

During the war, part of the cup course was turned into crops and the race was called off. Now most of the riders are back again and even the war has not changed the basic outlook of the event's most seasoned supporters. When the cup race received no publicity at all they did not really care. Now that it has become a national event their attitude has not changed.

I remember, at the last race before the war, hearing a lady soloist sing the Star-Spangled Banner, to the accompaniment of an Army band. She had an exceptional voice, and later I asked three old Maryland gentlemen who she was. They said she was Mrs. Carle Jackson, daughter-in-law of the mayor of Baltimore. When I remarked that her voice sounded fine, one old fellow said in agreement. "Excellent, excellent. I think she used to be on the stage." Then he turned to other matters. Later I learned who the lady was—Rosa Ponselle.

THE END

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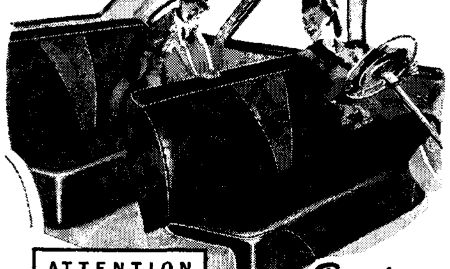

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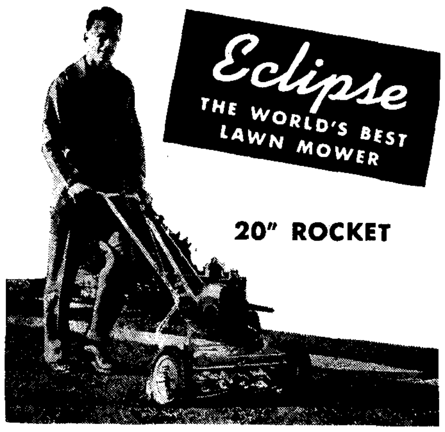

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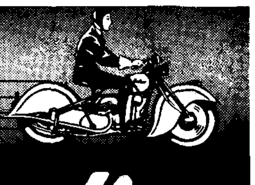

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BY-PRODUCT OF DEMOCRACY

WHENEVER the Senate or some Senate committee goes fiercely and insultingly into the qualifications of a Presidential nominee for some important public office, there are complaints that it's all cruel and unnecessary.

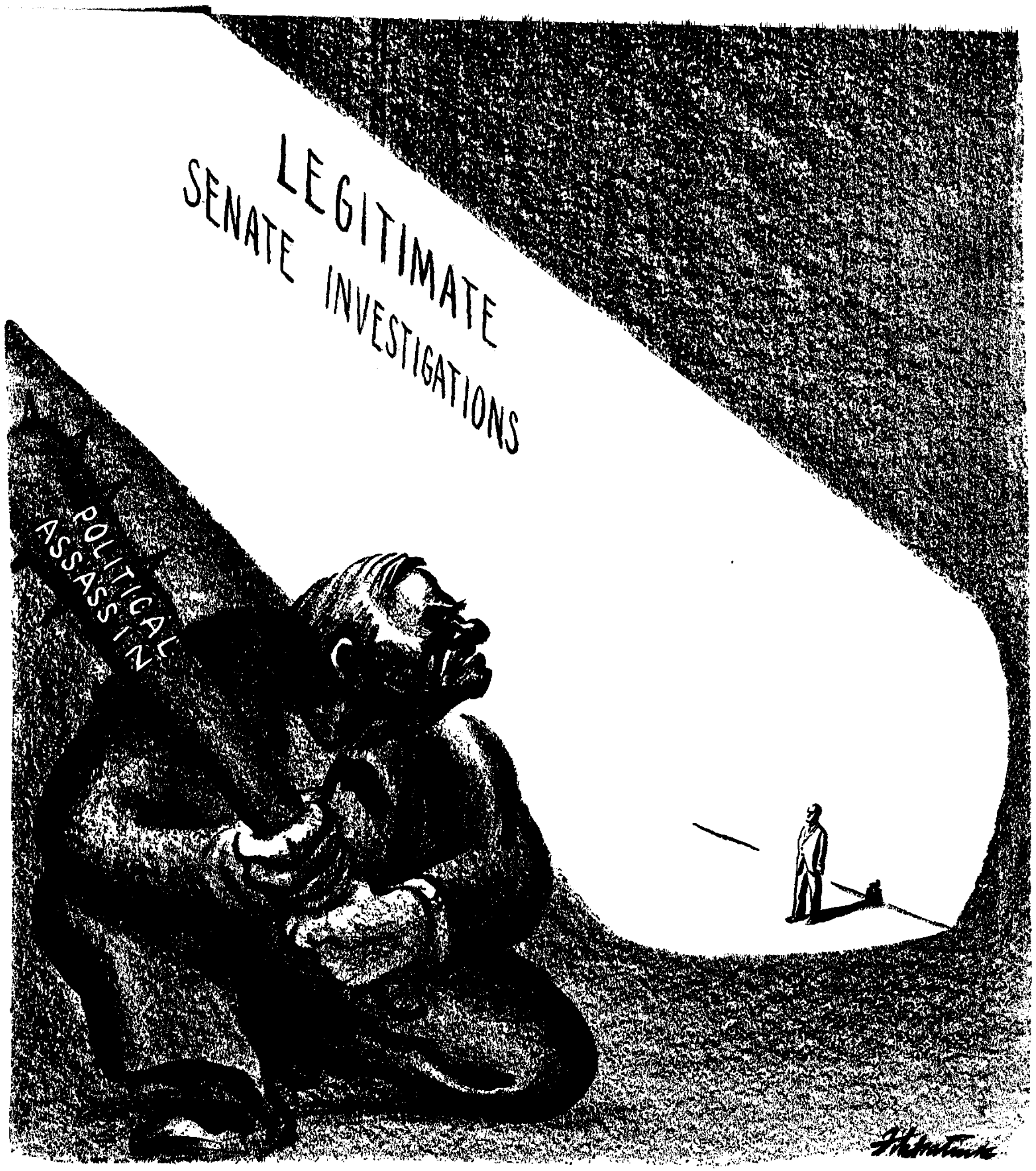
The most recent of these episodes at this writing was the Senate inquisition into David E. Lilienthal's fitness to be chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. The opposition to Lilienthal was headed by his ancient enemy, Senator Kenneth McKellar (Dem., Tenn.) and there is no disputing that some of McKellar's tactics were unfair.

We hold no brief for McKellar, or for any other senator who on one of these occasions goes beyond the proper bounds of the inquiry. And we have great respect for Lilienthal, both as a man and as an administrator.

Nevertheless the Senate has a solemn duty to satisfy itself that a Presidential nominee for some important position can measure up to that position. How else can the Senate find out than by going into every angle of the nominee's life, sparing nobody's feelings and permitting nothing to be concealed?

If dirty politics gets into some of these affairs, as it unquestionably does—if some reputations are unjustly besmirched, as they are—and if, as also happens now and then, some man who should get some high public office is undeservedly barred from it—well, it seems to us that those are unhappy and unavoidable incidentals to an essentially sound democratic procedure.

We feel for the victims of these Senate inquiries, and would rather jump quietly in the nearest lake than go through one of them ourselves; but we can't see how the Senate's right and obligation to conduct such inquiries can safely be curtailed in any way.



WE COULD SAVE TOO MUCH

AS VARIOUS worried economists are saying, we've got to learn to live for a long time with by far the biggest national debt this nation has ever had—$259,000,000,000 as this is written.

We can forget the hogwash about how "we owe it to ourselves" and therefore needn't worry much. All of us owe it to the government bondholders among us, and these number tens of millions of us. Try repudiating it, and we'd wreck the government's credit everywhere.

To service the debt (at a cost of $5,000,000,000 a year on the present total) and pay it down gradually, we must maintain the bulk of U.S. taxpayers' capacity to pay high taxes. That means we must keep our economic engine running reasonably fast, year in and year out.

In order to do that, many economists say that we must resist the temptation to save too much money; must keep spending freely for goods and services. Far be it from us to decry thrift; yet this prescription for continued prosperity makes sense to us.

It is possible to save too much money. In the higher-income brackets, there is said to be a tendency to do just that. Excessive saving, of course, cuts down consumption of goods and services, and thereby shrinks employment.

So let's not take to hoarding too many dollars. Let's keep most of them rolling rapidly around the production-sale-purchase circle, and thereby strive to keep the whole economy rolling.

WHAT'S UNDERGROUND?

THE stature of Secretary of the Interior J. A. (Cap) Krug was considerably increased, it seems to us, by his first annual report as holder of that important Cabinet post.

This document's main feature is a strong recommendation that the United States government undertake a detailed inventory of its mineral wealth, spending, if necessary, $1,000,000,000 and 20 years on the job.

Present figures on our mineral resources, says Krug, are virtually meaningless—and he might have added that if you shop around you can get several different sets of such figures on many minerals.

We do know, though, that our participation in World Wars I and II siphoned colossal quantities of many minerals out of our soil—iron, copper, aluminum, magnesium, petroleum, and so on. We know, too, that we are not at present self-sufficient as regards various important minerals, tin among them.

The sensible thing to do is to take inventory, and to get busy importing and stock-piling adequate supplies of such minerals as we find we can't hope to mine in sufficient quantities in our own territory.

It's a big and complex and sometimes powerfully dull subject. But it is also one of the most vitally important of all the subjects with which we can concern ourselves. A nation's power rests on its people, its agricultural capacities, and its mineral wealth; and it neglects any of these only at grave peril to its own survival.

$170,000,000 FOR JEWISH AID

THE United Jewish Appeal for 1947 is under way, its goal being $170,000,000. Considering the hideous sufferings of many European Jews in most parts of the Continent, and the need for continued financial aid to Palestine, the figure is a modest one.

About half of the hoped-for $170,000,000 is earmarked for the European Jews; the other half for the Holy Land.

We urge generous contributions, from Jews and non-Jews alike. Such gifts are deductible on income-tax returns; and should be sent to United Jewish Appeal, 342 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

COLLIER'S WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher • WALTER DAVENPORT Editor • JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

AVIATION'S 8-BALL

(Editor's note. Better than any other person, General H. H. "Hap" Arnold, creator and commander of the world's greatest air force, knows the problem of operating large numbers of aircraft from small areas and what and how to supply everything needed to make those operations click. In England he landed as many as 2,000 Army fighters and bombers in 45 minutes in an area about the size available to New York for its commercial air operations. In the following article, General Arnold shows that this knowledge and experience of mass military aircraft operations can be applied to commercial air terminals and that overall planning for Tomorrow's air traffic at our larger cities must begin now.)

WHEN most of our existing airports were built, transoceanic flights were the exception; now our commercial air lines are building up their over-ocean schedules rapidly and the novelty of such flights will soon wear off. Passengers who will have completed flights from London or Paris to New York will want to get down to earth at once when they reach their destination, not cruise around in the clouds over an airport waiting their turn to land. If they continue to be subject to this delay, and to the others that are now part of air travel, it will be no surprise if many of them will seek other means of transportation.

Today's planning for Tomorrow's municipal air operating and ground transport facilities is a complicated problem. Consider transportation arteries. We have express highways for routing traffic around the heart of a city and for providing means for rapid movement of ve-icles from the downtown districts of most of our larger cities; but that is just start.

There is much more to it than drawing pretty picture with certain areas labeled irports," "railroad depots," "steamship docks" and then drawing nice lines to ow roads and highways and railroads. We must, *in our plans*, link together express highways, tubes, tunnels, helicopter erations and any other means of rapid ansportation that can connect the air-orts with the downtown sections of our ge cities.

It will not be long before many of our rge cities will be hav-ng 300 or more airplane ndings and take-offs very day including ransoceanic flights. That means large planes and long runways. It also means two runways, one for take-offs and one for landings, both capable of being used simultaneously. Yet how many of our airport engineers have given full thought to two landing strips into the prevailing wind so that take-offs will not interfere with landings; to the problems that come with the impact of a 200,000-pound modern airplane's hitting a runway at over 100 miles an hour?

Will the runways we now have stand up under this load or shall we have to rebuild them all?

When air travel reaches a stage where the larger cities will have 1,000 or more planes moving every day, at least three, probably four airports must be used. A possible setup for New York might be this: an airport at Idlewild, for transoceanic flights; an airport at La Guardia for planes from the North and East; another at Floyd Bennett for planes coming in from the South; a fourth, perhaps Newark, for planes coming in from the West. All must be properly planned and engineered so as to secure the best operating conditions with the maximum safety for travelers; all must be geared to eliminate all possible delays; all must have modern communications, modern operating and blind-landing equipment.

One thousand planes—each averaging 60 passengers—coming in to and departing from an airport means 60,000 transients a day.

Some may wish to continue their journey by air, hence we must have connections with other airports.

Others may wish to go to a hotel, or to their homes. Each will be impatient of delays.

This calls for airport service via express highways, railways through tubes, helicopters or any other means of supplemental transportation that man can conjure.

With 60,000 people a day going through a single building, wanting to telegraph, to telephone, to eat or drink, we cannot say, "The public be damned!" Railroad and steamship travel have been Big Business for a great many years. Air Transportation is rapidly becoming Very Big Business and must be treated as such.

The air terminal food problem is a big one, as is that of plane fuel and the tons of other supplies that must come through in a hurry to insure the departure of planes on schedule. Obviously there must be truck routes to the airports from the docks and the railroad terminals that will permit deliveries in a minimum of time.

To tie all these things in together will require expert planning. With proper planning, air transportation can become a smooth-running part of our transportation system; without proper planning it can become a colossal headache. The city planner for Tomorrow's air operations must be a man of broad knowledge. He must be keenly aware that, without the intelligent and thorough co-ordination of all the interdependent elements that go to make up air travel, we shall continue to have piecemeal planning that will need constant revision.

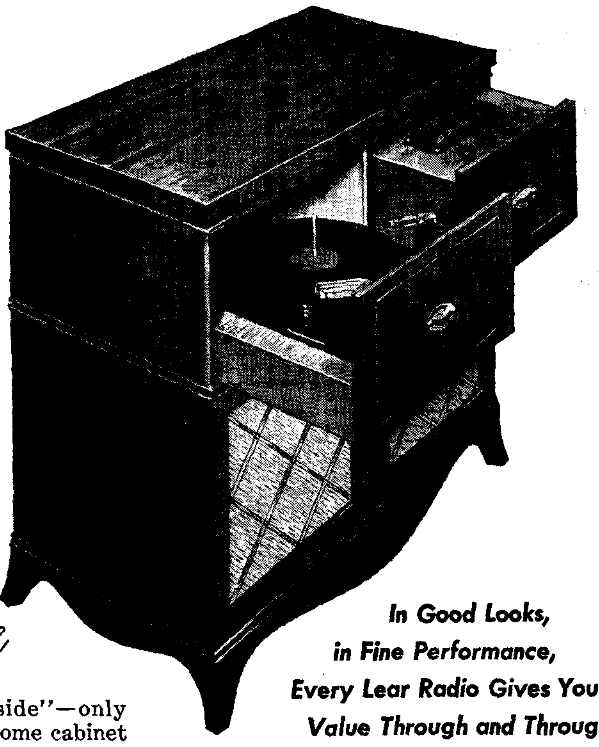
The planner must have a practical grasp of the fundamentals of air, land and sea travel. Traffic jams, double parking on streets, heavy vans unloading and blocking traffic and any other factor that delays the traveler must become part of his concern. Airports, express highways, traffic control, parking, railroad depots, steamship docks, tugboat operations, telegraph, telephone, radio and habits of the traveler—all form an essential part of the picture he must visualize when he endeavors to solve his problem. If he fails to tie them all in together, the air traveler will probably decide to ride in a bus or a train or a boat.

The day of glorifying the cow pasture and calling it an airport is gone forever. . . .

H. H. ARNOLD

WING TALK

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY



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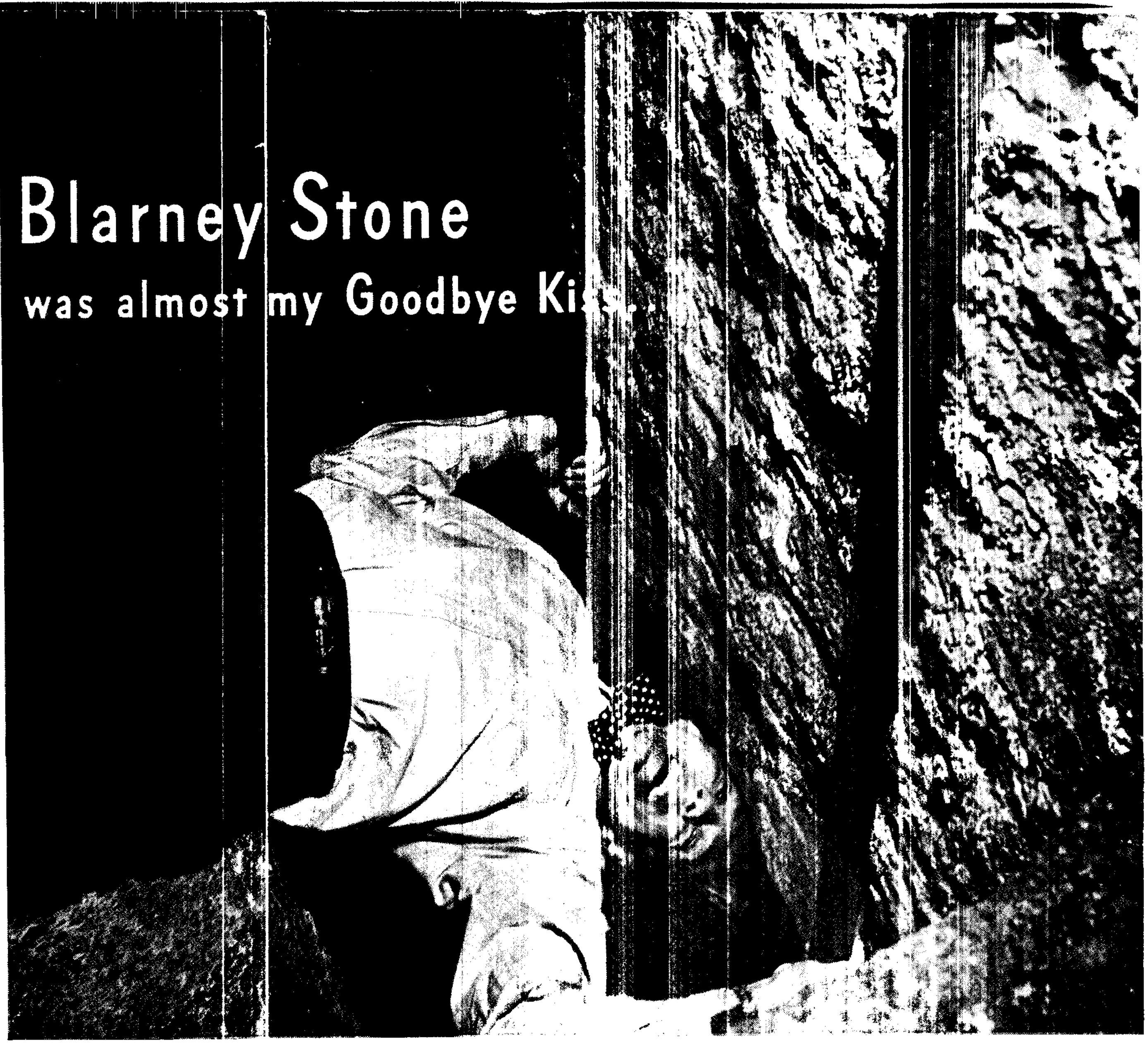
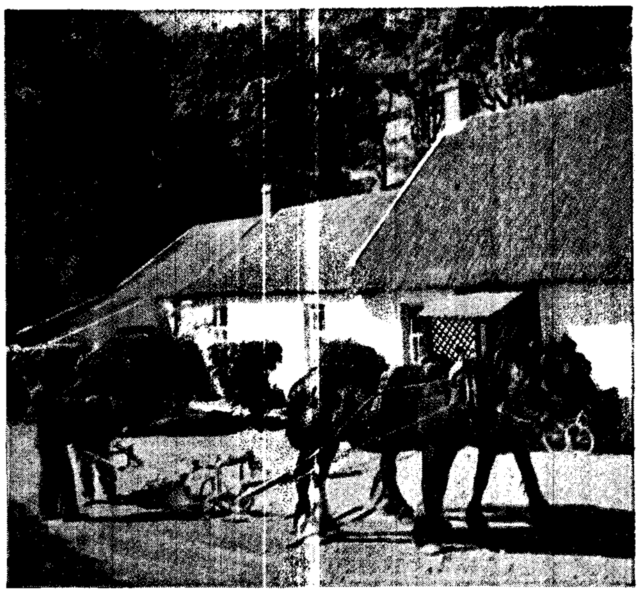
Kissing the Blarney Stone was almost my Goodbye Ki



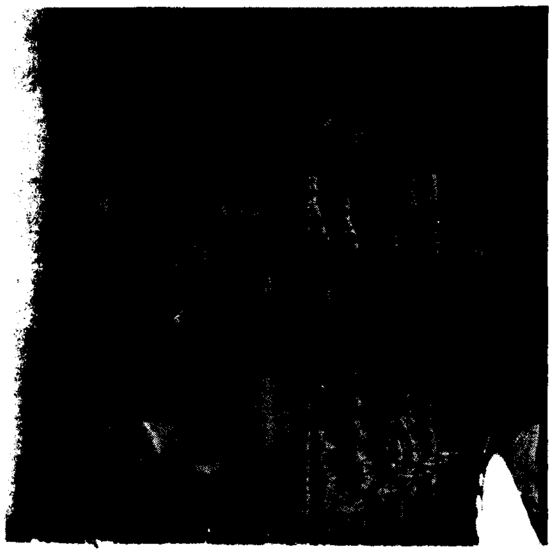
"I was hanging head down to kiss the Blarney Stone for its traditional gift of eloquence," writes ne Patterson, a friend of Canadian Club visiting land. "Suddenly the Irish guide holding my legs axed his grip. Only my firm hold on the guard rails ved me from a possibly fatal fall. Shaken, I crawled safety, and used my new found 'eloquence' to tell ide I could get along better without him.

"After leaving Blarney I visited a famous Dublin crypt dug in the year 1038. There I shook hands th the Crusader's mummy—said to bring good luck rever. And I felt I'd *need* luck, judging by my close l at Blarney Castle.



"More than 20 battles have been fought in and around Dublin since the year 291. But you'd never know it looking at peaceful scenes like this typical Irish cottage farm just outside the city. The thatched roof, whitewashed stucco walls and traditional farm methods seem to be unchanged by time.

"Ireland's peat bogs are on top of low hills, not in the valleys as in most other lands. With the farmer, I visited one of the bogs. We watched as they spaded the peat into muddy-looking blocks, which they left in the sun to dry.



"At a friendly pub back in Dublin, the Crusader's 'good luck' worked. My neighbor at the bar...with a pure Irish name, Patrick Murphy, and a pure Irish brogue... insisted I have a drink with him. Shur-r-re and they had Canadian Club. We drank to 'the luck of the Irish'; then I left for Shannon airport and a TWA plane home."

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